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Organized November 1, 1883

Incorporated February 13, 1891

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

AND OF THE

Pioneers

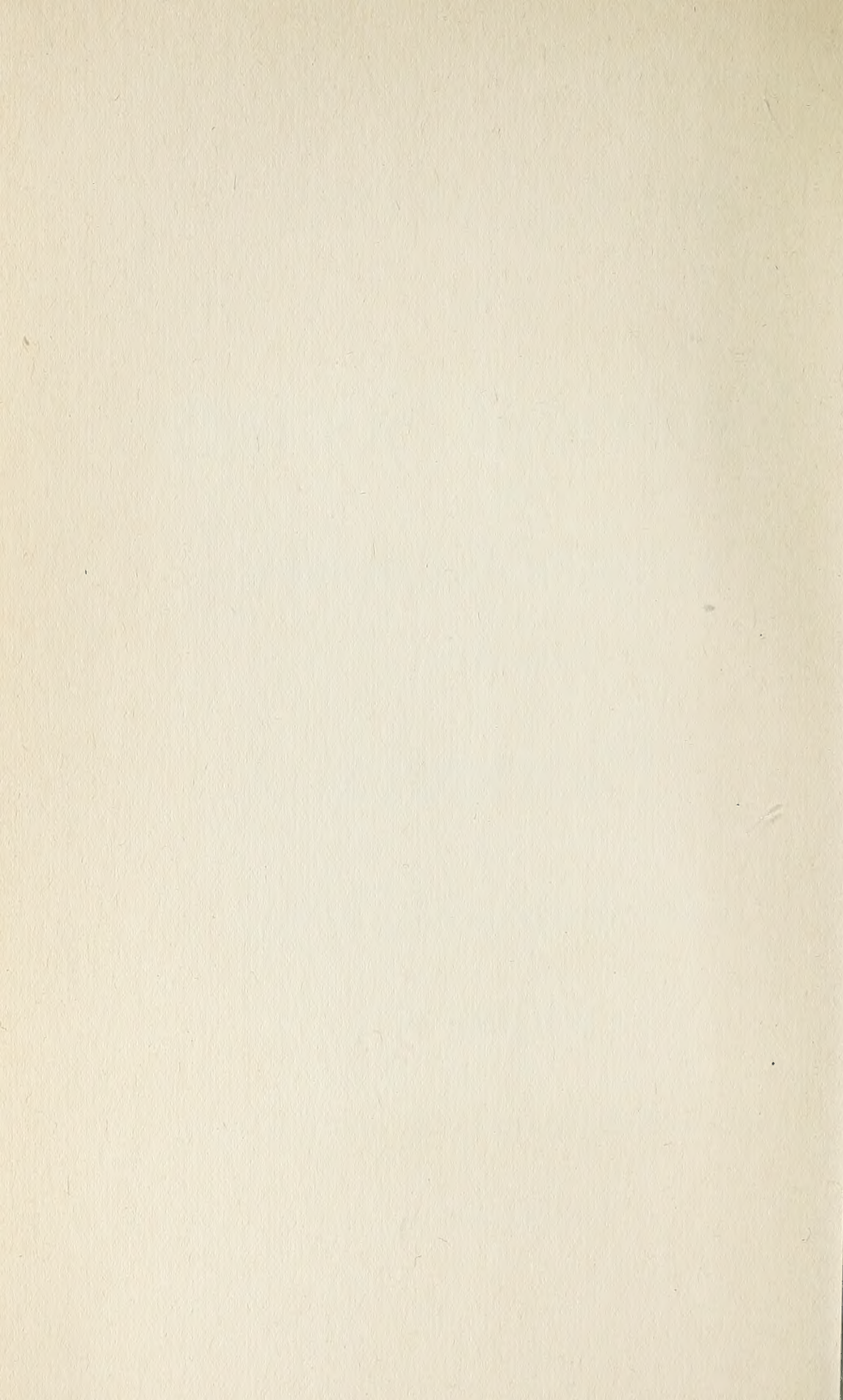
OF

LOS ANGELES COUNTY

VOLUME V.

(ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS OF 1900-1901-1902)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



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Los Angeles

1900

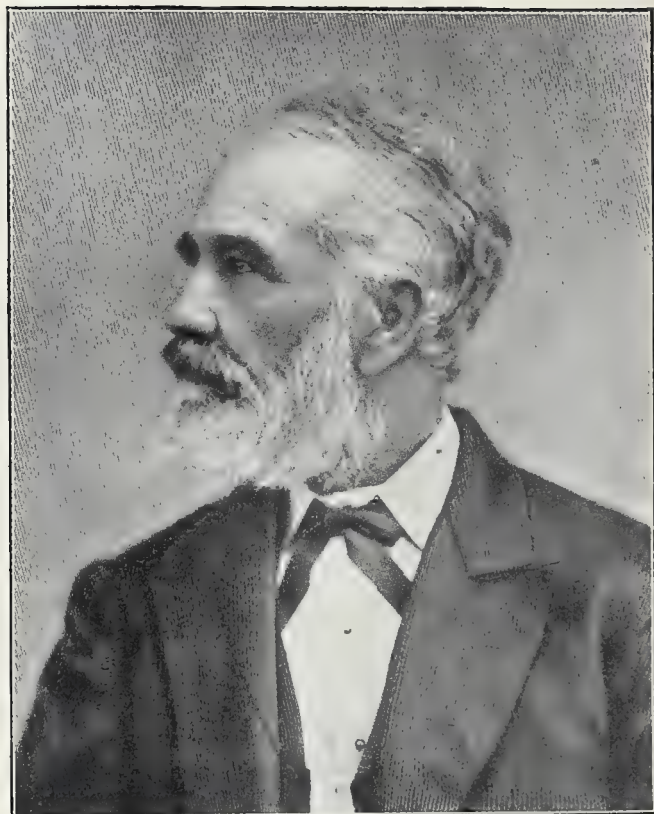
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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Historical Society

—OF—

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1900

THE STORES OF LOS ANGELES IN 1850

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

(Read before the Pioneers, December, 1900.)

If a person walking down Broadway or Spring street, at the present day, could turn "Time backward in his flight" fifty years, how strange the contrast would seem. Where now stand blocks of stately buildings, whose windows are aglow with all the beauties of modern art, instead there would be two or three streets whose business centered in a few "tiendas," or stores, decorated with strings of "chilis" or jerked beef. The one window of each "tienda" was barred with iron, the "tiendero" sitting in the doorway to protect his wares, or to watch for customers. Where red and yellow brick buildings hold their heads proudly to the heavens now, fifty years ago the soft hills slid down to the back doors of the adobe dwelling and offered their wealth of flowers and wild herbs to the botanist. Sidewalks were unknown, pedestrians marched single file in the middle of the street, in winter to enjoy the sunshine, in summer to escape the trickling tears of "brea" which, dropping from the roofs, branded their linen or clogged their footsteps. Now where the policeman "wends his weary way," the "vaquero," with his lively "cuidado" (lookout) lassoed his wild steer, and dragging him to the "mantanza" at the rear of his dwelling, offered him on the altar of hospitality.

Among the most prominent stores in the '50's were those of

Labat Bros., Foster & McDougal, afterward Foster & Wadhams, of B. D. Wilson, Abel Stearns, S. Lazard's City of Paris, O. W. Childs, Chas. Ducommon, J. G. Downey, Schumacher, Goller, Lew Bow & Jayzinsky, etc. With the exception of O. W. Childs, Chas. Ducommon, J. G. Downey, John Goller and Jayzinsky, all carried general merchandise, which meant anything from a plow to a box of sardines, or from a needle to an anchor. Some merchants sold sugar and silks, others brogans and barrels of flour. Goller's was a wagon and carriage shop. O. W. Childs first sign read "tins to mend." Jayzinsky's stock consisted principally of clocks, but as the people of Southern California cared little for time, and only recorded it like the Indians by the sun, he soon failed. Afterwards he engaged in the hardware business with N. A. Potter. Jokes were often played upon the storekeepers, to while away the time. Thus one Christmas night, when the spirit of fun ran high, and no policeman was on the scene, some young men, who felt themselves "sold" along with the articles purchased, effaced the first syllable of Wadhams' name and substituted "old" in its place, making it Oldhams, and thus avenging themselves. It was almost impossible to procure anything eatable from abroad that was not not strong and lively enough to remove itself from one's presence before cooking. It was not the fault of the vender, but of the distance and difficulty in transportation. Mr. Ducommon and Mr. Downey arrived in Los Angeles together. Mr. Ducommon was a watchmaker, and Mr. Downey, a druggist. Each had a small stock in trade, which they packed in a "carreta" for transportation from San Pedro to Los Angeles. On the journey the cart broke down, and packing the most valuable of their possessions into carpet-sacks, they walked the remaining distance. Mr. Ducommon soon branched out in business, and his store became known as the most reliable one in his line, keeping the best goods, although at enormous prices. Neither Mr. Downey nor any other druggist could have failed to make money in the early '50's, when common Epsom salts retailed at the rate of five dollars per pound, and everything else was in proportion. One deliberated long before sending for a doctor in those days—fortunately, the climate was such that his services were not often needed. Perhaps the most interesting window display in the city in the early '50's was that of Don Abel Stearns', wherein common candy jars filled with gold, from the finest dust to "chispas," or nuggets, could be seen from the street adorning the shelves. As gold and silver coin were scarce, the natives working the placer mines in the adjoining mountains made

their purchases with gold dust. Tied in a red silk handkerchief, tucked into the waist-band of their trousers, would be their week's earnings; this, poured carelessly into the scales and as carelessly weighed, soon filled the jars. What dust remained was shaken out of its folds, and the handkerchief returned to its place. (No wonder that the native became the victim of sharpers and money-lenders; taking no thought of the morrow, he lived on, letting his inheritance slip from his grasp.)

The pioneer second hand store of Los Angeles was kept by a man named Yarrow, or old "Cuarto Ojos" (four eyes), as the natives called him, because of the large spectacles he wore, and the habit he had of looking over them, giving him the appearance of having "four eyes." Probably, however, this sobriquet attached to him because his glasses had four lenses, two in front, and one on each side. His store was on the corner of Requena and Los Angeles streets, in the rear of where the United States Hotel now stands. The store-room was a long, low adobe building with the usual store front of that day—a door and a narrow window. This left the back part of the long store almost in utter darkness, which probably gave rise to the uncanny tradition that certain portions of reputed wealth but strangers to the town had been enticed into this dark interior to their undoing, and that like the fly in the spider's den they "ne'er come out again." This idle tale was all owing to his spectacles—for in the early 50s all men who wore glasses were under suspicion—the general opinion prevailing was that they were worn to conceal one's motives and designs, which when hidden by the masque of spectacles, were suspected to be murderers. In the "tienda" of "Cuarto Ojos" were heaped together all sorts and conditions of things, very much as they are now in second hand stores, but the articles differed widely in kind and quality from those found in such stores today. Old "Cuarto Ojos" combined pawn broking and money lending with his other business. In close contact with the highly-colored shawls, rebosos, gold necklaces, silver mounted frenos and heavily embroidered muchillas, hung treacherous looking machetes, silver-mounted revolvers and all the trappings and paraphrenalia of the robber and the gambler out of luck, and forced there to stand and deliver as collateral for loans from old "Cuarto Ojos."

Coming up Requena street and crossing Main to the southwest corner of Main and Court streets, one arrived at the pioneer auction house of 1850. Here George F. Lamson persuaded the visitors to his store into buying wares that at the present day would find

their way to the rubbish heaps of the city. This story is told of his sale of a decrepit bureau: "Ladies and gentlemen,"—ladies minus, and gentlemen scarce—said the genial auctioneer, "here is the finest piece of mahogany ever brought across the plains or around the Horn—four deep drawers and keys to all of them; don't lose this bargain; it is one in a thousand!" It was knocked down to a personal friend of the auctioneer for the modest sum of \$24.00. After the sale the purchaser ventured to ask for the keys. "Why," said Lamson, "when I put up that article I never expected you would be fool enough to buy it. There are no keys, and more than that, there is no need of keys, for there are no locks to it."

On Los Angeles street in the same location where it stands today and kept by the same proprietor, Sam C. Foy, stood and still stands the pioneer saddlery of Los Angeles. Of the pioneer merchants of the '50's, Mr. Harris Newmark was the founder of a house still in existence. If any youth of Los Angeles would see for himself how honesty and strict attention to business commands success, let him visit the establishment of Mr. Newmark and his successors.

In the early '50's some merchants were accused of getting their hands into their neighbors' pockets, or rather of charging exorbitant prices to the depletion of the contents of their neighbors' purses. These same merchants never refused to go down into their own pockets for sweet charity's sake. If a collection was to be taken up for some charitable object, all that was necessary was to make the round of the stores, and money was poured into the hat without question of what was to be done with it. Now we have the Associated Charities and all sorts of charitable institutions, but for liberal and unquestioning giving, we take off our hats to the "stores of 1850."

SOME ABORIGINAL ALPHABETS—A STUDY

PART I.

BY J. D. MOODY, D.D.S.

(Read before the Historical Society, May 3, 1900.)

The origin of alphabetical writing is lost in the mists of antiquity. But this one fact is apparent: no matter how far back we carry this study, the art of writing is found to be a development. A pre-existent form can be logically supposed from which every example yet known has grown. While in most cases, this process has been a slow one, by patient study we can trace out the steps one by one, until not only the relationship stands clearly proven, but this slow process of evolutionary detail can be seen as a whole. To this general rule there are among aboriginal people some apparent exceptions, two of which we will study tonight, as a step towards a solution of a third.

These examples are the alphabet of the Vei tribes of Western Africa, and the alphabet of the Cherokee Indians of our own country. These alphabets instead of being a growth of centuries, and the product of innumerable minds, suddenly sprang into existence; each the product of one mind, and each in its place bridging the chasm between intellectual chaos and order.

The Cherokee alphabet was fully completed in 1826; that of the Vei in 1834. The Cherokee alphabet is certainly known to have been developed in one man's brain. Of the Vei alphabet, it is known to have been largely the product of one mind, but in its development assisted probably by a few contemporaries. In each case the process of formation occupied but a few years, and, while the work of one mind, it was the sight of written characters used by foreigners that suggested the idea of an alphabet for themselves.

Africa is a great hive of humanity. In the earliest dawn of history, in which we get only the faintest glimpses of these human movements, we see the true blacks of Africa meeting, on the sands of Egypt, the lighter colored Asiatic. There is a glimpse of what is possibly a still earlier touch in that first great migration

from Central Europe, one wave of which reached the northern shores of Africa. From these, probably, come all that diversity of families and languages for which Africa is so famous. Here and there, among these peoples, sometimes in fact in the very lowest of them, are found evidences that the human soul, even in the blackest skin, has been struggling to free itself from its environments, and arise to that place of intelligence which is the inheritance of the human race. But in every instance where these linguistic attainments have been manifested, there is clearly seen the impress of a more advanced people. Some families have reached a certain stage, and then all further progress has stopped, as in the Hottentots of the south. Others have inherited a capacity for improvement, which, though languishing at times, has not entirely died out, as in the Berbers of the north.

On the west coast of Africa there is found a tribe of natives, the Vei, belonging to the great Mandingo family, who have shown a capacity for advancement not found in the surrounding tribes. They came from the western part of that great fertile region of Africa called the Soudan. These people are lighter in color and finer in form than those of other parts of Africa. Their intellect, low as it is, has felt the impress of a higher intelligence, and shown a capacity for development, by originating and using alphabetical writing. Correspondence is carried on by means of it, and even a history has been written in these characters. This alphabet is said to have been evolved in 1834. There is some uncertainty as to its origin. One statement is that a servant in an English family, seeing the benefits of a written language, conceived the idea of creating one for his people, the present Vei characters being the result. There are some indications, however, tending to show that it was a slower growth, and the work of more than one individual. The initial impulse was probably caused by a sight of Arab writing, and what it did for these masters of the Soudan.

A similar example is found among the Cherokee Indians of our own country. I have here for your inspection two copies of an old paper printed in these characters, in 1831, shortly after its invention.

In the last century the Cherokee Indians occupied a good portion of the Gulf States, what is now the State of Georgia being their principal seat of residence. They were among the most advanced of the southern tribes. They had national traditions and a folk lore carefully preserved by their prophets, but centuries had failed to develop a writing to perpetuate them. These tribes were

under the supervision of the general government, and white people were not allowed, at this time, to enter their territory for purposes of trade without first procuring a license. However, there were not wanting contraband traders.

In 1768 one such, a German, George Gist or Guess, a peddler, entered the Cherokee country with goods to trade for furs, and as was the custom of these white traders, he took to himself an Indian wife. She was the daughter of one of the principal chiefs. This gave him a certain prestige among the Indians. In a little less than a year he had converted all of his goods into furs, and, apparently without the least remorse, left his Indian wife, never to return. Shortly afterwards a child was born of this union. The deserted wife remained true to her husband all her life. She educated her boy according to the highest standard of Indian knowledge. She lavished the love upon him that would have been given to the husband had he remained. She called the boy Se-quo-yah. He inherited the cunning and taciturnity of the Indian and much of the skill and mysticism of the German. He associated but little with other Indian children, roamed the forest alone, or staid by his mother. He early developed a remarkable mechanical genius, and made dishes and implements for his mother. When he grew up he became a silversmith, and later a blacksmith, and crowned it all by learning to draw. He had noticed the trade marks on tools sold by the peddlers, and understood their import. He got an English friend to write out his English name. He generally was known by his father's name, George Guess. From this writing he made a steel die and stamped the silver articles which he made. Some of these articles are heirlooms in Cherokee families today. His Indian countrymen were proud of him.

Missionaries had gone into the country and founded schools. His mind began to move. "White man write on paper, why not Indian?" He thought and worked. The Indian language had sounds that could not be made by the English alphabet. From this point he lost the strictly alphabetical idea and evolved a syllabic alphabet of eighty-five characters. It has been pronounced by some eminent authorities as one of the most complete in existence. He got an English spelling book from one of the teachers, and from it copied a part of his characters; the others he invented himself.

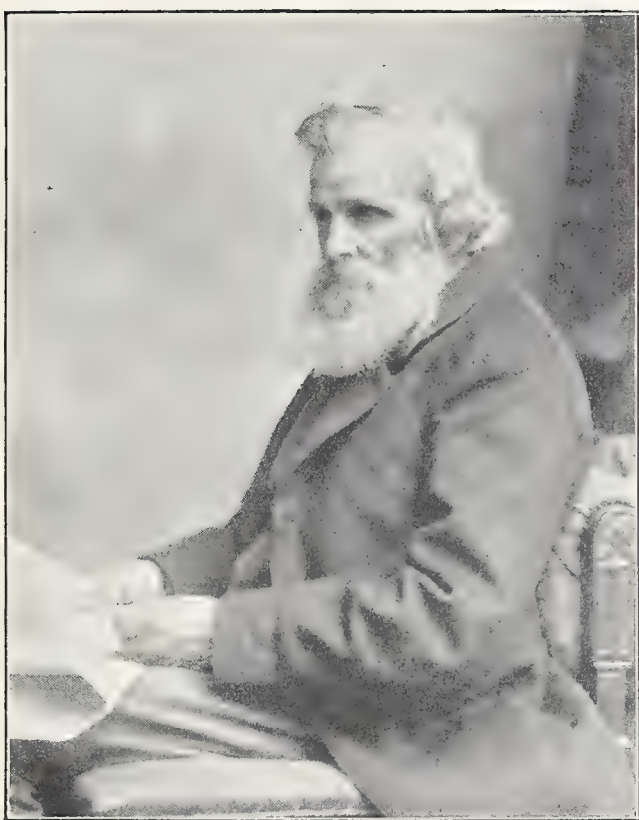
Dr. D. G. Brinton, of the very highest authority on American languages, says: "The deliberate analysis of a language back to its phonetic elements, and the construction upon these of a series

of symbols, as was accomplished for the Cherokee by the half-breed Se-quo-yah, has ever been the product of culture, not a process of primitive evolution."

He showed his alphabet to the governor, who would not at first believe that he had invented it. His daughter first learned it. No roll of honor contains her name. He then taught it to his Indian friends. They learned it readily and were proud of their achievement. It soon came into general use among them. At this time, 1826, a portion of the Cherokees had been transferred to their new home beyond the Mississippi river. Filled with his ambitious mission he journeyed thither to teach it to them. They learned it readily and a correspondence was kept up between the two divisions of the nation by means of the new characters. Books were printed, and papers published in it. In a report to the Secretary of War, in 1825, the Hon. T. L. McKenny says, about the Cherokee alphabet: "It is composed of eighty-five characters, by which in a few days the older Indians, who had despaired of deriving an education by means of the schools * * * may read and correspond."

Agent Butler, in his annual report for 1845, says: "The Cherokees who cannot speak English acquire their own alphabet in twenty-four hours."

In this case as in the African, given a genius, a fertile brain, a suggestion from a superior mind, and you have as a result—an alphabet.



STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

TO CALIFORNIA VIA PANAMA IN THE EARLY '60s

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read before the Pioneers, March, 1898.)

The reminiscences of the pioneers of a country have a unique historical value. While they may be largely made up of the personal adventures of the narrators, even then, they reflect, as no formal history can, phases of the social life of early times; and they have this distinctive feature, they present views of historical events from the standpoint of actual observation. The stories of the Argonauts of '49 have an abiding interest for true Californians. Even though we may know that these returned seekers after the golden fleece are drawing on their imagination to color some of their adventures, yet we listen to their oft-told tales with admiration for their heroism and kindly toleration for their romancing.

I can recall the intense interest with which I, when a boy, listened to the stories of returned Californians. How I longed to be a man that I might emulate their daring deeds, and see the great world as they had seen it. When I reached man's estate, California had lost its attraction for me. So many of the Argonauts returned without the golden fleece—returned fleeced of all they had possessed—penniless and with so poor an opinion of the country, that I gave up my long cherished desire; gave it up to renew it again, but from different motives and under widely different circumstances. The beginning of the Civil war found me completing a college course in a western college. Five days after the fall of Fort Sumter, one hundred of us students were enrolled and on our way to suppress the Rebellion. After nearly three years of active service, I returned to civil life, broken in health and all my plans for life demoralized—the Rebellion had very nearly suppressed me. And here allow me to digress briefly to make a few remarks on the cost of war, not to the nation but to the individual. For the past month war microbes have infested the atmosphere. The great American people have been in a bellicose mood. How many of those who talk so glibly of war have thought of what war may

mean to them—have counted the cost to the individual as well as to the nation. The history of that student company well illustrates the cost of war to the individual soldier. Of the one hundred young men—their ages ranging from 18 to 25—who marched forth from the college halls on that April day in '61, four years later, when the war closed, thirty-three were dead—killed in battle, died of wounds, of disease or starved to death in southern prison pens. More than one-half of the remainder returned home crippled by wounds or broken by disease. Not one of those who did faithful service to the country but what began the struggle for existence after the close of the war handicapped for the remainder of his days. But to return from this digression.

My physical delapidation precluded me from settling down to any civil pursuit or of again entering the military service. A sea voyage having been recommended as a remedial agent in restoring my damaged constitution, my old desire to visit California returned and was speedily acted upon. The overland railroad was then the dream of enthusiasts, and its realization seemed to be distant, decades in the future. The Indians on the "plains" were hostile, and travel by the overland stage was extremely perilous. Nearly all California travel then was by steamer. There were at that time two lines of California steamships. One by the Panama and the other by the Nicaragua route. The rates of fare were the same by the different routes and were prohibitory to a person of small means—first cabin, \$350; second cabin, \$225 to \$250, and steerage \$150. Time, 26 to 30 days.

Arriving at New York, I repaired to the Nicaragua Steamship Company's office, and was informed that owing to a revolution in Central America the next steamer of that line would go by the Panama route. I was still further discomfited to find every berth in the cabins sold, and I had the alternative of going steerage or of waiting fifteen days for the next steamer. Having during my army life slept on almost everything, from a Virginia rail fence to a picket post, and having subsisted on every form of subsistence, from faith and hope to raw pumpkins, I thought the steerage of a California steamer could present no form of discomfort I had not experienced. One night between decks convinced me I was mistaken. The foul and fetid atmosphere, crying children, quarreling women, dirt and discomfort in every form were past my endurance. Gathering up my blankets I fled to the upper deck, and for the remainder of the voyage slept on the soft side of a plank by the smoke stack.

The vessel was crowded far beyond her capacity. There were a thousand passengers on board, about seven hundred of whom were in the steerage. The draft riots had occurred in New York about six months before, and another draft was impending. The disloyal elements, both native and foreign born, were endeavoring to escape enforced service to the country by emigrating to California, where there had been no draft. After we had gotten beyond the limits of the United States, and they had recovered from seasickness, they spent their time cursing the government and abusing Abe Lincoln and the Union soldiers. A little squad of eight or ten of us, who had been Union soldiers, and were not afraid to show our colors, were the especial targets of their abuse. On several occasions their taunts and insults very nearly precipitated a riot. The only thing that prevented an outbreak was the innate cowardice of the creatures, for although they were twenty to one of us, they were afraid to attack us.

On the twelfth day out we cast anchor in the harbor of Aspinwall. The City of Aspinwall, or Colon, as it is now called, is the Atlantic terminus of the Panama railroad. It has an excellent harbor and this is about its only virtue. It had a monopoly on the vices. It was built in a mangrove swamp. Miasmatic vapors hang over it and you breathe the malaria of its poisonous climate with every breath. It had, at that time, a population of about 3,000. A considerable number of the inhabitants were employees of the Panama Railroad and of the Pacific and the British steamship companies. In addition to its regular population there was at that time a floating population, or rather a stranded population, for most of it was made up of wrecks. These denizens of the tropical city were the misfits of many nations. Many of them had left their country for their country's good. Their leaving was not from motives of patriotism, but more from motives of economy. They left to save their governments the expense of hanging them. They existed in a sort of cannibalistic way off the California travel, and were ready for anything from stealing a grip-sack to cutting a throat.

On account of the change of route our steamer on the Pacific side failed to make close connections, and we were compelled to remain in Aspinwall eight days. This gave us ample opportunity to study its social, political and climatic conditions. Usually the California traveler passes from the steamer to the rail cars and sees but little of the town. One thing that struck us as very strange was

the social and political equality of the races. (This was before the days of negro suffrage in the United States.) The chief of police was a gigantic Jamaica negro, who promenaded the streets dressed in a white linen suit and carrying a long cavalry saber—his badge of office. The police force and the ayuntamiento, or town council, were made up of bleached Caucasians, brown or unbleached natives and coal black negroes. They seemed to get along harmoniously.

As the Panama railroad has often been described, I shall only note a few of its most striking characteristics. It had one distinction at that time that did not commend it to the California immigrant. It charged the highest rate of fare of any railroad in the world. Its length is forty-nine miles, and the fare over it was \$25—fifty cents a mile. It is said that to build it cost a human life for every tie of its forty-nine miles of track. The contractors at first attempted to build the road by white labor. Men were inveigled to work on it by the inducement of a free passage to California—for one hundred days labor on the road. Very few of these survived the deadly climate. A shipload of these recruits would be landed and set at work—before the vessel returned with another load of laborers the first were either under the ground or dying in the hospital, destroyed by the deadly Chagres fever and exposure to the tropical heat. When the evil reputation of the road and the country became known abroad, no more white men could be obtained. The company then undertook to finish it with acclimated natives of the tropics. Bands of Jamaica negroes were enlisted. These proved to be so mutinous that the few white bosses were unable to control them. Then some genius hit upon the idea of utilizing the feud that existed from time immemorial between the Jamaica and Carthaginian negroes. These antagonistic elements were employed in squads of about equal numbers. When the Jamaicans rebelled, the Carthaginians were turned loose upon them, and vice versa. In the fight that ensued their belligerent propensities were mutually gratified and the survivors were satisfied to go to work and obey orders. Such was the story told us at Colon. Maybe it was not true. The town was not noted for veracity.

Our steamer on the Pacific side arrived at Panama and we were hurried across the isthmus and on board the steamer—the old City of Panama was indulging in one of its periodical epidemics. This time it was small pox, and the natives were dying by the hundreds.

The old City of Panama has an interesting history, in fact two histories, for there have been two cities of the same name; one dead

and buried two hundred and fifty years—killed by the famous English bucaneer, Sir Henry Morgan; the other not dead but in a comatose state since the Panama riots of 1856, when sixty Californians were massacred by the natives. The steamship company's officers, since the massacre, have been very averse to passengers visiting that city.

Five years later on my return from California by the same route I availed myself of an opportunity to visit it. With your permission I will digress briefly to describe what I saw. On account of the shallowness of the bay, the California steamers anchor four miles out, and the passengers, baggage and freight are lightered ashore. Finding that it would require six to eight hours to transfer the fast freight and baggage (the passengers being kept on the ship until these are landed), several of us determined to do the old city. The officers did not prohibit our going, but they absolved themselves of all responsibility for us. Four of us chartered a native and his row boat to take us ashore. Panama is a walled city—the wall was built to keep the bold bad buccaneers out. After seeing the wall I confess I lost my respect for the buccaneers. Bad no doubt they were; bold they could not have been to be kept out by such a wall. One regiment of veteran soldiers of the late war would have charged that wall and with a push all together have tumbled it over on its defenders and captured them all before they could have crawled out of the debris.

The city stands on a tongue of land and the wall runs around its sea face. As we approached the shore our boatman seemed uncertain about landing. He kept beating off and on opposite a hole in the city wall. We urged him to land us, but he persisted in keeping too far from shore to allow of our jumping to it. His reason for keeping us from landing soon became evident. We found that his transportation line connected with a transfer company—said transfer company consisting of half a dozen half-naked natives, who expressed their willingness to carry us ashore for "dos reales" each. As the natives were short and I was long, how to get ashore without wetting my feet worried me. Selecting the tallest native, I mounted his shoulders and was safely landed. Our squad of four proceeded up town. We had not gone far before we found a military company drawn up to receive us. This was an unlooked for honor. To be treated to a review of the military forces of the sovereign state of Darien in honor of our arrival was quite flattering. The commanding officer, through an interpreter, questioned us closely as to our business ashore—how long we intended to stay

etc. Honors were no longer easy. Dim visions of being stood up before an adobe wall and shot full of "large, irregular holes" floated before us. Our answers seemed to be satisfactory, and with our best military salute to the comandante-general we were allowed to depart.

From a French merchant in the town, whose acquaintance we made, we learned the cause of our rather unusual reception. There had been a revolution that morning before breakfast. A distinguished hidalgo having been insulted by the ruling governor, fired off a fierce pronunciamiento reciting the high crimes and misdemeanors of the governor, and calling upon the people to rise against the tyrant. An exchange of pollysyllabic billingsgate followed. The military rallied to the support of the hidalgo. The gobernador and his staff rallied to a fish boat and sailed gaily away to meet the incoming California steamer. A new government had been inaugurated in time for a late breakfast. (From an economical standpoint this is a great improvement over our American way of changing governors. It costs us about a quarter of a million in time and money, to change governors. In Panama they do it for about "six bits," and really get about as good an article as we do.) Our prompt arrival from the steamer had excited the suspicions of the new governor. We were suspected of being emissaries of the deposed ruler, intent upon the overthrow of the new government, hence our military reception.

The city of Panama is credited with a population of 15,000. Its streets are narrow—only two being wide enough for wheeled vehicles to pass. Its inhabitants are of all shades—black and tan predominating. The city seems to be a case of arrested development. It has the appearance of having been built two hundred years ago and then forgotten.

But to resume our voyage. We found the ship, *Moses Taylor*, better known to Californians as the "Rolling Moses," awaiting us. It was a high and very narrow side wheel steamer, and navigated the ocean with sort of a drunken roll that was very provocative of sea sickness. As its capacity was a thousand tons less than the vessel we had left, our discomfort was increased in a corresponding ratio. The provisions were bad, many barrels of sea biscuit being musty. These when the waiter's back was turned, went over the vessel's side to feed the gulls, whose taste was not fastidious. Slowly we rolled our way up the Coast, our miseries increased by the knowledge that small pox had broken out on board the ship. We reached Acapulco, Mexico, almost out of coal. Here, how-

ever, was a coal hulk with a plentiful supply. The captain employed about two hundred peons to carry the coal in sacks up the side of the vessel on a rope ladder, and down into the hold—a process of coaling that took 48 hours. The brown, half-naked natives, with their long, sinewy arms and legs climbing up the ladder, looked like a group of monkeys. Indeed both in looks and intelligence, it seemed as if the work of evolution had been unfinished in their case. The method of taking on cattle was as primitive as the coaling. The cattle were lassoed on shore, dragged into the water and lashed by the horns to the sides of the boat, their noses above the water. In this way they were floated out to the steamer. A derrick was rigged upon deck, a line dropped from it around the horns of the steer and he was hoisted, hanging pendent by the horns forty or fifty feet in the air and then swung aboard. If his horns broke off, as they sometimes did, he dropped into the water and immediately pulled for the shore.

While the coaling process was going on, no tables were set for the steerage passengers, and we were left to skirmish for our rations. After living on oranges and bananas for 24 hours, my partner and I began to yearn for something more substantial. Among our purchases from the natives was a bottle of mescal, a fiery untamed liquid with the bad qualities of all the intoxicating liquors combined in one. One sip each had satisfied us. Mescal is distilled from the maguey or century plant. It is vile stuff; a single drink of it would make a man hate all his relatives. According to a certain California writer, it contains about fifty fights to the quart, a pronunciamiento to the gallon, and a successful revolution to the barrel. In skirmishing around for something to eat we found the negro cook on the coal ship, had a well supplied galley and was willing to trade. For the consideration of a bottle of something to drink, he would get us a dinner “good enough for a commodore.” The bottle of mescal was quickly transferred. Seizing it greedily, he told us we’d better not “let the cap’en see us loafin’ round dar.” At the time appointed for the dinner we repaired to the galley. The negro cook was lying dead drunk on the floor, and the hungry captain of the coal hulk was swearing fearful oaths that if he could find the man that made that nigger drunk he would put him in irons for forty-eight hours. It is needless to say that we did not inform him we knew the man.

Our liberality to the sharks and gulls of the Lower Coast reacted upon us. We ran short of provisions. When we reached the California Coast we were on half rations. Our rations, the

last day of the voyage, were one slice of bread and a cup of tea. We landed in San Francisco at midnight forty days from the time we left New York. The gang plank was scarcely down before we were ashore, and hunting for something to eat. We found a little hotel on Beale street, stirred up the proprietor, the cook and the waiters. The supply was limited to bread, butter, tea and coffee. We soon exhausted the landlord's stock on hand and demolished the contents of two bake shops before we were satisfied. Thanks to the glorious climate of California, we survived that meal.

San Francisco, 34 years ago, although boasting of a population of a hundred thousand, had not a street car line in it. It had no free delivery of mail matter; if you had no box you stood in line and got your mail if your patience held out.

It was then in the midst of the Washoe mining boom. Everybody was dabbling in stocks. There were seventeen hundred licensed stock brokers in San Francisco, and double that number of unlicensed and unprincipled curb-stone operators, whose chief aim was to sell wild-cat stocks in mines located in the sage brush of Nevada, or more often, in the imagination of the brokers, to unsophisticated immigrants, as well as to old time residents.

The true story of the Washoe mining boom has never been written. Ross Browne and Mark Twain have touched upon some of its serio comic features, but the tragic side of it has never been portrayed. The ruined homes, the impoverished individuals, the suicides, the heart aches and wretchedness left in the wake of the bonanza king's march to wealth, are subjects upon which the old Californian does not care to dwell. With that cowardly truckling to wealth, no matter how obtained, that so often characterizes the press of the country, the tragedy of lost homes and ruined lives has been crowded out by adulations of the vulgar display of the ill-gotten wealth of the bonanza kings.

At the time of our arrival the frenzy of Washoe stock gambling was raging. The man who did not own feet in some mine was a financial pariah—a low caste individual. The prices were accommodating; they ranged from "four bits" a foot in the Roaring Grizzly or the Root Hog or Die to \$6,000 a foot in the Gould and Curry. Everybody speculated; the boot black, the servant girl and the day laborer invested their small savings in some ignis fatuus mine in the wilds of Nevada. The minister, the merchant, the mechanic and the farmer drew out their bank savings or mortgaged their homes to speculate in Burning Moscow, Choller and Potosi or Consolidated Virginia. While the then uncrowned bonanza

kings got up corners on stocks and grew rich off the credulity or their ruined dupes.

Our ship load of immigrants was fresh fish for the curb-stone brokers, and soon every one of the new arrivals who had any money to spare was happy in the possession of nicely engraved certificates of stock—stock that paid Irish dividends-assessments, and certificates that might entitle the holder to a position in the school of Experience where fools learn. Montgomery street was then the principal street of the city. Market street below Fifth was lined on either side by high sand banks. A pony engine and two cars made a round trip between the wharf and the old Mission every two hours; fare, round trip, "two bits." The site of San Francisco's five million-dollar city hall was then a graveyard. It is still the graveyard of the peoples' money.

Oakland was a straggling village, scattered around among the live oaks. It boasted of 1500 inhabitants. Stockton and Sacramento were reached by steam boat and San Jose by boat to Alviso at the head of the bay, and from there by stage. Los Angeles was a Mexican town some where down South in the cow counties. Its exact location, population and prospects were matters of such utter indifference to the stock-speculating San Franciscan, that he had never looked them up and "made a note on it." Even its inhabitants seemed to have little faith in its future. The year of my arrival in California the lot on the southeast corner of Spring and Second streets, where the magnificent Wilcox block now stands was sold for \$37 or 30 cents a front foot. Without the building it is now worth probably \$2000 a front foot or about a quarter million dollars. The same year all the site of East Los Angeles was sold by the city council at the rate of 50 cents an acre, and the purchaser was not proud of his bargain. The value of a front foot in what is now the business center of Pasadena, at that time, would have been so infinitesimally small that the smallest value in a currency table would not express it. Even an acre in the Crown of the Valley would not have commanded the value of the smallest circulating coin of California in the early '60's—namely, ten cents.

OLDEN TIME HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES

BY W. H. WORKMAN.

(Read before the Pioneers, June 2, 1900.)

Having been requested by your Literary Committee to present you this evening some sketches of the holiday season in early Los Angeles, I have taken occasion to note down a few episodes as they recur to my memory.

Los Angeles, when I arrived in 1854, was a small town of about 3,000 inhabitants, 2,500 of whom were natives of California, and the remainder were *estranjeros*, as Americans and foreigners were called. The people, especially the Americans and Europeans, always observed the various holidays by characteristic festivities and grand reunions.

On New Year's day almost all of the American element would turn out to make calls, for New Year's calls were then the universal custom. No friend was forgotten on that day, and pleasant were the reunions of acquaintances and friends, and the making of new friends. Nearly every family kept open house, and not infrequently entertained hundreds of callers on this occasion. The custom was so general that many of the prominent native Californians adopted it in their hospitable homes and thereby delightfully increased New Year's calling lists of the Los Angeles beaux. But alas, the picture has its shadows, though my memory would linger only on its brightness. At each place of visiting were prepared refreshments of no mean proportions. These refreshments were of a liquid as well as a solid nature, and if one did not partake heartily, it was a breach of etiquette, which the fair hostess was loath to forgive or forget.

Now, my friends, you can readily see that if each caller partook repeatedly of turkey and cranberry sauce, of plum pudding, of mince meat pie, of egg nog, of wine, etc., and particularly of etc., he would be pretty full before closing time came round. As a participant for many years in the ceremony, I can vouch for its correctness, and I can assure you that many a fellow did not care to repeat the calling process before the year rolled around, or at least

until he had thoroughly digested all that he had eaten or imbibed.

I will give you a little story of two Christmas days in Los Angeles. On the first of these Christmas days, I have reason to believe, was held the first Christmas tree ever prepared in Southern California. In 1857 Los Angeles could boast of but a limited residence section. The plaza formed the center of the city. North of it were the adobe homes of the native Californians population, while south of it were the few business houses of that date and the homes of the American residents. Los Angeles street marked the eastern boundary, and beyond large vineyards and orchards extended toward the Los Angeles river. First street, open only to Main, marked the southern limit of population, except, perhaps, a few homes just the other side of it.

On Main street, between First and Court, there was in those days a long row of adobe houses occupied by many of the best families of primitive Los Angeles. This neighborhood was often designated "the row," and many are the pleasant memories which yet linger in the minds and hearts of those who lived there in "good old days" and who still occasionally meet an old time friend and neighbor. In "the row" lived an Englishman and his wife—Carter by name. Their musical ability was often a source of great delight to those about them, and they possessed the faculty (well called happy) of bringing to a successful issue matters pertaining to the social entertainment of others. So it was that about the year 1857, when it was proposed that a union Christmas tree be prepared. Dr. Carter and his wife were prime movers in the affair.

Where now stands the McDonald block was the home of Dr. Carter, and it was there that many Los Angeles families enjoyed in common the gaily decorated tree which had been so lovingly prepared by the many willing hands of friendly neighbors. The children were, of course, the honored guests, for the thought of the little ones had incited the work of preparation.

Los Angeles, into which no railroad came, was in those days far away from the world, and the limited resources of the time would restrict even Santa Claus' possibilities. But on that Christmas eve no limitations were felt, for the true spirit of the Christmas-time illuminated each and every heart. Dr. Carter officiated as Santa Claus, while music and songs, dancing and games and the pleasant chatter of friends completed the evening's festivities. That night the children of Los Angeles, than whom none of their successors are happier, did not retire until the wee small hours of Christmas day.

Another Christmas was in 1861, and heavy rains had fallen for one whole week previous to that Christmas day. The family of Andrew Boyle, living on the high lands east of the Los Angeles river, had accepted an invitation to dine at the home of Don Mateo Keller, who lived on what is now Alameda street, near Aliso. The rain fell heavily and persistently, and the river rose gradually until it was impossible to ford the swollen stream. There were no bridges in that day, and so when Christmas came and the storm still continued, the dinner across the river was out of the question. This might have been all, but it soon became evident in the family of Mr. Boyle that there would be difficulty in securing a proper repast at home, for, on account of the weather, they had been unable to replenish the larder, and there was not a bit of flour in the house. The question was how to secure the necessary adjuncts of culinary success. There were no stores east of the river, and but a few scattered adobe homes. At length it was decided that a serving man, Jesus, a strong, stalwart Sonorean, faithful and discreet, could be sent upon this mission, for his life and training reduced all danger to a minimum. He readily undertook the task. A note of regret was addressed to Mr. Keller and entrusted to the messenger.

It seems incredible, perhaps, to those who have seen year after year the vast expanse of sand which we call a river, but on this Christmas day it was a torrent. The Sonorean divested himself of much of his apparel and swam to the opposite shore. He reached the home of Mr. Keller, delivered his note and secured from the grocery store the provisions which he needed. Mrs. Keller, in her open-hearted hospitality, would not allow the messenger to depart without a goodly share of the Christmas dinner. Jesus prepared to return. He secured a board of sufficient surface. On it he placed the goods, securely wrapped so as to protect them from the water, and plunging into the water he swam across, pushing before him the improvised raft with its cargo. He safely reached the opposite shore and delivered unharmed the articles entrusted to his care. You may be sure that the brave fellow enjoyed to the utmost his well-earned Christmas dinner, and, though the rain fell as heavily during the ensuing week, there was no lack of cheer in the home beyond the river.

MEXICAN GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA

H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before Historical Society, Oct. 1, 1900.)

From the time of the achievement of independence by Mexico in the year 1822, till 1846, July 7, when Alta California became a territory of the United States, eleven persons served as governors, or Gefes Politicos, of the Province; two of them serving two terms, thus making thirteen administrations during the Mexican national regime. All of these eleven governors, except Gov. de Sola and Gov. Gutierrez, who were born in Spain, were natives of Mexico; and four of them, namely: Governors Arguello, Pico, Castro and Alvarado, were born in California. It is not known that any of these officials is now living.

The first Mexican governor was Pablo Vicente de Sola, who was in office when Mexico gained her independence in 1822; and his term extended till 1823. He was a native of Spain, where he received a good education; and he came to Mexico as a military officer prior to 1805. At the time of his appointment by the Viceroy as Governor of California, in 1815, he was a lieutenant-colonel of the Mexican army. He arrived at Monterey August 30, 1815. He filled the office of governor about seven years. Being elected a deputy to the Mexican Congress he left Monterey November 22, 1823, and San Diego January 2, 1824, arriving in the City of Mexico in the following June, where he soon after died.

Governor de Sola was succeeded by Luis Antonio Arguello, whose term extended to June 1825. Governor Arugello was born at the Presidio of San Francisco, June 21, 1784. He died there March 27, 1830, and was buried at the Mission by Father Estenega. His widow, who was the daughter of Sergeant Jose Dolores Ortega, was the owner of Las Pulgas Rancho. She died in 1874.

Governor Arguello was universally commended by the old-time Californians and Americans as an able, amiable and honest citizen and governor. The Arguellos of early times, and their descendants, have been accounted among the first families of California.

Jose M. Echeandia was the next governor. Gov. Echeandia

was a native of Mexico; he was a lieutenant-colonel and director of a college of engineers, at the time of his appointment as Gefe Politico, y Comandante Militar, that is governor and military commandant of the Californians. He came to Loreto, Lower California, by way of San Blas, in June, 1825, where he remained till October, re-organizing the political affairs of the Provinces. He arrived at San Diego in November, and made that Presidio his official residence. He carefully studied the country's needs; and tentatively tried some experiments to test the feelings of the friars and the capacities of the Indians, as to the practicability of secularizing the Missions, which Mexican statesmen already foresaw must be brought about some time if California was ever to have a future as a civilized State. As it had been demonstrated that it was impossible to make self-governing citizens of the Indians, it became apparent that the settlement of the country by Mexican *citizens*, *i. e.*, by *gente de razon*, must be encouraged, by making it possible for them to acquire a permanent foothold. It was during the incumbency of Gov. Echeandia that the law or reglamento of 1828, relating to the granting of lands was passed by the Mexican Congress. The Padres naturally distrusted him, because he represented, according to their views, the new republic, which they instinctively felt was inimical to their interests.

The details of Gov. Echeandia's administration are full of interest, and as I have not room to recount them here, I hope sometime to present them in a separate paper, as I have already done in the case of Gov. Pico and several other notable governors, whose striking characteristics are worthy of separate treatment.

After administering the office of governor for nearly six years, Gov. Echeandia sailed from San Diego in May, 1833, and returned to the City of Mexico, where, as late as 1855-6, Mrs. Gen. Ord, who knew him well in California, saw him frequently, and, at a still later period, he died there at an advanced age.

Manuel Victoria, who, after Mexico had gained her independence, in the struggle for which he took part, was, in 1825, military commandant at Acapulco, of which place he was probably a native; and in 1820 he was comandante of Baja California; and in the latter year he was appointed Gefe Politico or Civil Governor of Alta California, to succeed Gov. Echeandia. He arrived at Monterey, by land from Loreto, and assumed the duties of governor on the 31st of January, 1831, serving about one year or till January, 1832, when the people arose in rebellion against his arbitrary rule, and drove him out of the country.

Victoria was generally regarded more as a soldier than as a civilian; and, while he was a man of much force of character, he lacked tact, and sought to administer his civic duties by military methods, and, naturally, he became a very unpopular official. Moreover, his high-handed refusal to convene the Departmental Assembly (as was his duty), in order that the important and beneficent land laws of 1824 and 1828 might be made effective in California, so exasperated the people that they forced him to resign, which he did at San Gabriel, after a hostile encounter between his forces and the revolutionists at Cahuenga, and he was succeeded by Pio Pico as the senior member of the Departmental Assembly.

How abundant the causes were which moved the people in their summary action may be learned from the Manifesto of the revolutionists, of Nov. 29, 1831.

Gov. Pio Pico, the fifth Governor of California after Mexico became an independent nation, was a native of the Province, born at the Mission of San Gabriel in 1801. He was twice governor—in 1832, and again in 1845-6, he being incumbent of the gubernatorial office at the time California came under the jurisdiction of the United States.

As I have already presented to the Historical Society a biographical and character sketch of Gov. Pico (printed in the Society's Annual for 1894), it is unnecessary to enlarge here on the events and salient characteristics of his life. Our older members remember him well. He died in this city September 11, 1894, at the age of 93 years.

Of Gen. Jose Figueroa, one of the best and ablest Governors of California, I here give only a brief sketch, hoping at some future time to present a fuller account of his life.

Gov. Figueroa was one of the heroes of Mexico's long struggle for independence. In 1824 he was appointed Comandante General of Sonora and Sinaloa. He served as Governor and Military Commandant of California from January 14, 1833, till shortly before his death at Monterey, September 29, 1835. During his administration he did some very good work in organizing territorial and local government. As a capable, patriotic statesman, he served the people of California well, and won their respect and good will. The older Californians—and there are still living some who remember him well—had nothing but praise for the character and acts of Governor Jose Figueroa.

Gov. Jose Castro, the seventh Mexican Governor, was a native of California, born at Monterey in about the year 1810, where he

attended school from 1815 to 1820, or later. In 1828 he was secretary of the Monterey Ayuntamiento. He took an active part with other citizens in sending representatives to Mexico complaining of Governor Victoria's refusal to convoke the Departmental Assembly and of other arbitrary acts of that official.

In August, 1835, Gov. Figueroa, because of failing health, appointed Castro (he being then the senior member of the Departmental Assembly), as Acting Gefe Politico or Governor. In accordance with the national law of May 6, 1822, Gov. Figueroa, just before his death, ordered the separation of the civil and military chieftainships, and directed that Jose Castro should succeed him as Governor *ad interim*, and that Nicolas Gutierrez (as ranking officer), should become Comandante General. Castro served as Governor till January, 1836, and later held numerous other official positions.

Gov. Nicolas Gutierrez was a native of Spain, and came to Mexico as a boy. He served with Figueroa in the Mexican revolution, and came with him to California in 1833, as captain. He was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelship in July of that year, and in 1834-6 he was commissioner for the secularization of the Mission of San Gabriel. He was acting comandante-general from October 8, 1835, to January 2, 1836; and from the latter date till May 3, he was governor and comandante. He was also military chief in the south during the incumbency of Gov. Chico (who succeeded him as Governor), or till July 31, and he was again Governor till his overthrow by Alvarado, November 4, 1836. Gov. Gutierrez was arbitrary in his methods, and treated the Departmental Assembly brusquely, and in his intercourse with the people, he showed little tact, and as a natural result he became very unpopular. Both of his terms as Governor were short, and his services to the Province were comparatively unimportant. In person he was of medium stature, stout, with light complexion and reddish hair, and he had a squint in his right eye, which gave him the nickname of "El Tuerto."

Gov. Juan Bautista Alvarado, whose term extended from December 7, 1836, to December 31, 1842, was a native of California, born at Monterey, February 14, 1809. He was the son of Sergeant Jose F. Alvarado and Maria Josefa Vallejo de Alvarado. He acquired such rudiments of an education as were available in his time; and his life was an eventful one, which should be of interest to us; and possibly I may some time give our society a more detailed sketch of his career, as a somewhat important factor in early California history, of the later Mexican period. He filled numerous

official positions; and, being connected with prominent families, and possessing some natural ability, he exerted considerable influence in his time prior to the change of government. He was secretary of the Departmental Assembly from 1827 to 1834; and in 1836, having been elected a member of that body, he became its president.

Gov. Alvarado was elected to the Mexican Congress in 1845, but he did not go to Mexico. He was grantee of several ranchos, including Las Mariposas. In 1839 he married Martina Castro, daughter of Francisco Castro. They had several children. She died in 1875. Gov. Alvarado died July 13, 1882, in his 74th year.

Those who knew him say he was a man of genial temperament, courteous manners, and rare powers of winning friends. There are many native Californians as well as Americans still living, especially in the upper counties, who knew him well in his lifetime.

Gov. Manuel Micheltoarena, the last Mexican Governor of California but one, was appointed January 22, 1824; and he served as both Governor and military commandant till his surrender to the revolutionists, February 22, 1845. He was a native of Oajaca, of good family and some education. As a political and military chief he lacked sound judgment, though personally of amiable and courteous manners. He was seriously handicapped by having brought with him to California (under orders of the Mexican government, pursuant to a miserable policy), a considerable number of convicts as soldiers, whose lawlessness and brutality shocked decent citizens, and tended strongly to make the Governor unpopular. Micheltoarena and his "cholos," as his ragamuffin, thievish soldiers were called, became a bye-word with the Californians, and are still unpleasantly remembered by the old timers. After Micheltoarena's return to Mexico, he was elected a member of congress, and later, in 1850, he served as Comandante-General of Yucatan.

The following is a chronological list of Mexican Governors of Alta or Upper California, which may prove convenient for reference:

MEXICAN GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA: 1822-1846.

Pablo Vicente de Sola...Sept. 16, to Nov. 22, 1822.
 Luis Arguello.....Nov. 22, 1822, to June, 1825.
 Jose M. Echeandia.....June, 1825, to Jan., 1831.
 Manuel Victoria,.....Jan., 1831, to Jan., 1832.
 Pio Pico.....Jan., 1832, to Jan., 1833.
 Jose Figueroa.....Jan., 1833, to Aug., 1835.
 Jose Castro.....Aug., 1835, to Jan., 1836.

Nicholas Gutierrez Jan., 1836, to May, 1836.
Marino Chico May, 1836, to July 31, 1836.
Nicolas Gutierrez July, 1836, to Nov., 1836.
Juan B. Alvarado Nov., 1836, to Dec. 31, 1842.
Manuel Micheltorena Dec., 1842, to Feb., 1845.
Pio Pico Feb., 1845, to July, 1846.

FIFTY YEARS OF CALIFORNIA POLITICS

BY WALTER R. BACON.

(Read before the Historical Society Dec. 12, 1900.)

Fifty years of political conventions and presidential elections in California may seem a subject from which little but idle statistics can be evolved, but a little study of these events discloses the error of this conclusion. The period of ten years between the beginning of the American conquest or occupation in 1846, and the ending of the second vigilance committee in 1856, was a time of trial, of intense excitement and kaleidoscopic changes; and everything that has since happened in California, or will in the future happen, must be considerably affected by the forces that took their origin in that period. The political conventions, composed of delegates straight from the people, of course, reflect many of the traits of the people, and being public and of importance to large numbers, sufficient record of them has been kept to enable us to fairly study them.

The American settlers of those days fairly represented the average American character, but nowhere else has the American capacity for self-government been put to severer test. Absolutely isolated from the central government; a conquering people in a land of untold possibilities, which was settled in by greater numbers in a shorter time by more nationalities than any other community of which we have knowledge; add to this the condition of moral recklessness that seems to come so naturally to any large body of men loosed from the restraint of wholesome family environments, and set down in a new country where gold is plentiful and to be had for the finding, but where no code of laws existed at the inception of the occupation, and, afterward, only such as were adopted by these same peculiarly situated people, and you have an idea of the task that devolved on such of these settlers as desired to build from this community of divers possibilities a commonwealth that should be a fairly American State, entitled of its own merit, to a place in the list of States of the Union.

After the serio-comic meetings of the Bear Flag patriots at Sonoma, the first real political convention was the Democratic mass

meeting held in San Francisco, October 25th, 1849. It was called to consider the election to be held November 15th, following, to vote on the State Constitution, and for the election of a Governor and other State officers, and a State Legislature, and two members of Congress.

John W. Geary, for whom Geary street in San Francisco was named, presided, and the meeting was so large that the hall was more than filled, and an adjournment to the public square was had.

They adopted some resolutions, and especially condemned those who criticised the Mexican war, of which California was the fruit. A nominating committee was appointed and the convention adjourned; met again October 27th, to receive the report of the committee at which time the committee reported that they had no authority, from party usage to make nominations, and suggested a party primary election of eleven delegates to name the ticket, but there is no record of any further action being taken.

No attempt seems to have been made by any other political party to nominate a ticket, local mass meetings were held, independent nominations made and party lines were not drawn. The constitution was adopted by a vote of 12,061 for, to 811 against, and Peter H. Burnett, Democrat, was elected governor.

The legislature that was then elected passed an act providing for the holding of an election of county officers and clerk of the Supreme Court, and early in the year attempts were made to organize the Democratic and Whig parties. The first meetings by both parties were held at San Jose, where the legislature was in session, and soon the battle was on, that has ever since been waged with varying fortune. These first California citizens made positive statements. The Democrats in their resolution declaring "that no Whig should hereafter receive a Democratic vote for any office in the gift of the people," and the Whigs replied by inviting all Whigs "to repel the assertion that a Whig is unworthy to possess the rights, and incompetent to perform the duties of a freeman." They also declared for federal aid in the improvement of rivers and harbors and harshly criticised the Democratic president, James K. Polk, for his veto on constitutional grounds, of the National River and Harbor bill.

The first Democratic State convention of regularly elected delegates was held at Benicia, at the Episcopal Church, on Monday May 19, 1851. John Bigler, Samuel Brannan and others were candidates, but Bigler was nominated for governor. The Whig convention of this year was held at San Francisco in a Methodist

Church, and P. B. Reading was nominated for governor. In this convention San Diego was represented by delegates, but Los Angeles was not. Early in the campaign the people of this end of the State manifested dissatisfaction with both tickets because the south was not represented, and Captain Elisha Kane of the United States army stationed in California, was nominated for Governor, but later he withdrew, and at the election, Bigler, Democrat, was elected by a small majority. Early in 1852 preparations for the first presidential campaign in California were in full swing. There had been enough friction to cause some heat, each party was anxious for the prestige of carrying the State at the first presidential election. The Democrats were early divided between adherents of Stephen A. Douglas, and the friends of other candidates. The Whigs were united; they held their convention at Sacramento February 19th, 1852, and nominated delegates to the National Convention. Four days later the Democrats met at the same city. Neither convention adopted resolutions of any kind, but after the national nominations of both parties had been made, they both had conventions that fairly reveled in platforms and resolutions; and for the first time the Chinese question got into California politics by way of a resolution by the Democratic convention condemning "the attempt to bring serfs or coolies to California to compete with white laborers, the democracy and aristocracy at once, of the State." At the election General Scott, Whig, received 34,971 votes, and Franklin Pierce, Democrat, 39,965.

On June 21st, 1853, at Benicia met the Democratic State Convention which nominated John Bigler for Governor; their platform was general in its statements. The Whigs, however, met in convention at Sacramento on July 6th, 1853, nominated Wm. Waldo for Governor, and proceeded to roast the Democratic party for alleged mismanagement and inefficiency in the conduct of public business. Bigler was again successful, receiving 38,090 votes, to 37,545 for Waldo.

The Democratic convention of 1854 met in the First Baptist Church at Sacramento on July 18th; it was a stormy one from the start. D. C. Broderick then prominent and afterward killed in a duel, was active in the struggle for the organization. Two chairmen claimed election; both made announcements from the same platform at the same time. They ran the turbulent meeting as a double-header until about 9 o'clock at night, and then quit business and tried to sit each other out, with only one sickly candle on a side. The trustees of the church closed the show by closing the

building, but in the riots that had occurred the church had been damaged, and one wing voluntarily assessed each of its delegates \$5.00 to repair it. The other wing took a collection of \$400.00 for the same purpose. They nominated two candidates for Congress, Denver and Herbert.

The Whigs met in State Convention at Sacramento July 25th, and nominated Geo. W. Bowie and Calhoun Benham for Congress, but Denver and Herbert, Democrats, were elected. This year the "Know Nothings" made their first appearance in politics; they took no open part in State politics, but ran a local ticket in San Francisco which succeeded, and before the end of the year they had organizations in nearly every town and mining camp in the State. The Know Nothings were a secret organization, strongly native American in its feeling, organized for the purpose of acting politically with the intention of curtailing the political privileges of persons of foreign birth or descent. The Whig party practically disbanded in 1855. And this secret American party took its place. It was called Know Nothing from the fact that its members were required when questioned about the order to declare that they knew nothing about it. The party had cut some figure in localities in 1854, but in 1855 it was deemed sufficiently formidable to be worthy the steel of the great Democratic party, and the new party carried so many of the spring municipal elections that most of the thunder of the Democratic organs was turned against the secret society. On March 5th, at a city election in Marysville, then a prominent town, the American party elected every local officer, although their ticket was not made public until election morning. On April 2nd, at Sacramento, they had the same success as at Marysville; and the Democratic organs began to demand of the divided party reunion and a common cause against the new enemy. Their party had been split in two, at the stormy convention of '54, and they had since had two State conventions, each claiming to be regular. In the face of this new party, the two committees united in one call for a convention which met at Sacramento on June 27th. The first business proposed in the convention was a resolution requiring each candidate to pledge himself that he was not a member of the Know Nothing society. A substitute stronger than the first was offered, both were referred to the committee on resolutions, which afterward reported a platform containing sharp strictures upon that party, but holding out the olive branch to such as had inadvertently strayed into it. John Bigler was renominated for governor, and a full State ticket was nominated.

The American State convention met at Sacramento on August 7th. They adopted a platform of fifteen paragraphs on the first day; the whole written platform would fill less than a quarter column of the average newspaper. J. Neeley Johnson was nominated for governor along with a full State ticket, which included David S. Terry for Justice of the Supreme Court.

On June 20th a State Temperance Convention was held at Sacramento which made no nominations; but another convention was held by them August 22nd. They called themselves the Independent Democracy. Toward the close of August an effort was made to reorganize the Whig party without success; the election was held September 5th, and the American ticket was elected from top to bottom, Johnson (Am.) receiving 50,948 votes, and Bigler (Dem.) 45,677. Judge Terry was elected to the Supreme Court by a vote of 64,677 over Bryans' 46,892. The campaign had been a bitter one and enmities were engendered that lasted out the lives of the contestants. The State campaign for '55 had barely closed when, on November 13th of that year, the American party commenced their presidential campaign for 1856, by holding a secret largely attended council, from which they sent out a long address and platform, in which they dwelt largely on their party policy respecting national issues. The Democratic papers, arguing from this platform, charged Know Nothingism to be nothing but a Whig movement. The Democrats met at Sacramento March 5th, 1856, to select delegates to the National Convention. The platform indorsed Buchanan for President and instructed the delegates for him.

On the evening of April 19th, 1856, the first mass meeting of Republicans in California was held at Sacramento. Mr. E. B. Crocker, who had been a Whig, and who had presided at Non-partisan State Temperance conventions, presided, and made an opening statement to a fair hearing. The next speaker was not so fortunate, Americans and Democrats cat-called and hooted so that he could not be heard. Henry S. Foote made an appeal for order and fair play, which was not heeded; and when the Republican speakers again tried to talk, the crowd rushed the stand, overturned it and broke up the meeting. But on April 30th, the first Republican convention met in Sacramento, and was called to order by E. B. Crocker, who was also elected temporary chairman. The slavery question was discussed and referred to in the platform with moderation, and the caution of the convention is well illustrated in the fact that a resolution offered by Mr. Crocker, to the effect that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise absolved them from all

support of any compromise respecting slavery, and that therefore they were opposed to the admission of any more slave States into the Union, was after discussion withdrawn without coming to a vote.

An attempt to instruct the delegates to the National Convention for John C. Fremont was defeated. The campaign of 1856 was the hottest and most bitterly contested of any in the history of the State. Some ideas of affairs may be had from the fact that although Geo. C. Bates a Republican, in attempting to speak at Sacramento in May, had been pelted with rotten eggs and the meeting broken up by the use of fire-crackers, an American paper (the Sacramento Tribune) next day declared that the mere fact that a public discussion of the slavery question had been allowed, spoke volumes in favor of public morals in Sacramento, and that after the Republican convention to nominate electors was held in Sacramento August 27th, the State Journal (Dem.), referring to it said, among other things: "The convention of Negro Worshipers assembled yesterday in this city, *ecce signum*. This is the first time this dangerous fanaticism has dared to bare its breast before the people of California; * * * a year ago no such scene would have been tolerated or thought of; a year ago fanatics would have been ashamed to acknowledge allegiance to a party founded by Hale, Wilson, Chase, Sumner, etc."

The American State Convention met at Sacramento on September 2nd, 1856. After concluding the nominations a resolution was handed to the secretary, but as soon as he had proceeded far enough with its reading to disclose its import, a stormy scene ensued, pandemonium reigned, cat-calls, hisses and protests were hurled at the secretary, the reading was stopped and the document suppressed. This bombshell was a condemnatory resolution, leveled at the vigilance committee of 1856 at San Francisco, and its reception showed the convention to be heartily in sympathy with the work of that anomalous body, whose fame has been heralded to all parts of the earth, and whose acts and theories have been discussed by historians and political essayists in all the modern languages. Politics makes as strange contretemps, as bedfellows. Judge Terry had started his political career as a Democrat; had in '55 been nominated by the American party and elected to the Supreme bench, and at the time of this convention had barely returned to his duties as a judge after seven weeks' confinement at San Francisco by the vigilance committee. He had been a white elephant on the hands of the committee; but here was the place for the con-

demnation of the ways of the committee if they were ever to be condemned; here was the 1855 idol of a great party, a Justice of the Supreme Court, detained and held seven weeks by a self-appointed committee, for resisting by force, the unlawful process of this unlawful committee, and at a convention in 1856 of the party of this judge, within three weeks of his deliverance, a resolution that does not even go far enough to mention the name of the committee, and only condemns it in the abstract, is hooted out of the convention without even being read.

Another State Democratic convention met at Sacramento on September 9th, and nominated congressmen and other State officers. Their platform was long and discussed the Union fully, advising compromise for the sake of maintaining it. After the platform had been reported, Mr. McConnell offered the following resolution: "That the writ of habeas corpus and the right of trial by jury are sacred, and the Democracy of this State will ever guarantee those sacred privileges to the humblest citizen." This was certainly impersonal, it stated plainly the organic law of the land. Its moral tone was commendable, it was a good political statement, from any point of view, for any party. But it was understood to refer to the vigilance committee that had been ignoring, in fact defying, these and similar statements taken from the Bill of Rights. It received different treatment from that accorded the resolution in the American convention a week before; it was debated for about two hours, when the chairman announced that the trustees of the church in which they were sitting would want the building at 2 o'clock. A motion to adopt the platform as reported was adopted unanimously. No one demanded a vote on the simple resolution and the convention adjourned.

Condemnation of the vigilance committee had failed in all political conventions, although held at a time when feeling respecting it was the highest. The doings of the committee were not defensible on legal or ethical grounds, but it had done good; it had demonstrated the fact that in every community, however reckless and abandoned, there is enough latent virtue and manly love of decency and order, if it can but once be aroused and centered, to clear the moral atmosphere, intimidate or punish the criminal, and start his weakly decent and wobbly apologist in the straight way, with enough artificial stiffening for his spinal column to maintain him for a time in an erect position and straight-forward way. I take it that these refusals were conspicuous examples of leaving undone those things that ought not to be done. For here was notice from

all the political parties of the State to every thief and thug, every keeper of bawdy house and dead-fall, every pot house politician and ward heeler, every law officer and judge, every peace officer and sheriff, that the great mass of the people would not now, and hence argumentatively, would not in the future, condemn an organization, that although without legal authority had, with high purpose and apparent justness, hung four murderers, pursued others to the confines of the Union, banished others, and compelled civil servants and law officers to do their duty. The full benefit of the good done by the committee was preserved by wisely ignoring its critics in high and influential places. And thus a period of ten years of strife of parties, that had grown bitter almost beyond forbearance, and a similar period of moral turbulence that had come to be an affront to all decency, came to an end in the same year, and California started upon a new epoch in both moral and political methods that have been totally unlike those going before.

At the election held November 4th, 1856, the Democrats elected both the State and electoral tickets. Buchanan received 51,935 votes, Fillmore 35,113, and Fremont 20,339.

July 8th, 1857, the Republican State Convention met at Sacramento in the Congregational Church. The platform condemned Chief Justice Taney's Dred Scott decision. Edward Stanley was nominated for Governor on the first ballot. The Democratic State Convention met in the same place on July 4th. Weller was nominated for Governor. Early in 1857 the idea of abandoning the organization of the American party was discussed by prominent members. Henry S. Foote, who had been their caucus nominee for United States Senator in 1856, published a letter in which he advised discontinuance of party organization, and offering allegiance to Buchanan and his administration; but after much discussion, a State convention was called and met at Sacramento on July 28th, and nominated Geo. W. Bowie for Governor, together with a full State ticket. The election was held September 2nd, and the full Democratic ticket was elected, Weller receiving 53,122 votes, Stanley 21,040, and Bowie 19,481.

The year 1858 marks the beginning of the period in which the questions that led up to the Civil war were discussed at political conventions, and voted on at elections. Kansas had been made a territory in 1854, in 1857 the legislature of the territory provided for a constitutional convention. The history of that struggle is familiar to most of us, the two legislatures, the two constitutions and all. President Buchanan, in his annual message, and in a

special message of February 2nd, 1858, urged Congress to ratify the Lecompton constitution. This would make Kansas a slave State. Stephen A. Douglass took strong ground against it. This was the beginning of the split in the Democratic party, which resulted in two National Conventions in 1860. The feeling between the champions and opponents of the President's policy ran high in California; the Democratic party promptly split in two, one faction known as Lecompton, the other as anti-Lecompton or Douglas Democrats. Both held State Conventions, that of the administration wing at Sacramento, on August 4th, 1858, at which the platform and resolutions were read by J. P. Hoge of the Committee; immediately he moved their adoption, and then the previous question on his first motion. The previous question was ordered by a vote of 117 to 49, and the resolutions were adopted as read by a vote of 287 to 2. Joseph G. Baldwin for Justice of the Supreme Court and other nominations were made.

The Douglas Democrats also met on August 4th, in the Baptist Church in Sacramento. John Curry was nominated for Supreme Judge. The Republican Convention met at Sacramento on August 5th; it nominated Curry for judge (he had been nominated the day before by the Douglas Democrats), and by resolution approved the course of U. S. Senator D. C. Broderick, who had been elected a Democrat, but had taken issue with the President. This convention also nominated L. C. Gunn for controller. At the election Judge Baldwin (LeCompton Democrat) received 44,599 votes, Curry (Douglas Dem. and Rep.) 36,198, while Gunn, for controller, standing on the Republican ticket, only received 7,481 votes out of a total of 79,525, or not quite 10 per cent.

The gubernatorial contest of 1859 coming on, found the Republicans without hope, but the Douglas Democrats were active. The independent press advised the Republicans to unite with the Douglas Democrats. The advice was rejected as they held a convention at Sacramento on June 8th, and nominated Leland Stanford for Governor. The Douglas Democrats' convention met in Sacramento June 15th, and nominated John Curry for Governor, and the LeCompton Democrats met at the same place on June 22nd, and nominated Milton S. Latham for Governor. The election on September 5th resulted in a victory for the LeCompton Democrats. Latham was elected by a vote of 62,255 to 31,298 for Curry, and 10,110 for Stanford. Again the Republican vote was less than ten per cent of the votes cast. There is not time in the limit of an article for a meeting like this, to go into detail of the controlling causes

which manifested themselves in the action taken by succeeding conventions. The momentous year of 1860 came on. The two Democratic organizations held conventions; the Douglas wing denounced what they termed the "Federal Heresies" of Buchanan. The administration wing endorsed the President and commended the Dred Scott decision as a peculiarly beautiful and true construction of the law of the land. The news of the split in the Democratic party at the National Convention, and the nominations of Douglas and Breckenridge was received in California on July 15th. Governor Downey immediately declared himself for Douglas and Ex-Governor Weller declared for Breckenridge. Twenty-two newspapers in the State were for Breckenridge and twenty-four for Douglas.

News of the nomination of Lincoln and Hamlin was received in California on June 10th, 1860, and the Republican convention to nominate electors met on June 20th at Sacramento; their platform was short, merely indorsing the nominees, and not discussing the slavery question in any phase. The Union party, supporting Bell and Everett, held a convention and nominated electors on September 5th.

The Republicans and two Democratic organizations were active and zealous in the campaign, but Bell and Everett men made little stir. The election was held November 6th, and the official canvas of the vote gave the heads of the various electoral tickets the following vote: Lincoln 38,733, Douglas 37,999, Breckenridge 33,969, Bell 9,111. With one exception the Democrats carried the State annually for ten years; during that time the American secret society party had carried one election and disappeared. The Republican party had been organized and made four campaigns, and were now successful in giving the electoral vote to the first Republican President. During '61 the two wings of the Democratic party kept their organizations and nominated State tickets. The Republicans did the same. At the election, Leland Stanford received 56,036 votes against 30,944 for Conness (Douglas Dem.), and 32,751 for McConnell (Breckenridge Dem.).

After the election a number of southern sympathizers left the State and joined the Confederate army, and numbers of other citizens enlisted in the Federal army. In 1862 the Republicans put a ticket in the field under the title of Union ticket. Both branches of the Democrats did the same, the Union ticket was elected, and in '63 the Union Republicans put up a ticket, and the Democrats consolidated. Low, Republican for Governor, received 64,293 votes, to

44,622 for Downey, Democrat. Lincoln carried the State in 1864. Sam Brannan, a former Democrat, headed the Republican electoral ticket and received 62,053 votes, the highest vote for a Democratic elector being that of 43,841 votes for Hamilton.

In 1865, the first serious division in the ranks of the Union party occurred, and this split supplied our political vocabulary with the two new terms, "Long Hairs" and "Short Hairs." The terms originated in debate in the legislature on a bill to re-district San Francisco, and the term "short haired" boys was used as synonymous with roughs. The terms seemed expressive, and have been retained, and even some of our respectable members who patronize barbers freely are often referred to as long hairs. The division in the Union party seems to have been on a hair-line, so to speak. At its county convention in Sacramento on July 25th, 1865, two candidates for chairman were put in nomination simultaneously and both elected at the same time, in the rush to take the speaker's chair by these two officers, a melee ensued, a mixture of long and short hairs took place. Solid hickory canes, which seemed miraculously numerous, were plied lustily; spittoons and ink bottles were used instead of bombs and solid shot; chairs were used intact as missiles, and, in some cases were broken up so that the legs could be used as clubs. Victory rested with the short-hairs. Such of the long hairs as could, got out of the doors, others took the window route, and after the battle the destruction of everything fragile or portable in the room seemed complete. The destruction wrought to church property by rival Democratic factions at their convention a few years before was inconsequential in comparison.

The Chinese question was first a serious issue in 1867, and the Porter Primary law was first applied in the same year, and continued in force until 1896, and in that year (1867) Haight, (Democrat) received 49,905 votes for Governor, and Gorham (Republican) 40,359. In 1868, however, Grant and Colfax carried the State, the vote being very close: 54,588 against 54,069 for the heads of the tickets.

In '69 the Democrats at the State election carried it, but the see-saw went the other way in '71, and Newton Booth (Republican) was elected over ex-Governor Haight by a vote of 62,581 to 57,520. In '72 Horace Greeley was a candidate for President; his supporters assumed the name of the Liberal party, and Greeley electors received 40,718 against 54,007 for the Republicans, and straight Democrats. In 1873 the Patrons of Husbandry, or Grangers, first attracted attention as a political force; they called themselves Independents and

elected Judge McKinstry to the Supreme Court by a vote of 25,609 over Dwinelle (Rep.) 14,380, and Ucker (Dem.) 19,962. The Republicans carried the State for President in 1876 by an average vote of 79,258 to 72,460.

On September 21, 1877, a meeting of unemployed men was held in San Francisco. P. A. Roach was the first speaker and was followed by Dennis Kearney. On Sunday afternoon following a similar meeting was held in the open air opposite the new City Hall, and from this location the gathering took the name of Sand Lot meetings and the actors the name of Sand Lotters. The movement grew to considerable proportions and as a result of agitation commenced by them the Constitution of '79 was adopted. In the same year Geo. C. Perkins (Rep.) was elected Governor by a plurality of about 20,000 over the Democratic and Workingmen's candidates.

In the Presidential election of 1880, Edgerton was the only Republican elected. The vote was close, there being only about 200 difference, except on Democratic elector Terry, who ran about 600 behind his ticket. California cast five electoral votes for Hancock and English, and one for Garfield and Arthur. James G. Blaine carried the State in 1884, the average vote being about 102,369 for Blaine to 89,214 for Cleveland. And Harrison and Arthur carried it in 1888 by an average of 124,754 to 117,698 for Cleveland.

The Presidential election of 1892 was again a close contest. Eight of the electors were Democrats and one Republican. Our present U. S. Senator, Thomas R. Bard, was the only Republican elected. McKinley got the electoral vote of California in 1896 by a very small majority, and carried the State again in the present year by a plurality of something like 39,000.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON OLD LOS ANGELES

BY MARY E. MOONEY.

(Read before the Historical Society, Dec. 12, 1900.)

The modern resident in the City of the Angels has seen in the past fifteen years, the many and sweeping changes wrought by industry and capital and brains, which have transformed a sleepy little Spanish-Mexican pueblo into our modern, bustling and up-to-date metropolis. So that if a Fundador were to rise from his tomb, under the floor of la Mission, Nuestra Senora la Reyna de los Angeles, and take a pasear over the city, there would be few localities his shade would recognize. The church and the Plaza, and a part of what is now Chinatown, and old Sonoratown, and an occasional ruined adobe—these would be all. He would look for his caballero paisanos of the olden days, with their great white beaded sombreros, the caballos decked out in “frenos de puro plata,” and urged on by sharp-pointed “espuellas” of the same white metal. And he would look for them in vain, and in vain! The Fundadores were several poor families, brought from Mexico by the government to found a town on the plains, westward three leagues from the Mission San Gabriel Arcangel. Though of poor and humble station in their native land, they were courageous and cheerful, as befits pioneers of any race or clime to be. This paper does not pretend to treat of the Spanish families of rank and wealth, which early settled in and near the old pueblo; but only of the fortunes of some of the original founders, and their descendants. Of the latter, was Cayetano Barelás, one of the earliest settlers in la calle Buena Vista. His mother, born Anita Galinda y Pinta, came from Mexico, as a Fundadores, with the original party. She was Ana Galinda y Pinta when, in her native Sinaloa, she married Ignacio Barelás. At the same time came the Abila family, Santa Ana Abila, and Ysabel Urquidez de Abila, his wife. They came from a place called El Fuerte, and were styled Fuertenos. They brought with them the following children: Antonio Ignacio, Francisco, Jose Maria, Anastasio, Bruno and Cornelio, all boys; and these girls—Alfonsa, Augustina, and Ylaria, a nursing babe. Ylaria was the grandmother, on the maternal side, of Dona Teresa Sepulveda de Labory, at present re-

siding on Boyle Heights. This lady was well known by the poblanos of early days, and is still hale and hearty despite her seventy-three years, and the many vicissitudes of family and fortune, that they have brought her. Her only son is a mining man, residing in the city. He is married to an American lady and they have a large family of sons and daughters. So here we have a direct and unbroken chain, of two families of founders, down to the present day. And Dona Teresa, who is a naturally bright woman, can narrate off hand, all the events of importance in her family, on both the Barelas and Abila sides. There were others who came with these two families, and figured as founders. It is said that these families brought grapes, tunas, grandas or pomegranates, and other fruits, which they distributed at different missions on their way to their destination, Santa Barbara. They removed from there after a time, to the Pueblo, "Nuestra Senora la Reyna de Los Angeles." The house of Cayitano Barelas stood in about the center of the present old Catholic cemetery on Buena Vista street and was of adobe. In the year 1825 it sheltered three generations of the Barelas family, viz: Ignacio Barelas and his wife Ana, Cayetano and his wife and their children. Cayetano and his wife each had many brothers and sisters, all of whom were married and had from ten to twenty children in each family. The cactus and tunas they brought from Mexico are still to be seen, in and near the old missions. The indigenous cacti have a small red fruit, and attain but to a scrubby growth. The Mexican or cultivated varieties are tall and graceful, producing a red and yellowish pear, delicious to the taste. The natives were very fond of the fruit, and besides, the cacti when properly set out, made perfect corrals for the protection of the fine cattle of the missions.

Although the histories of those early times mention but few names of Spanish settlers, the decendants of the pobladores strenuously declare, that soon after the founding, there were many whole families of Spanish descent, in the pueblo, or settled on some of the adjacent ranchos. Almost the first thing they erected was the capilla, or chapel, small, and of the old Dutch mudhouse style. It stood on the side of the hill, just directly back of the present mission church, (and the ruins of it were still to be seen in quite recent years.) The roof was thatched with tule, and over that, coarse grasses and mud, and it is just possible that it was topped with a layer of brea, which was plentiful in certain localities. There was a lack of hardware in finishing the "jacales" of those days; also a lack of lumber. The small window had neither sash

nor glass. The door often consisted of a dried hide hung over the opening. Oftener it was made of willow, or elder branches, laced together with thongs of leather or rabbit hide, and a leather string was used to fasten it on the inside. Everything in the house was necessarily of the most primitive sort. The table was a rude board, supported by notched stakes, stuck into the earth floor. Bancos, or benches, made in a similar way, served as seats. Whatever was lacking in utility or elegance, was more than compensated for in appetite and good cheer. The cooking utensils were of stone and were brought from the Coast islands. Pots, ollas and metates were made from the two kinds of stone, *piedra-azul* and *mal-pais*. Vessels made from *piedra-azul* were most highly prized for their durability. They had also clay ollas and *coras* or baskets brought from Mexico.

Speaking of furniture, the bed of those days consisted of sort of rude stretcher, made of willow or elder saplings, set down in a corner of the room, resting a couple of inches above the earth floor. This was heaped with dry grasses, and covered over with a dry hide. In some houses there were a few coarse blankets, the gifts of the missions. Others boasted of a seat, called a *pretil*, which was of adobe, built around the walls of the corridor or dining room.

In the year of 1825, the children of the poorer families played around Buena Vista street, clad in a skirt, or *tunico*, to the knee, and made of strips of tanned rabbit skin, sewn together. The other sole garment was a *camisa*, of unbleached muslin. The food of the time consisted of *verdolade*, (vulgarly called pig-weed), made into a salad, *frijoles*, *mais*, *lenteja*, *esquita*, or parched corn, cooked as a much. *Atole* was made from corn flour, by grinding corn in a *metate*, then straining through a basket seive. It was then cooked as a mush, and it is doubtful if the manufacturers of modern cereal foods can produce anything to equal it in flavor or quality. But *carne* (beef) was the most relished, as well as the most important, article of food. "*Pulpa la carne* meant cut and dried beef. There were not wanting experts in the art of cooking fresh meats. Rump steak was called *pulpas*. "*Un tasajo de carne*" was a strip off the loin. There was tea (*cha*) brewed from a native wild herb. Also sugar and chocolate, but no coffee. Cabbages were a favorite vegetable, and known in the vernacular as "*las colas*." Garlic, and the fiery *chile* (pepper), together with *cavorjas* or onions and tomatoes, cut quite an important figure in the stew-pots of those olden days, and at the present time they have lost little, if any, of their old-time popularity. The *Fundadores* were

treated with the greatest respect by their families and friends. Grace was said before and after meals, and each child kissed the grandfather's extended hand before taking his or her place, around the board.

The marriage ceremony was most interesting. The novios knelt side by side at the altar rail, upon which rested lighted blessed candles. On either side knelt the padrino and the madrina, or sponsors. The bride if a young girl, wore either a pink or blue dress with white over-dress, and a long white veil. If a widow, or in mourning, (*enlutada*), a black dress and veil of the same color, was the correct thing. Marriage was solemnized in the churches, in Quaresma, or lent, but in La Semane Santa (holy week), there was no "*belanda*." So it was customary for couples married during holy week to go to the church, some time during the following week, and have that part of the ceremony performed. During the marriage ceremony, a silver plate rested on the altar rail. In contained the two wedding rings, which the priest blessed and placed on the wedding finger of bride and groom. It also held the *sarras* or money gift, from the groom to the bride, and was generally six silver dollars, and sometimes twelve. A nuptial mass followed the marriage ceremony, through all of which the novios knelt, covered from shoulder to shoulder, with a large silk handkerchief, which the priest placed over them as a token of their union in matrimony. The following is said to have been part of the form: Priest asks: Anna, do you take Don J., here present, to be your husband and companion? And to the groom: J. do you take this girl, Anna, to be your wife and companion? It is related of a beautiful daughter of the Vilas family, that she replied no, father, at the critical moment, causing momentary consternation in the crowded church. But her sister, who was the bridesmaid, came to the rescue by saying, "Well, if you won't take him, I will." As the groom was not lacking in gallantry, the ladies changed places and the ceremony proceeded without further interruption. There were no church organs in the earliest days, but violins, guitaros and other stringed instruments, furnished the choral music. As the wedding party left the church, old muskets were fired off in salute, and the people went dancing and singing along the road, to the wedding festival, which was always as good as the times afforded, and often lasted for a week. Altogether the Fundadores and their descendents were a remarkably happy and cheerful people, and made the most of the few diversions that came into their lives, in those lonely, early days. They often made merry at the funerals

of small children. For instance, a funeral going from Los Angeles to San Gabriel Mission, while most of the people walked, a few of the men rode horses, and at intervals, when tired walking, the women and children rode in the carretas, drawn by oxen. At convenient points along the road, the bearers laid down their burden and all rested. Then some of the merrier members of the party, danced and sang the humorous "versos" of the period. At San Gabriel a temporary brush house or ramada, was ready for the beloria, or wake. Some of the people sang hymns and prayed through the long hours of the night, while others were being entertained by friends amongst the Gabrielenos. The next morning the "Misa de Los Angeles" was chanted by priest and choir, and after mass, followed the interment in the old churchyard. Next the Angelenos were dined by the Gabrielenos, before starting back for the Pueblo.

There is current a tradition of a great flood in 1826. It is said to have rained at intervals for forty days. What was at first a mild drizzle, toward the last became a heavy, steady downpour, until the flood waters turned the city streets into a lake. By this time the booming of the river so terrified the people, that they took to the hills, where the high school is now. An awful cloudburst above the Arroyo Seco added force and volume to the already raging, roaring river, which, amidst blinding rain and fearful thunder suddenly broke its banks and rushed around the southeastern part of what is now the city, until it dashed against the bluff, on which is now built the Hollenbeck Home. When the waters had receded it was seen that the river's course had changed. Its former channel was through Alameda and out Figueroa streets, but in that awful flood its bed filled with rocks and sand, and the swift flowing currents soon were adjusted to other, and lower levels. After this flood many of the people moved from the Pueblo to the beautiful heights which they named el Paredon Blanco, or the white bluff. The name was changed after the American occupation, to that of Boyle Heights. It is said that Petra Rubio, y Barelás, a great aunt of Dona Teresa Sepulveda de Labory, was the first settler in el Paredon Blanco. She had some land from the government and set it to vines. She made wine and sold it to the missions. She was born Petra Barelás and was the daughter of Anna Casimira, an original founder of the Pueblo de Los Angeles. Another member of this family was a sort of Amazon. She cultivated large fields of corn and grain near San Bernardino, and brought her produce to Los Angeles, in the two-wheeled carretas,

drawn by "bueys." Petra built the first adobe house on Boyle Heights. It had four large rooms and a corridor, supported by large pillars of adobe. Around the halls of comedor and corridor, ran the adobe pretil. Anna, the mother of Petra, died in 1836 in this house, and was given an imposing funeral. Her shroud was a monk's habit of grey cloth, with a hood of the same, and fastened around the waist with a grey cord. It had been sent her, long before her death, from the mission of Santa Barbara, as a mark of respect, and in recognition of her labors as a founder. The priest and acolytes came to the house on the bluff to officiate. Her body, wrapped in its shroud had laid on the bare earth all night, with an adobe brick for a pillow. When services had been held at the house, the funeral started, strong men carrying the stretcher and corpse, aloft on their shoulders. Along the road passed the procession, priest and people chanting and singing in Spanish the Penitential psalms. Arrived at the church, solemn mass for the dead was sung, and everything was in readiness for the interment. The churchyard was at the left side of, and back of the church Nuestra Senora la Reyna de los Angeles, and the gate was just to the left of the front entrance. This was the oldest cemetery in the pueblo. But the ashes of Anna, the founder, were destined for higher honor than a grave in the churchyard, for just inside the baptistry they had dug her a deep, last resting place. Her son received the body as it was lowered by means of riatas; and lastly arranged it and covered the face with the monk's hood. Then he ascended and helped to fill the grave. There were no coffins or trappings, just "dust to dust," and Anna Casimira de Galinday Barelas was left to sleep her last sleep. She was the last lay person buried under the church floors. And the scenes have changed. The funeral cortege of today mostly wends its solemn way to the Campo Santo, on the plains beyond El Paredon Blanco.

LOS ANGELES POSTMASTERS—(1850 to 1900)

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read before the Historical Society June 11, 1900.)

Although California was declared by proclamation at Monterey July 7, 1846, to be a part of the United States, and was ceded to the United States by Mexico by formal treaty February 2, 1848, a postoffice was not established at Los Angeles until April 9, 1850. The following is a list of the postmasters from 1850 to 1900, every one of whom, except the first, I knew personally, namely:

J. Pugh, appointed April 9, 1850.

Wm. T. B. Sanford, appointed November 6, 1851.

Dr. Wm. B. Osbourne, appointed October 12, 1853.

Jas. S. Waite, appointed November 1, 1855.

John D. Woodworth, appointed May 19, 1858.

Dr. T. J. White, appointed Mar. 9, 1860.

Wm. G. Still, appointed June 8, 1861.

F. P. Ramirez, appointed October 22, 1864.

Russell Sackett, appointed May 5, 1865.

Geo. J. Clark, appointed January 25, 1866.

Geo. J. Clark, re-appointed March 2, 1870.

H. K. W. Bent, appointed February 14, 1873.

Col. I. R. Dunkelberger, appointed February 3, 1877.

Col. I. R. Dunkelberger, re-appointed 1881.

John W. Green, appointed 1885.

E. A. Preuss, appointed 1887.

J. W. Green, 2nd term, appointed 1890 (died July 31, '91).

Maj. H. J. Shoulters, acting postmaster about seven months, August, 1891, to February, 1892.

H. V. Van Dusen, January 6, 1892.

Gen. Jno. R. Mathews, December 20, 1895.

Louis A. Groff, 1900.

Capt. W. T. B. Sanford, the second incumbent, was a well-known and thorough-going business man, here and at San Pedro, in the early '50's. He was a brother of Gen. Banning's first wife, and was also engaged with him in the freighting business.

Mr. J. M. Guinn, our secretary, has already furnished the society with a sketch of versatile Dr. Wm. B. Osbourn.

James S. Waite was for some years the publisher (but not the founder) of the pioneer newspaper of Los Angeles, "The Star."

Mr. J. D. Woodworth, who was appointed by President Buchanan, was a native of Vermont, but he came from Des Moines or Keokuck, Iowa, to Los Angeles. The office under his administration was located in the one-story adobe on the west side of Spring street, nearly opposite the Bullard block. Wallace Woodworth, for some years president of our county Board of Supervisors, was a son of Mr. Woodworth; and he died about the time of his father's death. The Woodworth family were relatives of Col. Isaac Williams of El Chino rancho. Mr. Woodworth was a cousin of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket." In the '60's and '70's he lived near San Gabriel Mission, where he had an orchard and vineyard, which, later he sold to Mr. L. H. Titus, who died recently; and then bought the Dr. Hoover vineyard, adjoining the Dr. White place, near the river, where he died September 30, 1883, aged 70 years.

Dr. T. J. White was quite an eminent physician. I think he came from St. Louis to Sacramento, which district he represented in one of the first legislatures of California. Later he moved to Los Angeles with his family. Col. E. J. C. Kewen married one of his daughters, and Murray Morrison, at one time District Judge here, married another daughter. All are now dead except a son and daughter of Col. Kewen, and young T. Jeff White, the third of that name. This young man is a grandson of the old doctor, Thos. Jefferson White, the distinguished pioneer of Sacramento and Los Angeles, whom many old-timeers will well remember.

Wm. G. Still was appointed postmaster by President Lincoln, about the time of the commencement of the Civil war. The office was located then in the one-story frame building, belonging to Salizar, on the west side of Main street, between the Downey block and Lafayette Hotel (now St. Elmo). Political excitement, I remember then ran high here; and a secessionist gambler tried to assassinate Postmaster Still by firing a pistol ball at him through the thin board partition of the office.

I remember that Still, Oscar Macey and myself were sent as delegates from this county to the State Convention of the Union party, held at Sacramento in 1862.

Mr. Still had been a Douglas Democrat, and he was a very intense Union man; but I recollect that when the news first came that

President Lincoln would issue an emancipation proclamation as "a war measure," he remarked to me somewhat excitedly that the President "had better leave that slavery question alone." Later he thought better of President Lincoln's wise action. I do not know from what State Mr. Still came, or if he is still living.

Mr. Ramirez was a talented Californian, a native of Los Angeles, who I think was educated by old Don Louis Vignes. He spoke and wrote English and French, as well as Spanish; he represented this county in the legislature, and edited and published for several years, in French and Spanish, a paper called "El Clamor Publico."

Russell Sackett, who was postmaster for a brief period, was an attorney and justice of the peace. Whilst I knew him quite well, I never happened to learn from what part of the country he came, or anything about his antecedents. I think he has been dead a good many years.

Captain George Johnstone Clarke was for many years a prominent citizen of Los Angeles. He served two terms as postmaster of this city, that is, from 1866 to 1873, and also for a long period as notary, conveyancer, and as school trustee, etc. His first postmaster's commission is signed by Andrew Johnson, and is dated January 25, 1866, and his second-term commission is signed by U. S. Grant, and dated March 2, 1870.

At the commencement of his term the office was located on Main street between the Downey block and the Lafayette, now the St. Elmo Hotel, the same place where it had been admisintered by his predecessor, Wm. G. Still; afterwards it was removed to the Temple block, on the Spring stret side, near the middle of the block, where it remained to the end of his incumbency, and till the appointment of his successor, H. K. W. Bent.

Capt. Clarke, was a native of New Hampshire. He was born on the 13th of July, 1817, at Northwood. The family name of his mother before marriage was Johnstone. Young Clarke went to Australia in 1842, and came from there to California in 1850. Soon after arrival in San Francisco he bought 160 acres of land in Hayes' valley. He and Thomas Hayes, after whom the valley was named, were intimate friends, and had close business relations. From San Francisco he went to San Jose, and later to San Pablo and Russian River. At one time he ran a small steamer belonging to Col. Harasthy, between San Francsco and the Embarcadero on Sonoma creek; and also to Petaluma, where he first met his future wife, Miss Sarah Finley, to whom he was married in 1859. He came to Los

Angeles county in 1862 and prospected for mines at Soledad. The next year he brought his wife here; and a company was formed, of which he was superintendent, for working the Soledad copper mines. Afterwards he was interested with James Hayward, son of Alvinza Hayward, in working the Eureka gold mine at Acton in this county. If I mistake not, he served with Judge W. G. Dryden and the writer of these lines on the school board sometime in the '60's. I remember he built a fine two-story residence, where he lived several years, on a lot which fronted on both Fort (Broadway) and Hill streets, on a portion of which the Slauson block, below Fourth street, now stands. His house was then well out of town, and was a sort of landmark, as there were comparatively few residences in that neighborhood at that time.

During his later years he lived on lower Main street, near 21st street. In 1864 a convention of the Union party was held in this city; and as a member of that convention, I remember very distinctly that Captain Clarke, as delegate from the Soledad precinct, was the first speaker to urge the renomination of Abraham Lincoln; and that he was very urgent and outspoken in his advocacy of the importance of such renomination as bearing on the prosecution of the war for the preservation of the Union.

Capt. Clarke and Col. Charles H. Larrabee sent to China (and, it is believed, were the first) to bring to California mandarin orange trees (two kinds), which were widely propagated by budding, by Mr. Garey and others. Col. Larrabee and Capt. Clarke also introduced into California at the same time, Pomelo and Loquat trees. Capt. Clarke was an ardent Republican, a faithful official and good citizen. He was genial and what the Spanish call "corriente" in his ways; he was easily accessible to all; and was generally well liked.

Capt. Clarke died August 2, 1890. Mrs. Clarke is still a resident of this city. They had no children.

All of the foregoing are supposed to have deceased. All incumbents since Capt. Clarke, except Mr. Green, are still (June, 1900) living.

Mr. Bent, who served as postmaster under President Grant's administration, is a resident of Pasadena. He is a native of Weymouth, Mass., where he was born October 29, 1831. He came to Los Angeles in October, 1868.

I assume that the reputation of Mr. Bent and of the other incumbents, his successors, who are still living, are generally well known; and, therefore, it is hardly necessary for me to go very

fully into details here concerning them. I believe Mr. Bent's efficiency as a public official was universally conceded by the community whom he served, from 1873 to 1877.

For many years the postoffice at Los Angeles has been one of constantly growing importance, both because of the phenomenal growth of the city in population and because this office has practically been a distributing office for Southern California and Arizona. Before the railroad era the mails were largely carried over stage routes, on which the mail matter could not be worked preparatory to final distribution (as now can be done on postal cars), thereby throwing an immense amount of work in the former period on the local office. Under Mr. Bent's administration the efficiency of the postal service which radiated from Los Angeles, was greatly increased in many respects. Mr. Bent served one or two terms as a member of the city Board of Education. He is at present a resident of Pasadena.

Col. Isaac R. Dunkelberger was appointed by President Grant February 3, 1877, and re-appointed by President Hayes in 1881. Col. Dunkelberger is a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1832. He was one of the first, if not the first man, to enlist in that State in the Civil war. His regiment, the First Penn. Volunteers, was ordered to Baltimore at the time of the attack on the Massachusetts troops, and while there he received a commission as second lieutenant in the First Dragons, afterwards the First U. S. Cavalry, the same regiment which so distinguished itself in Cuba in the late war between the United States and Spain. Col. Dunkelberger was in thirty-six pitched battles, and in innumerable skirmishes. He was twice wounded—once through the left shoulder and left lung, his wound, at the time, being thought to have been mortal. His sufferings from this terrible wound during the last thirty odd years, from abscesses, which continue to recur at intervals to this day, have been most excruciating. His left arm is practically helpless.

After the close of the war he went to New Orleans with Gen. Sheridan, who there relieved Gen. Butler. From thence he was ordered to San Francisco, and from there to Arizona. In 1876 he resigned his commission in the army, since when he has resided in Angeles. Col. Dunkelberger married Miss Mary Mallard of this city. They have six children.

Of Mr. John W. Green's nativity and arrival in California, I have been unable to obtain information. He was first appointed by President Arthur, in 1885, and served as postmaster of Los Angeles till 1887, being succeeded by Mr. Preuss; he was again ap-

pointed in 1890, and served till his death, which occurred July 31, 1891.

Edward Anthony Preuss was born in New Orleans June 7, 1850, of German parentage. When he was three years old his family moved to Louisville, Ky., where he lived till 1868, when he left, via Panama, for California, arriving at San Francisco May 31, and at Los Angeles soon after. He had learned the drug business with his uncle, Dr. E. A. Preuss, in Louisville, and he came with him to Los Angeles, remaining in his employ some time here and later in the employ of Dr. C. F. Heinzeman. In 1876 he engaged in the drug business on his own account. During this time, from 1876 to 1885, he had successively as partners, John H. Schumacher, the pioneer, C. B. Pironi, and C. H. Hance. In 1885 he sold out his interest to Capt. Hance.

Mr. Preuss was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland in 1887, and served till July 1, 1890, when President Harrison reappointed John W. Green, who had been the immediate predecessor of Mr. Preuss. The postoffice during Mr. Preuss' incumbency was located on the west side of North Main street, southwest of the Plaza Catholic Church; and afterward, on S. Broadway, below Sixth street, in the Dol block, now known as the Columbia hotel. In 1877, Mr. Preuss was married to Miss Mary Schumacher. They have one son, Kenneth, now a man grown.

Mr. Preuss gives some interesting statistics concerning the phenomenal business of our local postoffice in the boom that culminated in 1887. From August 1 to December 31, of that year, a period of five months, over 39,000 forwarding orders and changes of address were received at the office, which handled the mail of 200,000 transients annually. He tells of the double rows of people which, on the arrival of the mails, extended from the approaches of the postoffice, nearly to the Catholic Church. He says it was very difficult to get the department at Washington to furnish sufficient force to handle the business of the office at that time.

On the death of Mr. Green, Maj. H. J. Shoulters became acting postmaster in August, 1891, serving till February, 1892, or about seven months. Maj. Shoulters, who is now assistant postmaster under the present incumbent, Judge Groff, is a native of Montpelier, Vt., born in '42. He came to Los Angeles in '84. He was in numerous battles in the Civil war, including the Wilderness campaign, where he had a leg smashed. He was elected city treasurer in 1892 and served two years.

Henry Van Dusen was born in Albion, N. Y., July 15, 1842,

and came to Los Angeles in 1885, and was appointed postmaster by President Harrison, January 6, 1892, and served four years. He enlisted in the 11th U. S. regular infantry at the commencement of the Civil war, was in five battles, and lost his left arm in the battle of Gaines' Mills, January 27, 1862.

Gen. John R. Mathews was appointed postmaster of Los Angeles December 20, 1895, by President Cleveland, and served something over four years. He is a native of St. Louis, born in 1848, and came to California in 1883. Prior to his appointment as postmaster, he served as State Senator and Brigadier General; and in each and every public position, he proved a very efficient official. He labored diligently and successfully to improve the postal service of this office and section. During his incumbency, full railway postal service for Southern California was secured, and some twenty-seven additional local and mounted carriers, clerks and station men were ordered.

The present force of Los Angeles postoffice is: Clerks, 41; carriers and collectors, 62; clerks at stations, 12; railway postal clerks, 46—total, 161.

The increase in business of the office in the four years of Gen. Mathews' term, is indicated by the following brief showing: Receipts of the office, 1895, \$177,911; receipts of the office, 1899, \$228,417—Increase, \$50,506.

Judge Louis A. Groff, the present incumbent of the Los Angeles postoffice is a man of wide experience, having been Commissioner of the General Land Office under the administration of President Harrison, and he also served in other offices of trust and responsibility. He was only lately appointed postmaster of our local office by President McKinley. We have every reason to expect that he will maintain the high standard of efficiency which the office had attained under his predecessors. Judge Groff, I believe, is a native of Ohio.

SOME ABORIGINAL ALPHABETS—A STUDY

PART II.

BY J. D. MOODY, D.D.S.

(Read before the Historical Society Dec. 12, 1900.)

It will be remembered that I gave at the May meeting a short account of two aboriginal alphabets—the Vei and the Cherokee. I traced their origin and development with the intention of contrasting them, at a later time, with a still more singular one that was found on Easter Island in the South Seas.

Easter Island is the most eastern point of inhabited land in Polynesia. This island, a mere speck of volcanic land in the South Pacific ocean, holds one of the human mysteries of the world. It is about ten miles long and four broad, and contains only about thirty-two square miles of cultivable land. It is over two thousand miles from the nearest land towards the east, and five hundred from its nearest neighbor on the west in that great archipelago. It stands like a lonely sentinel over that waste of waters, as does the Sphinx over Egypt's sands, and holds in its past as unfathomable a riddle. When first discovered, as it was said to have contained two to five thousand people, but as in every instance, contact with the Caucasian has wrought havoc with their numbers. A century ago slave dealers raided the island and carried numbers of the inhabitants into slavery. Even less than one hundred years ago, the Peruvian government carried away captive nearly the whole population to work in their guano islands. Later, on returning a portion of these to their homes, smallpox was introduced and the once populous island became a graveyard. At the present time there are only about 150 of the native population left. The island is now a dependency of Chili. It is leased to a firm of sheepmen, and a resident manager, assisted by a few of the natives, rules over its destinies. These natives belong to the great Polynesian family, and possess all the racial characteristics common to this people. The routes of emigration, by which the South Sea islands were peopled, and the relative time in connection therewith, are, approximately, fairly well understood. Everywhere they either displaced a pre-existent people, or found the evidence of such having occupied the islands.

In many of the islands scattered throughout these regions are found cyclopean structures of stone, of the origin of which the present islanders have no knowledge whatever. These structures consist of pyramidal piles of stone, of walled enclosures, of vast platforms, and of extensive roadways of the same material. These stone structures were laid without the use of mortar; sometimes they contained enclosed rooms; the true arch seems to have not been known, but frequent examples of the overlapping arch are seen. Sometimes these huge stones have been quarried nearby, in other instances they have been dragged for many miles overland, and in still others brought by water from distant parts of the island on which they are found, or even from a distant island. Many of these stones are so large that it would tax our mechanical ingenuity to put them in place. These structures all present the appearance of great age; covered with moss and earth, thrown down by earthquakes, and overgrown by dense forests. Their builders came, erected them, occupied them, and vanished, leaving not even a memory behind. Common characteristics pertain to them all yet in some isolated groups of islands they have features peculiar to themselves. Thus Easter Island, though so remote from the others, and as we would think, inaccessible, has more striking ruins than any other South Sea island. In different parts of this island, there have been erected great stone platforms, and on these platforms are set up huge statues. These statues only represent the body from the hips upward. The faces are long and striking in appearance. They are not portraits, as they are all fashioned from one pattern, and for the same reason they cannot be totems. If they represent gods, their mythology must have had a strange sameness to it. On each statue is an immense stone head dress.

But few rock carvings are found in the South Sea islands. Those in Easter Islands, while in few in number, are conventional in form and present characteristics common to all undeveloped peoples. On some of these sculptured rocks are figures of birds, which in some respects recall those of our own northwest coast Indians. All over Polynesia, modern emigration has been from west to east, with lateral branchings to the north or south. But strange to say, Easter Island traditions which are given with great minuteness, claim their arrival from the east and from a tropical country.

Every Polynesian people preserved the geneology of their rulers as sacredly as did the old Hebrews. Missionaries, scholars, and intelligent tradesmen who have spent a life time among them, all give great credence to these lists. The Easter Islanders have a list of

57 kings, the first dating from their arrival in the country. Allowing fifteen years to a reign, it would give 855 years, or about 1045 A. D., as the date of their arrival.

Some peculiarities pertaining to this people, seem to lend color to this claim of a different origin. Circumcision was common to the Polynesians, but unknown to the Easter Islanders.

A novel method in war with them, unknown elsewhere, only among the old Romans, was the use of a large hand-net, which, cast over an antagonist, rendered his capture or destruction easy. With the sole exception of these Islanders, none of the Polynesian race possessed the art of writing.

We possess many examples of their writing, *but cannot read it*. These inscriptions are all on wooden tablets, varying in size from four inches wide to six inches long to one seven inches wide and five feet long.

The characters apparently have been cut with an obsidian tool, and are peculiar in design, the human figure frequently appearing in a conventionalized form.

"A casual glance at the Easter Island tablet is sufficient to note the fact that they differ materially from other Kyriologic writings. The pictorial symbols are engraved in regular lines on depressed channels, separated by slight ridges, intended to protect the hieroglyphics from injury by rubbing. * * * The symbols on each line are alternately reversed; those on the first stand upright, and those on the next line are upside down, and so on by regular alternation. This unique plan makes it necessary for the reader to turn the tablet and change its position at the end of every line. The reading should commence at the lower left-hand corner. * * *"
—(William J. Thomson, paymaster U. S. Navy, in *Te Pito Te Henua*, or Easter Island.)

I said "to read it." This, however, is only a surmise. In the year 1886, the U. S. S.S. *Mohican* visited the island for the purpose of exploration. A party remained on the island one month, and made a very careful examination of every part of it. They succeeded in collecting several of these tablets, and in getting photographs of others in the hands of parties, who would not dispose of them. Probably no others will ever again be found on the islands. Paymaster Thomson, who published the main report of the expedition, learned that there was living an old man who was able to read these inscriptions. This was possibly a last chance to be by no means neglected. This man was hunted up. The natives today are nominally Catholic. Unfortunately some former Catholic priest, having

a mission there, had forbidden the natives to read these tablets, the knowledge of which had been confined to a few privileged persons. This man was asked to read the inscription, but for fear of his salvation refused, and on being importuned, ran away and hid. Science must not be balked. The exigency of the case made permissible extraordinary measures. On a rainy evening he was tracked to his house. The explorers entered unceremoniously and took possession. At first he was sullen and would not talk, but a little cajollery and a subterfuge along with the judicious use of a little stimulant unloosed his tongue, and he began reading the inscriptions for them. It was soon noticed that he was not following the lines closely, and he was charged with fraud. This somewhat disconcerted him, but he maintained that while the signification of the separate signs had been lost, that his translation was in the main correct. This was the best they could do, and the reading was carefully taken down as it proceeded. Afterwards another old man was found who claimed to be able to read them. On being tested he read the same way the first one did, and gave the same interpretation to each different tablet. Evidently old traditions had been carefully transmitted, and certain traditions unvaryingly attached to certain tablets. These translations relate to their national history and religion.

In all probability there is some foundation for the claim they make. But whence came these characters? Did some Cadmus or Se-quo-yah of that island world invent them? Reasoning from my former standpoint, and one which seems borne out by the conditions, they were not produced by an unaided native mind. They came from without. From whence? Certainly not from the West. Their traditions of a former home so minutely recorded, must have a basis of fact. But characters like these are found nowhere else, at least in connected lines. The nearest approach to them are rude pictographs found on rocks in both South and North America. We cannot reconcile their racial characteristics with their traditions of an Eastern origin.

Are both correct? Who was the Se-quo-yah? Who will unravel the mystery?

HISTORIC SEAPORTS OF LOS ANGELES

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read before the Historical Society, Oct. 5, 1900.)

Of the half a dozen or more ports through which at different times the commerce of Los Angeles has passed, but two can be classed as historic, namely San Pedro and Wilmington. Los Angeles was not designed by its founder for a commercial town. When brave old Felipe de Neve marked off the boundaries of the historic plaza as the center from which should radiate the Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Rayna de Los Angeles, no vision of the future city of broad streets, palatial business blocks and princely homes climbing the brown hills above his little plaza and spreading over the wide mesa below, passed before his mind's eye.

When the military and religious services of the founding were ended and the governor gave the pobladores (colonists) a few parting words of advice; admonishing them to be frugal and industrious, to be faithful servants of God and the king; no suspicion that the little germ of civilization that he had that day planted on the banks of the Rio Porciuncula would ever need a seaport entered his thoughts. The Spaniards, though the discoverers of the new world and bold seamen withal, were not a commercial or trading people. Their chief desire was to be let alone in their vast possessions. Philip II once promulgated a decree pronouncing death upon any foreigner who entered the Gulf of Mexico. Little did the pirates and buccaneers of the Gulf care for Philip's decrees. They captured Spanish ships in the Gulf and pillaged towns on the Spanish Main; and Drake, the brave old sea king of Devon, sailed into the harbor of Cadiz, with his little fleet and burned a hundred Spanish ships right under Philip's nose—"singeing the king's beard," Drake called it. Nor content with that exploit—down through the Straits of Magellan, and up the South Sea coast sailed Francis Drake in the Golden Hind, a vessel scarce larger than a fishing smack, spreading consternation among the Spanish settlements of the South Pacific; capturing great lumbering galleons freighted with the "riches of Ormus and of Ind;" plundering towns and robbing churches of their wealth of silver and gold—silver and gold that the wretched natives under the lash of cruel task masters had wrung from the mines. It

was robber robbing robber, but no retribution for wrongs inflicted reached down to the wretched native. Surfeited with plunder, and his ship weighed down with the weight of silver and gold and costly ornaments, Drake sailed more than a thousand leagues up the California coast, seeking the fabled Straits of Anian, by which he might reach England with his spoils; for in the quaint language of Chaplain Fletcher, who did preaching and praying on the Golden Hind, when Sir Francis did not take the job out of his hands and chain the chaplain up to the main mast, as he sometimes did: "Ye governor thought it not good to return by ye Streights (of Magellan) lest the Spaniards should attend to him in great numbers."

So, for fear of the sea robbers, who hunted their shores, the Spaniards built their principal cities in the new world back from the coast, and their shipping ports were few and far between. It never perhaps crossed the mind of Governor Felipe de Neve that the new pueblo would need a seaport. It was founded to supply, after it became self-supporting, the soldiers of the presidios with its surplus agricultural products. The town was to have no commerce, why should it need a seaport? True, ten leagues away was the Ensenada of San Pedro, and, as Spanish towns went, that was near enough to a port.

But since that November day, one hundred and eighty years before, when the ships of Sebastian Viscaino had anchored in its waters, and he had named it for St. Peter of Alexandria, down to the founding of the pueblo, no ship's keel had cut the waters of San Pedro bay. It is not strange that no vision of the future commercial importance of the little pueblo of the Angelic Queen ever disturbed the dreams of brave old Felipe de Neve.

There is no record, or at least I have none, of when the mission supply ships landed the first cargo at San Pedro. Before the end of last century the port had become known as the embarcadero of San Gabriel.

The narrow and proscriptive policy of Spain had limited the commerce of its California colonies to the two supply ships sent each year from Mexico with supplies for the presidios and missions. These supplies were exchanged for the hides and tallow produced at the missions. San Pedro was the port of San Gabriel mission for this exchange, and also of the Pueblo of Los Angeles.

It is not an easy matter to enforce arbitrary restrictions against commerce, as Spain found to her cost. Men will trade under the most adverse circumstances. Spain was a long way off and smuggling was not a very venal sin in the eyes of layman or churchman.

So a contraband trade grew up on the coast, and San Pedro had her full share of it. Fast sailing vessels were fitted out in Boston for illicit trade on the California coast. Watching their opportunities, these vessels slipped into the bays along the coast. There was a rapid exchange of Yankee notions for sea otter skins—the most valued peltry of California—and the vessels were out to sea before the revenue officers could intercept them. If successful in escaping capture the profits of a smuggling voyage were enormous—ranging from 500 to 1000 per cent above cost on the goods exchanged; but the risks were great. The smuggler had no protection from the law. He was an outlaw. He was the legitimate prey of the padres, the people and the revenue officers. It is gratifying to our national pride to know that the Yankee usually came out ahead. These vessels were armed and when speed or strategem failed they fought their way out of a scrape.

But it was not until the Mexican government, more liberal than the Spanish, had partially lifted from foreign trade the restrictions imposed by Spain that commerce began to seek the port. First came the hide droghers from Boston with their department store cargoes. Trading and shopping were done on board the vessel, and the purchasers passed from ship to shore and back on the ship's boats; while lumbering carretas creaked and groaned under the weight of California bank notes, as the sailors called the hides that were to pay for the purchases. As long as the ship lay at anchor, and the bank notes held out, the shores of the bay were gay with festive parties of shoppers and traders. Every one, old and young, male and female of the native Californians, and even the untutored Indian too, took a deep interest in the ship's cargo. The drogher's display of "silks and satins new" was a revelation of riches on which the rustic maiden's mind could revel long after the ship had gone on her way.

Just when the first house was built at San Pedro, I have been unable to ascertain definitely. In the proceedings of the Ayuntamiento for 1835, a house is spoken of as having been built there "long ago" by the Mission Fathers of San Gabriel. Long ago for past time is as indefinite as *poco tiempo* for future. I think the house was built during the Spanish era, probably between 1815 and 1820. It was a warehouse for the storing of hides, and was located on the bluff about half way between Point Firmin and Timm's Point. The ruins are still extant. Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," describes it as a building with one room containing a fire place, cooking apparatus, and the rest of it unfurnished, and

used as a place to store goods. Dana was not favorably impressed with San Pedro. He says: "I also learned, to my surprise, that the desolate looking place we were in furnished more hides than any other port on the coast. * * * We all agreed that it was the worst place we had seen yet, especially for getting off of hides; and our lying off at so great a distance looked as though it was bad for southeasters."

This old warehouse was the cause of a bitter controversy that split the population of the pueblo into factions. While the secularization of the missions was in progress, during 1834 and 1835, Don Abel Stearns bought the old building from the Mission Fathers of San Gabriel. He obtained permission from Governor Figueroa to bring water from a spring a league distant from the embarcadero, and also to build additional buildings; his object being to found a commercial settlement at the landing, and to enlarge the commerce of the port. His laudable efforts met with opposition from the anti-expansionists of that day. They feared smuggling and cited an old Spanish law that prohibited the building of a house on the beach of any port where there was no custom house. The Captain of the Port protested to the Governor against Stearns' contemplated improvements, and demanded that the warehouse be demolished. Ships, he said, would pass in the night from Santa Catalina, where they lay hid in the day time, to San Pedro and load and unload at Stearns' warehouse, and "skip out" before he, the captain, could come down from his home at the pueblo, ten leagues away, to collect the revenue. Then a number of calamity howlers joined the Captain of the Port in bemoaning the ills that would follow from the building of warehouses, and among other things charged Stearns with buying and shipping surreptitiously, stolen hides. The Governor referred the matter to the Ayuntamiento, and that municipal body appointed a committee of three sensible and public spirited men to examine into the charges and report. The committee reported that the interests of the community needed a commercial settlement at the embarcadero; that if the Captain of the Port feared smuggling, he should station a guard on the beach; and finally, that the calamity howlers who had charged Don Abel with buying stolen hides should be compelled to prove their charge in a court of justice, or retract their slanders. This settled the controversy, and the calamity howlers, too, but Stearns built no more warehouse at the embarcadero.

The first shipwreck in San Pedro bay was that of the brig Danube of New York, on Christmas eve, 1828. In a fierce south-

eastern gale she dragged her anchors and was driven ashore a total wreck. The crew and officers, twenty-eight in number, were all saved. The news of the disaster reached Los Angeles, and a cavalcade of caballeros quickly came to the assistance of the shipwrecked mariners. The query was how to get the half drowned sailors to the pueblo—thirty miles distant. The only conveyance at hand was the backs of mustangs. Sailors are proverbial for their incapacity to manage a horse, and those of the Danube were no exception to the rule. The friendly Californians would assist a sailor to the upper deck of a mustang, and sailing directions given to the rider, the craft would be headed towards the pueblo. First there would be a lurch to port, then to starboard, then the prow of the craft would dip toward China, and the rudder end bob up towards the moon; then the unfortunate sailor would go head foremost over the bows into the sand.

The Californians became convinced that if they continued their efforts to get the sailors to town on horesabck, they would have several funerals on their hands—so they gathered up a number of ox carts, and loading the marines into carretas, propelled by long horned oxen, the twice-wrecked sailors were safely landed in Los Angeles.

Antonio Rocha was the owner of the largest house in the pueblo—the adobe that stood on the northwest corner of N. Spring and Franklin streets, and was used for many years after the American occupation for a court house and city hall. Antonio's heart was as big as his house, figuratively speaking—and he generously entertained the whole shipwrecked crew. The fattest beeves were killed—the huge beehive-shaped oven was soon lighted, and servants were set to baking bread to feed the Christmas guests. Old man Lugo furnished the wine. The sailors ate and drank bumpers to their entertainer's health, and the horrors of shipwreck by sea and mustang were forgotten.

San Pedro was the scene of the only case of marooning known to have occurred on the California coast. Marooning was a diabolical custom or invention of the pirates of the Spanish Main. The process was as simple as it was horrible. When some unfortunate individual aboard the piratical craft had incurred the hatred of the crew or the master, he was placed in a boat and rowed to some barren island or desolate coast of the main land, and forced ashore. A bottle of water and a few biscuits were thrown him, the boat rowed back to the ship, and left him to die of hunger and thirst, or

to rave out his existence under the maddening heat of a tropical sun.

In January, 1832, a small brig entered the bay of San Pedro and anchored. Next morning two passengers were landed from a boat on the barren strand. They were given two bottles of water and a few biscuit. The vessel sailed away leaving them to their fate. There was no habitation within thirty miles of the landing. Ignorant of the country, their fate might have been that of many another victim of marooning. An Indian, searching for shells, discovered them and conducted them to the Mission San Gabriel, where they were cared for. They were two Catholic priests—Bachelot and Short—who had been expelled from the Sandwich Islands on account of prejudice against their religion.

In the many-sided drama of life of which San Pedro has been the theater, War has thrust his wrinkled front upon its stage. Its brown hills have echoed the tread of advancing and retreating armies, and its ocean cliffs have reverberated the boom of artillery. Here Micheltorena, the last of the Mexican-born governors of California, after his defeat and abdication at Cahuenga, with his cholo army, was shipped back to Mexico.

Here Commodore Stockton landed his sailors and marines when in August, 1846, he came down the coast to capture Los Angeles. From San Pedro his sailors and marines began their victorious march, and, the conquest completed, they returned to their ships in the bay to seek new fields of conquest.

To San Pedro came Gillespie's men, after their disastrous experience with a Mexican revolution. Commodore Stockton had left Lieutenant Gillespie, with a garrison of fifty men to hold Los Angeles. Gillespie, so it is said, undertook to fashion the manners and customs of the Californians after a New England model. But he had not obtained the "consent of the governed" to the change, and they rebelled. Under the command of Flores and Vareles, three hundred strong, they besieged Gillespie's force on Fort Hill, and finally compelled the Americans to evacuate the city and retreat to San Pedro, where they went aboard a merchant vessel, and remained in the harbor. Down from Stockton's fleet came Mervine in the frigate Savannah, with 300 sailors and marines, intent on the capture of the rebellious pueblo. Once again San Pedro beheld the onward march of an army of conquest. But San Pedro saw another sight, "when the drums beat at dead of night." That other sight was the retreat of Mervine's men. They met the enemy at Dominguez, were defeated, and retreated, the wounded borne on litters,

their dead on creaking carretas, and their flag left behind. Mervine buried his dead, five in all, on the Isla de Los Muertos, and then—if not before—it was an Island of Dead Men. Lieutenant Duvall, in his log book of the Savannah, speaking of the burial of the dead on Dead Man's Island, says it was "so named by us." In this he is mistaken. Ten years before, Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," tells the story of the English sea captain, who died in the port and was buried on this small, dreary looking island, the only thing which broke the surface of the bay. Dana says: "It was the only spot in California that impressed me with anything like a poetic interest. Then, too, the man died far from home, without a friend near him, and without proper funeral rites, the mate (as I was told) glad to have him out of the way, hurrying him up the hill and into the ground without a word or a prayer." Dana calls the isle, "Dead Man's Island."

There are several legends told of how the island came by its gruesome name. This is the story an old Californian, who had been a sailor on a hide drogher, long before Dana's time, told me thirty odd years ago: Away back in the early years of the present century some fishermen found the dead body of an unknown white man on the island. There was evidence that he had reached it alive, but probably too weak to attempt the crossing of the narrow channel to the main land. He had clung to the desolate island, vainly hoping for succor, until hunger, thirst and exposure ended his existence. He was supposed to have fallen overboard at night from some smuggler, and to have been carried in by the tide. From the finding of the body on the island, the Spaniards named it Isla del Muerto—the Island of the Dead, or the Isle of the Corpse. It is to be regretted that the translating fiend has turned beautiful Spanish into gruesome English: Isla del Muerto, translated Dead Man's Island.

There have been ten persons in all buried on the island—nine men and one woman—namely: The lost sailor, the English sea captain, six of the Savannah's crew, a passenger on a Panama ship in 1851, and the last, a Mrs. Parker in 1855. Mrs. Parker was the wife of Captain Parker of the schooner Laura Bevain. Once when a fierce southeaster was threatening, and the harbor bar was moaning, Captain Parker sailed out of San Pedro bay. His fate was that of the "Three Fishers," who

"When sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down.

* * * * *

And the night rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters be deep;
And the harbor bar was moaning."

Nothing was ever seen or heard of the Laura Bevain from that day to this. The ship and its crew lie at the bottom of the ocean. The captain's wife was stopping at the landing. She was slowly dying of consumption. Her husband's fate hastened her death. Rough but kindly hands performed the last offices for her, and she was buried on top of Dead Man's Island. The sea has not given up its dead, but the land has. This vanishing island—slowly but surely disappearing—has already exposed the bones of some of the dead buried on it.

At the time of the American conquest of California, San Pedro was a port of one house—no wharves stretched out over the waters of the great bay, no boats swung with the tide; nature's works were unchanged by the hand of man. Three hundred and five years before Cabrillo, the discoverer of California, sailed into the bay he named Bahia de los Humos—the Bay of Smokes. Through all the centuries of Spanish domination no change had come over San Pedro. But with its new masters came new manners, new customs, new men. Commerce drifted in upon its waters unrestricted. The hide drogher gave place to the steamship, the carreta to the freight wagon, and the mustang caballada to the Concord stage.

Banning, the man of expedients, did business on the bluff at the old warehouse; Tomlinson, the man of iron nerve and will, had his commercial establishment at the point below on the inner bay. Banning and Tomlinson were rivals in staging, freighting, lightering, warehousing and indeed in everything that pertained to shipping and transporation.

When stages were first put on in 1852, the fare between the port and the city was \$10.00; later it was reduced to \$7.50; then to \$5.00. And when rivalry between Banning and Tomlinson was particularly keen, the fare went down to a dollar. Freight, from port to pueblo, by Temple & Alexander's Mexican ox carts, was \$20 per ton—distance, thirty miles. Now it can be carried across the continent for that.

In 1858, partly in consequence of a severe storm that damaged the wharf and partly through the desire of Banning to put a greater distance between himself and his rival, Tomlinson, he abandoned old San Pedro on the bluff, and built a wharf and warehouse at the head of the San Pedro slough, six miles north of his former ship-

ping point, and that much nearer to Los Angeles. The first cargo of goods was landed at this place October 1, 1858. The event was celebrated by an excursion from Los Angeles, and wine and wit flowed freely.

The new town or port was named New San Pedro, a designation it bore for several years, then it settled down to be Wilmington, named so after General Banning's birthplace, Wilmington, Delaware; and the slough took the name of the town. That genial humorist, the late J. Ross Browne, who visited Wilmington in 1864, thus portrays that historic seaport: "Banning—the active, energetic, irrepressible Phineas Banning, has built a town on the plain about six miles distant at the head of the slough. He calls it Wilmington, in honor of his birthplace. In order to bring Wilmington and the steamer as close together as circumstances will permit, he has built a small boat propelled by steam for the purpose of carrying passengers from steamer to Wilmington, and from Wilmington to steamer. Another small boat of a similar kind burst its boiler a couple of years ago, and killed and scalded a number of people, including Captain Seely, the popular and ever to be lamented commander of the Senator. The boiler of the present boat is considered a model of safety. Passengers may lean against it with perfect security. It is constructed after the pattern of a tea kettle, so that when the pressure is unusually great, the cover will rise and let off superabundant steam, and thus allow the crowd a chance to swim ashore."

"Wilmington is an extensive city located at the head of a slough in a pleasant neighborhood of sand banks and marshes. There are not a great many houses in it as yet, but there is a great deal of room for houses when the population gets ready to build them. The streets are broad and beautifully paved with small sloughs, ditches, bridges, lumber, dry goods boxes and the carcasses of dead cattle. Ox bones and skulls of defunct cows, the legs and jawbones of horses, dogs, sheep, swine and coyotes are the chief ornaments of a public character; and what the city lacks in the elevation of its site, it makes up in the elevation of its water lines, many of them being higher than the surrounding objects. The city fathers are all centered in Banning, who is mayor, councilman, constable and watchman, all in one. He is the great progenitor of Wilmington. Touch Wilmington and you touch Banning. It is his specialty—the offspring of his genius. And a glorious genius has Phineas B. in his way! Who among the many thousand who have sought health and recreation at Los Angeles within the past

ten years has not been the recipient of Banning's bounty in the way of accommodations? His stages are ever ready, his horses ever the fastest. Long life to Banning; may his shadow grow larger and larger every day! At all events I trust it may never grow less. I retract all I said about Wilmington—or most of it. I admit that it is a flourishing place compared with San Pedro. I am willing to concede that the climate is sulubrious at certain seasons of the year when the wind does not blow up sand; and at certain other seasons when the rain does not cover the country with water; and then again at other seasons when the earth is not parched by drought and scorching suns."

During the Civil war the government established Camp Drum and Drum Bannicks at Wilmington, and spent over a million dollars in erecting buildings. A considerable force of soldiers was stationed there and all the army supplies for the troops in Southern California, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico passed through the port. The Wilmingtonians waxed fat on government contracts and their town put on metropolitan airs. It was the great seaport of the south, the toll gatherer of the slough. After the railroad from Los Angeles was completed to Wilmington in 1869, all the trade and travel of the southwest passed through it and they paid well for doing so. It cost the traveler a dollar and a half to get from ship to shore on one of Banning's tugs and the lighterage charges that prevailed throttled commerce with the tightening grasp of the Old Man of the Sea.

In 1880, or thereabouts, the railroad was extended down to San Pedro and wharves built there. Then commerce left the mud flats of Wilmington and drifted back to its old moorings. The town fell into a decline. Banning, its great progenitor, died, and the memory of the olden time commercial importance of that once historic seaport lingers only in the minds of the oldest inhabitants.

LA ESTRELLA

The Pioneer Newspaper of Los Angeles

BY J. M. GUINN.

In our American colonization of the "Great West," the newspaper has kept pace with immigration. In the building up a new town, the want of a newspaper seldom becomes long felt before it is supplied.

It was not so in Spanish colonization; in it the newspaper came late, if it came at all. There were none published in California during the Spanish and Mexican eras. The first newspaper published in California was issued at Monterey, August 15, 1846,—just thirty-eight days after Commodore Sloat took possession of the territory in the name of the United States. This paper was called "The Californian," and was published by Semple & Colton. The type and press used had been brought from Mexico by Augustin V. Zamorano in 1834, and by him sold to the territorial government; and it had been used for printing bandos and pronunciamientos. The only paper the publishers of The Californian could procure was that used in making cigarettes which came in sheets a little larger than ordinary foolscap.

After the discovery of gold in 1848, newspapers in California multiplied rapidly. By 1850, all the leading mining towns had their newspapers, but Southern California, being a cow country and the population mostly native Californians speaking the Spanish language, no newspaper had been founded.

The first proposition to establish a newspaper in Los Angeles was made to the City Council October 16, 1850. The minutes of the meeting on that date contain this entry: Theodore Foster petitions for a lot situated at the northerly corner of the jail for the purpose of erecting thereon a house to be used as a printing establishment. The Council—taking in consideration the advantages which a printing house offers to the advancement of public enlightenment, and there existing as yet no such establishment in this city: Resolved, that for this once only a lot from amongst those that are marked on the city map be given to Mr. Theodore Foster for the purpose of establishing thereon a printing house; and the dona-

tion be made in his favor because he is the first to inaugurate this public benefit; subject, however, to the following conditions: First, that the house and printing office be completed within one year from today. Second, that the lot be selected from amongst those numbered on the city map and not otherwise disposed of."

At the meeting of the Council, October 30th, 1850, the records say: "Theodore Foster gave notice that he had selected a lot back of Johnson's and fronting the canal as the one where he intended establishing his printing house; and the council resolved that he be granted forty varas each way."

The location of the printing house was on what is now Los Angeles street, then called Calle Zanja Madre (Mother Ditch street), and sometimes Canal street.

The site of Foster's printing office was opposite the Bell block, which stood on the southeast corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets. On the lot granted by the Council Foster built a small two-story frame building; the lower story was occupied by the printing outfit, and the upper story was used as a living room by the printers and proprietors of the paper. Over the door was the sign "Imprenta" (Printing Office). The first number of the pioneer paper was issued May 17, 1851. It was named "La Estrella de Los Angeles." The Star of Los Angeles. It was a four-page five column paper; size of page, 12x18 inches. Two pages were printed in English and two in Spanish. The subscription price was \$10 a year, payable in advance. Advertisements were inserted at the rate of \$2.00 per square for the first insertion and \$1.00 for each subsequent insertion. The publishers were John A. Lewis and John McElroy. Foster had dropped out of the scheme, but when, I do not know. Nor do I know anything of his subsequent history.

In July, William H. Rand bought an interest in the paper and the firm became Lewis, McElroy and Rand. In November McElroy sold his interest to Lewis & Rand. John A. Lewis edited the English pages and Manuel Clemente Rojo was editor of the Spanish columns of the Star for sometime after its founding. The press was a Washington Hoe of an ancient pattern. It came around the Horn and was probably six or seven months of its journey. Even with this antiquated specimen of the lever that moves the world, it was no great task to work off the weekly edition of the Star. Its circulation did not exceed 250 copies.

The first job of city work done by La Estrella (as it is always called in the early records), was the printing of one hundred white ribbon badges for the city police. The inscription on the badge,

which was printed both in English and Spanish, read "City Police, organized by the Common Council of Los Angeles, July 12, 1851." La Estrella's bill for the job was \$25.00.

The burning political issue of the early '50's in Southern California was the division of the State. The Star, early in its career, took sides in favor of division, but later on, under a different management, opposed it. The scheme as promulgated fifty years ago was the division of the State into two parts—the northern to retain the State organization, the southern to be created into a territory. The professed purpose of division was to reduce taxation, and to "emancipate the south from its servile and abject dependence to the north." The real purpose was the creation of a slave State out of Southern California and thereby to increase the pro-slavery power in Congress. Bills for division were introduced in successive legislatures for eight or nine years; but all were promptly killed except one. In 1859 under the Pico law the question came to a vote in the southern counties and was carried. The Civil war and the emancipation of the slaves virtually put an end to State division. In July, 1853, Wm. H. Rand transferred his interest in the Star to his partner John A. Lewis. August 1st, 1853, Lewis sold the paper to Jas. M. McMeans. The obstacles to be overcome in the publication of a pioneer newspaper in Southern California are graphically set forth in John A. Lewis's valedictory in the Star of July 30, 1853:

"It is," writes Lewis, "now two years and three months since the Star was established in this city—and in taking leave of my readers, in saying my last say, I may very properly be permitted to look back through this period to see how accounts stand.

"The establishment of a newspaper in Los Angeles was considered something of an experiment, more particularly on account of the isolation of the city. The sources of public news are sometimes cut off for three or four weeks, and very frequently two weeks. San Francisco, the nearest place where a newspaper is printed, is more than five hundred miles distant, and the mail between that city and Los Angeles takes an uncertain course, sometimes by sea and sometimes by land occupying in its transmission from two to six weeks, and in one instance fifty-two days. Therefore, I have had to depend mainly upon local news to make the Star interesting. And yet the more important events of the country have been recorded as fully as the limits of the Star would permit. The printing of a paper one-half in the Spanish language was certainly an experiment hitherto unattempted in the State. Having no exchanges with papers in that language the main reliance has been upon translations,

and such contributions as several good friends have favored me with. I leave others to judge whether the 'Estrella' has been well or ill conducted."

Under Lewis's management the Star was non-partisan in politics. He says, "I professed all along to print an independent newspaper, and although my own preferences were with the Whig party, I never could see enough either in the Whig or Democratic party to make a newspaper of. I never could muster up fanaticism enough to print a party paper."

McMeans went to the States shortly after assuming the management of the paper. Wm. A. Wallace conducted it during his absence. Early in 1854, it was sold to M. D. Brundige. Under Brundige's proprietorship, Wallace edited the paper. It was still published in the house built by Foster.

In the latter part of 1854, the Star was sold to J. S. Waite & Co. The site donated to Foster by the council in 1850, on which to establish a printing house for the advancement of public enlightenment seems not to have been a part of the Star outfit. A prospectus on the Spanish page informs us that "Imprenta de la Estrella, Calle Principal, Casa de Temple,"—that is, the Printing office of the Star is on Main street, in the House of Temple; where was added, the finest typographical work will be done in Spanish, French and English. Waite reduced the subscription price of the Star to \$6.00 a year payable in advance, or \$9.00 at the end of the year. Fifty per cent advance on a deferred payment looks like a high rate of interest, but it was very reasonable in those days. Money, then, commanded 5, 10 and even as high as 15 per cent a month, compounded monthly; and yet the mines of California were turning out \$50,000,000 in gold every year. Here is a problem in the supply and demand of a circulating medium for some of our astute financial theorists to solve.

Perusal of the pages of the Star of forty-six years ago gives us occasional glimpses of the passing of the old life and the ringing in of the new. An editorial on "The Holidays" in the issue of January 4th, 1855, says: "The Christmas and New Year's festivities are passing away with the usual accompaniments; namely, bullfights, bell ringing, firing of crackers, fiestas and fandangos. In the city, cascarones commanded a premium and many were complimented with them as a finishing touch to their head dress." Bull fights, fandangos and cascarones are as obsolete in our city as the Olympic games, but bell ringing and firing of crackers still usher in the New Year. In June, 1855, El Clamor Publico—The Public Cry—

the first Spanish newspaper in Southern California was founded by Francisco P. Ramirez. The Spanish pages of the *Star* were discontinued and the advertising in that department was transferred to the *Clamor*. On the 17th of March, 1855, the Co. dropped from the proprietorship of the *Star* and J. S. Waite became sole owner.

In the early '50s a Pacific railroad was a standing topic for editorial comment by the press of California. The editor of the *Star*, "while we are waiting and wishing for a railroad," advocates as an experiment the introduction of camels and dromedaries for freighting across the arid plains of the southwest. After descanting on the merits of the "ship of the desert," he says: "We predict that in a few years these extraordinary and useful animals will be browsing upon our hills and valleys, and numerous caravans will be arriving and departing daily. Let us have the incomparable dromedary, with Adams & Co.'s expressmen arriving here triweekly, with letters and packages in five or six days from Salt Lake and fifteen or eighteen from the Missouri. Then the present grinding steamship monopoly might be made to realize the fact that the hard-working miner, the farmer and the mechanic were no longer completely in their grasping power as at present. We might have an overland dromedary express that would bring us the New York news in fifteen to eighteen days. We hope some of our enterprising capitalists or stock breeders will take this speculation in hand for we have not much faith that Congress will do anything in the matter."

Notwithstanding our editor's poor opinion of Congress, that recalcitrant body, a year or two later, possibly moved by the power of the press, did introduce camels into the United States, and caravans did arrive in Los Angeles. To the small boy of that day the arrival of a caravan was a free circus. The grotesque attempts of the western mule whacker to transform himself into an Oriental camel driver were mirth provoking to the spectators, but agony long drawn out to the camel puncher. Of all the impish, perverse and profanity provoking beasts of burthen that ever trod the soil of America, the meek, mild, soft-footed camel was the most exasperating. That prototype of perversity, the army mule, was almost angelic in disposition compared to the hump-backed burden bearer of the Orient.

In July, 1855, the subscription price of the *Star* was reduced to \$5 a year. The publisher informed his patrons that he would receive subscriptions "payable in most kinds of produce after harvest—corn, wheat, flour, wood, butter, eggs, etc., will be taken on old subscriptions. Imagine, if you can, one of our city newspapers

today starting a department store of country produce in its editorial rooms. Times have changed and we have changed with them. In November, 1855, James S. Waite, the sole proprietor, publisher and business manager of the Star, was appointed postmaster of Los Angeles. He found it difficult to keep the Star shining, the mails moving and his produce exchange running.

In the issue of February 2, 1856, he offers the "entire establishment of the Star for sale at \$1,000 less than cost." In setting forth its merits, he says: "To a young man of energy and ability a rare chance is now offered to *spread himself* and peradventure to realize a fortune." The young man, with expansive qualities was found two months later in the person of Wm. A. Wallace, who had been editor of the Star in 1854. He was the first principal of the schoolhouse No. 1, which stood on the northwest corner of Spring and Second streets, where the Bryson block now stands. He laid down the pedagogical birch to mount the editorial tripod. In his salutatory he says: "The Star is an old favorite of mine, and I have always wished to be its proprietor." The editorial tripod proved to be as uneasy a seat for Wallace as the back of a bucking bronco; in two months it landed him on his back, figuratively speaking.

It was hard times in the old pueblo. Money was scarce and cattle were starving; for 1856 was a dry year. Thus Wallace soliloquizes: "Dull time! says the trader, the mechanic, the farmer—indeed, everybody echoes the dull sentiment. The teeth of the cattle this year have been so dull that they have been scarcely able to save themselves from starvation; but buyers are nearly as plenty as cattle and sharp in proportion to the prospect of starvation. Business is dull—duller this week than it was last; duller today than it was yesterday. Expenses are scarcely realized and every hole where a dollar or two has heretofore leaked out must be stopped. The flush times are past—the days of large prices and full pockets are gone; picayunes, bad liquor, rags and universal dullness—sometimes so dull to complain of—have usurped the minds of men and a common obtuseness prevails. Neither pistol shots nor dying groans have any effect; earthquakes hardly turn men in their beds. It is no use of talking—business stepped out and the people are asleep. What is to be done? Why the first thing of course is to stop off such things as can be neither smoked or drank; and then wait for the carreta, and if we don't get a ride, it will be because we have become too fastidious, or too poor and are unable to pay this expense."

Henry Hamilton, the successor of Wallace, was an experienced newspaper man. For five years previous to purchasing the Star

he had been proprietor of the Calaveras Chronicle. He was an editor of the old school—the school that dealt out column editorials, and gave scant space to locals. Hamilton's forte was political editorials. He was a bitter partisan. When he fulminated a thunderbolt and hurled it at a political opponent, it struck as if it came from the hand of Jove, the god of thunder and lightning. He was an able writer, yet with him there was but one side to a question, and that was his side of it. He was a Scotch-Irishman, and had all the pugnacity and pertinacity of that strenuous race. His vigorous partisanship got him into trouble. During the Civil war he espoused the cause of the Southern Confederacy. For some severe criticisms on Lincoln and other officers of the government, and his outspoken sympathy for the Confederates, he was arrested. He took the oath of allegiance, and was released, but the Star went into an eclipse. The last number, a single page, appeared October 1st, 1864. The press and type were sold to Phineas Banning, and were used in the publication of the Wilmington Journal. The City of the Sloo (Wilmington) was then the most prosperous seaport on the southern coast. After the war when the soldiers had departed and Wilmington had fallen into a state of "innocuous desuetude" the Journal died of insufficient circulation, and was buried in the journalistic graveyard of unfelt wants. The old pioneer press of the Star, after doing duty for fifteen years, took a needed rest.

On Saturday, the 16th of May, 1868, the Star emerged from obscurity. "Today," writes Hamilton, "we resume the publication of the Los Angeles Star. Nearly four years have elapsed since our last issue. The little 'onpleasantness,' which at that time existed in the family, has been toned down considerably, and if perfect harmony does not yet prevade the circle, our hope is this brotherly feeling will soon be consummated."

The paper was no longer the bitter partisan sheet that it had been during the early '60s. Hamilton now seldom indulged in political leaders of a column length, and when he did they were of a mild type. The new Star was a seven column blanket sheet, and was devoted to promoting the welfare of the county. It was ably conducted, and was a model newspaper for a town of 5,000 inhabitants. June 1st, 1870, the first number of the Daily Star was published by Hamilton and Barter. Barter retired from the firm in September and founded the Anaheim Gazette, the pioneer newspaper of Orange county. He bought the old press and type of the Wilmington Journal—the first press of the Star—and again the old press became a pioneer. When the Anaheim Gazette office burned

down in 1877, the old press perished in the flames. The last time I saw it it was lying in a junk pile, crooked and twisted and warped out of shape or semblance of a printing press. If the spirit of the inanimate ever visits its former mundane haunts, the ghost of that old press would search in vain for the half dozen or more office buildings where in the body long ago it ground out weekly stents of news.

After G. W. Barter sold out the Anaheim Gazette in 1872, he leased the Daily Star from Hamilton. He ran it less than a year, but that was long enough for him to take all the twinkle out of it. It had almost sunk below the horizon when Mr. Hamilton resumed its publication. In July, 1873, he leased it to Ben C. Truman. The genial Ben. put sparkle in it. He made it interesting to his friends, but more so to his enemies. Like Silas Wegg, he occasionally dropped into poetry, and satirized some of his quondam adversaries at "Sandy Ague" (San Diego), where he had recently published a paper. When they felt the pricking of Ben's pungent pen, they longed, no doubt, to annihilate time and space that they might be near to him to take revenge when their wrath was hot. Truman continued its publication until July, 1877, when it was sold to Paynter & Co. Then it passed to Brown & Co. The Rev. Mr. Campbell of the Methodist Church, south, conducted it for a time. In the last year of its existence it had several different publishers and editors. Its brilliancy steadily diminished until in the early part of 1879, it sunk below the horizon, or, to discard metaphor and state facts, the sheriff attached it for debt, and its publication was discontinued. It remains were not buried in the graveyard of unfelt wants. A more tragic fate awaited them,—they were cremated. The plant and the files were stored in an outbuilding of Mr. Hollenbeck's who was one of the principal creditors. His Chinese laborers roomed in the lower part of the building. In some of their heathen orgies they set fire to the house. For a few minutes La Estrella blazed up into a star of the first magnitude then disappeared forever.

Such in brief is the story of La Estrella, the pioneer newspaper of Los Angeles. Its files contain a quarter century's history of our city and its environs. It is to be regretted that its early editors deemed political essays of so much more importance than local happenings. If these editors could crawl out of their graves and read some of their political diatribes in the light of the Twentieth century, they no doubt would be moved to exclaim, What blind leaders of the blind were we!

ANTONIO F. CORONEL

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read May 7, 1894.)

In the death since our last meeting, to-wit, at midnight on the 17th-18th of April, 1894, of our co-member and co-laborer, Don Antonio Franco Coronel, this society has lost a good friend, and this community and this State have lost a most valuable and useful citizen.

Mr. Coronel, who had been a resident of Los Angeles for 60 years, was in many respects a remarkable man; and as, in the flight of time, he recedes gradually into the distance of the past, he will, I imagine, like numerous others of his predecessors and contemporaries of Spanish ancestry in the Californias of whom English-speaking Californians of today have but partial knowledge, become more and more a striking figure in the annals of the times in which he lived.

Being an educated and enlightened man in his own language and civilization—for he possessed only a limited knowledge of the English tongue—and having taken an active interest in public affairs during his long career, serving the community in many and varied capacities, it is not an easy matter for us who survive him who knew him well—probably it is yet too early—to rightly estimate or measure the extent of the influence of his personality on those with whom he associated.

Don Antonio was born in the City of Mexico in 1817, and he came to California in 1834, while yet a boy, with his father, Don Ygnacio F. Coronel, who accompanied by his family, came with the celebrated Padres "Colonia," which arrived here that year from Mexico. The elder Coronel, whom the writer knew, and who had formerly been an officer under General Yturbe, established the first school in Los Angeles, under the Lancastrian system. He taught a public school in the block at the head of Los Angeles street, as it formerly existed, just north of the line of Arcadia street, from 1844 till about 1856. He was an educated man and gave his children a good Spanish education. He died in 1862.

His eldest son Antonio, because of his excellent school training and because he showed capacity, soon attained prominence both as a citizen and in official positions of responsibility. The list of offices filled by him is a large one. In 1838 he was appointed assistant secretary of tribunals of the city of Los Angeles. In 1843 he was made judge of the first instance (justice of the peace), and in 1844 Governor Micheltorena appointed him inspector of the Southern Missions. In 1845 he was made commissioner to treat for peace between Gov. Micheltorena and Alvarado and Castro, commanders of the revolutionary forces. In 1846 he served as captain with his patriotic countrymen in their attempts by inadequate means, to defend themselves and their homes as best they could against the invasion of the country by the Americans. He took part in the battle of the 8th of October, 1846, on the San Pedro rancho, in which the Californians were victorious. Afterwards he was appointed aid-de-camp of the commanding general and took part in the battles at *Paso de Bartolo* and *la Mesa*. As the Americans then had superior numbers and resources, the Californians were compelled to fall back to the interior or to the mountains, where, under General Flores, an attempt to continue the unequal contest was kept up, till finally, friends got word to Don Antonio, urging on him the uselessness and hopelessness of the fight; and he and others gave up and came in. But Gen. Flores and a remnant of his command retired to Mexico. After peace was declared, and Alta California became permanently a portion of the United States territory, and its inhabitants became, if they so elected, citizens of the United States, Mr. Coronel with the great body of Californians, transferred their allegiance in good faith to the nationality represented by the stars and stripes, to which ever afterwards, or as long as they lived, they remained loyal and true.

In 1847-48 Mr. Coronel was a member of the board of magistrates having in charge the regulation of irrigation. With this very important question, which was new to Americans, he was both theoretically and practically familiar. The whole theory of water rights under the laws and customs of Spain and Mexico, and of all dry countries where irrigation is a necessity, is radically different from that of England and the United States, where, as a rule, practical irrigation is unknown. The persistent though futile attempts which Americans in California and other semi-arid States and territories have made, and are still making, to apply the theories relating to the use and ownership of water as evolved in wet coun-

tries, to dry countries, have caused a vast amount of confusion and loss, and frequently bloodshed, the end of which is not yet.

The writer of these lines has often discussed this matter with Don Antonio, who as often expressed his regret at the inaptitude or self-sufficiency or disinclination to learn, what, in spite of all their preconceived notions on this subject, they will perforce, have to learn at last, for the simple reasons that the theories of non-irrigation countries concerning water, are, in many fundamentally essential respects, utterly inapplicable in practical irrigation.

So of the rights of cities and pueblos to running streams under the laws of Spain and Mexico; Mr. Coronel held that it was of the utmost importance that the people and officials of this city should know and assert to the last, all the rights to all the water of the Los Angeles river, which this city inherited as successor to the pueblo. In a conversation I had with him a short time before his death, it seemed as though he could not impress on me strongly enough his convictions concerning this important matter.

Mr. Coronel was assessor of Los Angeles county in 1850 and '51, and in 1853 he was elected mayor of Los Angeles City. He was a member of the city council, except during two years, from 1854 to 1866, when he was elected treasurer of the State of California for four years. He also served at various periods, as supervisor of the county, member of the State Horticultural society, president of the Spanish-American Benevolent society of this city, etc.

When the *cause celebre*, known as the "Limantour Claim," was before the United States Courts in 1857, Mr. Coronel was sent on a confidential mission to the City of Mexico to examine the archives there and gather testimony, etc., which his knowledge of the Spanish language and familiarity with Mexican land laws, and acquaintance with public men in that capital, enabled him to do very efficiently. His labors were facilitated by President Comonfort and other high officials. The evidence he obtained was laid before the United States Court, with the result that the claim was rejected finally; and thus the title to thousands of homes in San Francisco were cleared of a cloud that hung over them. Only those who were cognizant at the time, of the excitement which was stirred up throughout California by this case, can appreciate how intense that excitement was. Limantour, who was a Frenchman, maintained his colossal pretensions with the utmost vigor and by the most unscrupulous means, bringing witnesses from Mexico to swear to the

genuineness of his alleged grant, which, as already stated, the Court finally rejected.

Mr. Coronel, in his lifetime, made a most honorable record as a friend of the defenceless Mission Indians of Southern California. Of this fact Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson has borne warm testimony in several national publications. When these simple, harmless children of nature were imposed upon, and robbed of their lands and of the waters in default of which those lands became comparatively valueless, by greedy and unscrupulous American squatters, they came to Don Antonio Coronel for advice, and he always befriended them. He gave to Mrs. Jackson the materials of her story of "Ramona," and aided her in many ways in acquiring a knowledge of the customs and traditions of the people of the country, necessary to give characteristic coloring to the story. He also gave her the outlines of another and more dramatic story, based on real life in the olden time here in Southern California, the beautiful heroine of which, Nacha, was well known by some of the best of the old Spanish families. If Mrs. Jackson had lived she was to have worked them up as a companion story of "Ramona." He also gave her the data of her account of Friar Junipero Serra, the venerable founder and first president of the California Missions. Mr. Coronel took an active part with Father Casanova of Monterey in the restoration of the San Carlos Mission, and in the solemnization of the centennial, in 1884, of the death of Father Junipero.

In 1873, Mr. Coronel married Miss Mariana Williamson. In 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Coronel visited the City of Mexico, and in '93, they went to the World's Fair at Chicago, where their stay was cut short by his illness; and his health continued in a precarious state from that time until his death, though he was not confined to his house until within a few days prior thereto. Toward the end he was fully aware that his hour was near, which he welcomed, only regretting the parting with his beloved wife. Twice he fervently embraced her, his last words being: "Querida! Ya me voy!" (Dearest, I am going!) As she gently laid him on the pillow, he peacefully closed his eyes and one of his attending physicians, who held his wrist, said, "His pulse has ceased;" and thus he died without a struggle. His good friend, Rev. Father Adam, vicar general of the diocese, attended him daily and administered to him the consolations of the religion in whose communion he had been born, and in which at last he died.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Coronel were active members of this Historical Society of Southern California from the time of its founding.

They had gathered, during the course of many years, the largest and most valuable collection of historical materials relating to this section and to this coast, in the country. Mr. Coronel ardently desired to co-operate with other citizens of wealth and enlightened public spirit in the establishment in this city of a museum, in connection with the Historical Society and the Public Library, to which he could donate his very valuable collection; and he made a liberal offer of either money or land to assist in endowing such an institution. It is to be hoped that other public-spirited citizens of means will be seized by the same desire, and thus show in a substantial manner their willingness to aid in preserving and safely guarding the materials of local history which they and their fathers and mothers have helped to make, and at the same time manifest to the world by their acts the fact that they recognize the obligations they owe to the community in which and off of which they have made their wealth. In the many conversations which the writer of this brief memorioal tribute to our departed friend has had with him concerning the past history of California, and especially of the part he took in it, I have been impressed with the vividness of his recollections; and I have felt that a record merely of those personal recollections would, to a certain extent, constitute a history of California.

Onr kind-hearted friend is gone, but his memory will remain.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

1900.

*To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:
I beg leave to submit the following report:*

Number of Meetings held.....	6
Number of Papers read.....	16
Number of New Members elected.....	5

TITLES TO PAPERS READ AND DATES OF READING.

FEBRUARY.

Inaugural Address of the President.....	Walter R. Bacon
Visit to the Grand Canyon	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson
Indians of the Los Angeles Valley.....	J. M. Guinn

MARCH.

The Palomeres Family.....	H. D. Barrows
The Stores of Los Angeles in 1850.....	Laura Evertsen King
California's Transition from Monarchy to Republicanism.....	J. M. Guinn

MAY.

An Episode in the Life of a Pioneer.....	H. D. Barrows
Aboriginal Alphabets (First Paper).....	J. D. Moody

JUNE.

Los Angeles Postmasters.....	H. D. Barrows
The Passing of the Neophyte.....	J. M. Guinn
Some Current Events	Walter R. Bacon

OCTOBER.

The Mexican Governors.....	H. D. Barrows
Historical Seaports of Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn

DECEMBER.

Fifty Years of California Politics	Walter R. Bacon
Side Lights on Old Los Angeles.....	Mary E. Mooney
Aboriginal Alphabets (Second Paper).....	J. D. Moody

The meetings of the Society have been held at the residences of Members and have been well attended.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

REPORT OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE 1900.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:

We, the undersigned, members of the Society's Committee on Publication, do respectfully report that in accordance with the order of the Board of Directors we have had printed six hundred copies of the Society's Annual for 1900. With this issue we begin Volume V. The Annual continues to bear the double title adopted at the beginning of Volume IV, "Annual Publication of the Historical Society of Southern California and Pioneer Register."

Papers for publication have been selected from the collections of both the Historical and Pioneer Societies. These papers embrace a wide range of subjects, but all pertain to some phase of history.

In this, as in all previous publications of the Society, it is understood that the authors, and not the Society or the Committee, are responsible for the statements made in their papers, and for the views and opinions expressed.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN,
H. D. BARROWS,
Committee.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

YEAR 1900.

1900

RECEIPTS AND ASSETS.

Jan'y. 1—Balance on hand as per last report.....	\$ 60 45
Feby. 2—Received from Pioneer Society.....	50 00
Jan. 1 to } Received dues of Members.....	57 85
Dec. 31 } Received membership fees.....	8 00
Total Receipts	\$ 176 20

1900

DISBURSMENTS.

Jan'y. 29—Paid Secretary's bill—postage and sundries.....	\$ 1 90
Feby. 28—Paid Geo. Rice & Sons, printing Annual.....	125 00
Dec. 31—Paid Secretary's Bill—postage, express and sundries	11 75
Total Disbursements.....	\$ 138 65
Balance in Treasury January 1, 1901.....	\$ 37 65

Respectfully submitted,

January 1, 1901.

E. BAXTER,
Treasurer.

CURATOR'S REPORT.

1900.

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California:

In the limited space allowed in our Annual it is impossible for me to make a full report upon the condition of our library and collections. These, consisting of books, pamphlets, magazines, newspaper files, curios, relics, pictures, English and Spanish, manuscripts, maps, etc., are still stored in a room in the Court House. On account of want of space much of our collection has been boxed up and is therefore inaccessible for ready reference. We continue adding to our collection hoping that possibly some wealthy donor may be moved to give us even the limited amount necessary to procure better quarters and to catalogue and classify our collections.

For nearly eighteen years a few public spirited men and women of limited financial means have labored and spent their money to build up in Southern California a Historical Society. In that time we have published four complete volumes of history. These volumes are eagerly sought for by leading Historical and Public Libraries of the United States, but such seems to be the contempt of Californians for their local history that these books are almost unknown in the locality where they are published.

Nearly all of the larger States of the Union and many of the smaller ones have State Historical Societies supported by appropriations from the public funds. California has none. There is not to my knowledge any Historical Society now existing within her borders, except ours, which has made any collection or published any historical papers.

Successive legislatures have gone on multiplying State schools and piling up appropriations for our State University, but have ignored the necessity of collecting and preserving our historical material. As a consequence of this neglect a large amount of California's wealth of historical material has been allowed to fall into the hands of relic collectors and literary pot hunters, who sell it to eastern museums and libraries.

With less wealth and half a century less history than our State, the State of Wisconsin has spent more than a million dollars on her Historical Library and Museum and in erecting her magnificent Historical Society Building. The recent legislature of Oregon appropriated \$5,000 to aid her State Historical Society, and Montana, with a population about one-eighth the size of ours and less than fifty years of history, spends \$2,500 on hers. Recent California legislatures have been more liberal in allowances for historical purposes than past ones. Successive legislatures, in the past decade, have appropriated \$600 a year to pay the salary of the guardian of Sutter's New Fort, built of adobes of the brand of 1890, and a similar yearly amount to the keeper of the bronze monument of Marshall, who was not the first discoverer of gold in California.

It is to be regretted that none of our many rich men, who have made their fortunes in California, have been moved to expend a portion of their wealth in preserving the history of the State that has been so kind to them.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Curator.

PIONEER REGISTER

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY 1900-1901.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WM. H. WORKMAN,	STEPHEN A. RENDALL,
LOUIS ROEDER,	R. R. HAINES,
BEN. S. EATON,	J. M. GUINN,
MATHEW TEED.	

OFFICERS.

WM. H. WORKMAN.....	President
R. R. HAINES.....	First Vice-President
S. A. RENDALL.....	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP.

M. TEED,	LOUIS ROEDER,	M. F. QUINN
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COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

H. D. BARROWS,	C. N. WILSON,	JOEL B. PARKER
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COMMITTEE ON LITERARY EXERCISES.

WM. H. WORKMAN,	B. S. EATON,	H. D. BARROWS,	J. M. GUINN
S. A. RENDALL,	M. F. QUINN,	J. C. DOTTER.	

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

LOUIS ROEDER,	WM. GROSSER,	B. S. EATON,	R. R. HAINES
DR. K. D. WISE,	M. KREMER,	MRS. S. C. YARNELL.	

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. MARY FRANKLIN,	MRS. ELLEN G. TEED,	MRS. DORA BILDERBECK
MRS. J. G. NEWELL,	MRS. ABBIE HILLER,	MRS. EMILY W. DAVIS,
MRS. CECELIA A. RENDALL,	GEORGE W. HAZARD,	J. W. GILLETTE
	JOHN L. SLAUGHTER.	

In Memoriam.

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

James J. Ayers,	-	-	-	-	Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster,	-	-	-	-	Died January 27, 1898.
Horace Hiller,	-	-	-	-	Died May 23, 1898.
John Strother Griffin,	-	-	-	-	Died August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley,	-	-	-	-	Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy,	-	-	-	-	Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La Dow,	-	-	-	-	Died January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael,	-	-	-	-	Died April 19, 1899.
Francis Baker,	-	-	-	-	Died May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose,	-	-	-	-	Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald,	-	-	-	-	Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig,	-	-	-	-	Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott,	-	-	-	-	Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichi,	-	-	-	-	Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Towne,	-	-	-	-	Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood,	-	-	-	-	Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer,	-	-	-	-	Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard	-	-	-	-	Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough,	-	-	-	-	Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman	-	-	-	-	Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreux,	-	-	-	-	Died January 17, 1901.
Daniel Scheick,	-	-	-	-	Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell,	-	-	-	-	Died January 28, 1901.

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

CONSTITUTION

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the county ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Adopted September 4, 1900.)

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction, after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.

BY-LAWS

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

Section 1. All members of this society who shall have signed the constitution and by-laws, or who shall have been duly elected to membership after the adoption of the constitution and by-laws shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the society.

Section 2. The annual dues of each member shall be one dollar, payable in advance.

Section 3. Each person on admission to membership shall sign the constitution and by-laws with his or her name in full, together with his or her place of birth, age, residence, occupation and the day, month and year of his or her arrival within the limits of Los Angeles county.

Section 4. At the annual meeting, the president shall appoint a committee of three on membership. He shall also at the same time appoint a committee of three on finance. All applications for membership shall be referred to the Committee on Membership for examination.

Section 5. Every applicant for membership shall be recommended by two members of the society in good standing. The application shall state the applicant's full name, age, birthplace, place of

residence, occupation and date of his or her arrival in the county of Los Angeles.

Section 6. Each application must be accompanied by the annual fee (one dollar), and shall lie over for one month, when a vote shall be taken by ballot. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 7. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 8. The Finance Committee shall examine all accounts against the society, and no bill shall be paid by the treasurer unless approved by a majority of the Finance Committee.

Section 9. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, the Board of Directors shall call a meeting of the society within thirty days thereafter, when said vacancy shall be filled by election for the remainder of the unexpired term.

Section 10. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of the society is unable for the time being to pay the annual dues, as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have the power to remit the same.

Section 11. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, except the month of September, when the annual meeting shall take the place of the monthly meeting. Special meetings may be called by the president, or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meeting except that specified in the call.

Section 12. Changes and amendments of these by-laws may be made by submitting the same in writing to the Board of Directors at least one month prior to any stated meeting. Said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendments shall receive a two-thirds vote of all members present and voting, the same shall be declared adopted.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Ex-Mayor Stephen C. Foster, whose portrait appears in this issue of the Annual, died in this city, January 28, 1898; and a sketch of his life appears in Volume IV, pp. 179-183, of the Historical Society's publications, from which a brief summary of the primary facts of his life is condensed here.

Mr. Foster was born in Maine, December 17, 1820. He graduated from Yale College in the class of 1840; later attending lectures at the Louisiana Medical College, and afterwards practicing medicine in Jackson county, Missouri. In 1845 he started for California via Santa Fe, Chihuahua and Sonora. At Oposura he learned of the breaking out of the Mexican war; and not being able to find any party going to California, he returned in June, 1846, to Santa Fe; and in October he was employed as interpreter of the "Mormon Battalion," which, under the command of Col. Philip St. George Cooke, set out for California, by way of Tucson, and the Pima Villages, arriving at San Diego January 20, 1847, and at Los Angeles, March 16, 1847.

For more than fifty years, Mr. Foster was a prominent citizen of Los Angeles. His familiarity with the Spanish language, in the early days, enabled him to serve the community in many capacities. Col. Mason, the then military Governor of the Territory, appointed Mr. Foster as Alcalde of this city, January 1, 1848. Mr. Foster was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849; he served as State Senator during 1851-53, and he was twice elected Mayor of Los Angeles. In 1848 he was married to Dona Maria Merced, daughter of Don Antonio Maria Lugo and widow of Jose Perez. She and their two sons still survive him.

FRANCISCO SABICHI.

Francisco Sabichi, a member of the Society of Los Angeles Pioneers, who died suddenly of heart disease on the 12th of April, 1900, in the 59th year of his age, was a native of this city. He was born October 4, 1842. His father, Matias Sabichi, was a native of Austria, or Austrain Italy, who came to Los Angeles at a very early

day; and his mother was Josefa, daughter of Don Ygnacio Coronel, and sister of Antronio F. Coronel. Matias Sabichi in 1852, after the death of his wife, took his two boys, Francisco and Matias, and set out on his return to his native land, but he died on the way. His two sons were taken in charge on their arrival in England by the American consul, Mr. Joseph Rodney Croskey, who became a true foster-father to them, taking them into his own family and carefully educating them. Frank was in the British navy three years. Matias was a portion of the time at school in France. Both learned to speak French, and of course English and Spanish, the latter being their mother tongue. They returned to Los Angeles in 1860, having been away about eight years. Matias Sabichi was accidentally shot while on a hunting trip, from the effects of which he died not long afterwards. Frank studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was several times elected a member of the City Council in the early 70's and also once in the 80's. In 1865, he was married to Magdalena, daughter of Wm. Wolfskill, the pioneer. She, with their eight children survive him.

Mr. Sabichi was prominently identified with the "Sons of the Golden West," being at the time of his death, a grand trustee of the order for the State of California.

H. D. BARROWS,
LOUIS ROEDER,
K. D. WISE,
Committee.

ROBERT MILLER TOWNE.

Robert Miller Towne, a charter member of this society, who died in this city April 21, 1900, was born in Batavia, Illinois, November 12, 1844. He came to Los Angeles in the fall of 1869. For some years he engaged in sheep-raising. Afterwards he went to New Mexico, where he did a freighting business between Las Vegas and the mines.

In 1881 he married Miss Lillie M. Fisher, daughter of Judge Fisher of this city, whom most of the members of this pioneer Society knew well. Two daughters were born to this union. They with their mother survive Mr. Towne. After his marriage he and his family resided for a time in Kansas. During the latter portion of his life, and while suffering from tuberculosis, he lived on



FRANK LECOUVREUR.



the desert. Mr. Towne was a man of much decision of character; he was ever a good citizen, and was highly respected by all who knew him.

H. D. BARROWS,

LOUIS ROEDER,

K. D. WISE,

Committee.

FRED W. WOOD.

Fred W. Wood was born at Praire du Chien, Wisconsin, April 28, 1853. At the breaking out of the Civil war, his father enlisted in the Union Army, and became colonel of the 17th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He had two brothers in the service, and only his youth prevented him from enlisting.

In 1868 the family removed to Kansas City, Mo., where Fred W. attended the High School. He left school at the age of sixteen, and for a year or more afterwards he was employed in the office of the Kansas City Engineer. From Kansas City he went to Northern Wisconsin, where he was engaged for three years in the construction of some of the lines of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad system. In 1873 he came to California and in March of the following year he arrived in Los Angeles. After spending a few months in various engineering, surveying and mining enterprises, he became interested with Prudent Beaudry in the construction of the Los Angeles city water works. For several years he was in the abstract business as a member of the firm of Gillette, Gibson & Wood. His next employment was the laying out and superintending the planting of J. De Barth Shorb's extensive vineyards at Alhambra and establishing the winery there. In 1889 he became identified with the Temple Street Cable Railway line. He managed the business of the Beaudry Brothers, Victor and Prudent, who were largely interested in the Temple street road. After the death of the brothers he was executor of their estates. In 1895 Mr. Wood became superintendent and general manager of the Los Angeles Street Railway Company, the most extensive street railway system in the city. In this service he continued until his death. In politics he was a Republican and served as chairman of the County Republican Central Committee from 1894 to 1896. He stood high in the Masonic and Odd Fellows orders.

Seventeen year ago Mr. Wood married Miss Leona Pigne-Dupuytren, who was born in California, and is grand niece of the renowned Parisian physician Dr. Dupuytren. One son, Warren Dupuytren, was born of this union.

Mr. Wood died in Los Angeles, May 19, 1900.

JOSEPH BAYER.

Joseph Bayer was born in Germany, November 1, 1846. He emigrated to the United States during his early boyhood. During the Civil war he entered the Union Army, enlisting in the Second United States Infantry. He served three years. After the war he went to St. Louis, where he engaged in business until 1868, when he came to California. He arrived in Los Angeles July 4, 1870. He engaged in business on the corner of Requesena and Main street. In 1872 he went to Tucson, Arizona, where he remained two years. Returning to Los Angeles, he opened a wholesale liquor house on North Main street. He built up an extensive business, dealing in imported and domestic wines and brandies. He was one of the pioneer oil producers of Southern California.

In 1875 Mr. Bayer married Miss K. B. Happ, a native of Buffalo, N. Y. He died in this city July 27, 1900.

AUGUSTUS ULYARD.

(Los Angeles Daily Times.)

Augustus Ulyard, whose funeral was held yesterday afternoon at his late residence, No. 809 South Flower street, died in his eighty-fifth year. He has been a modest and model citizen during the half century he lived in Los Angeles, and political honors were thrust upon him but once in all that time, he having been a member of the City Council in 1856.

Ulyard was born in Philadelphia on February 22, 1816, where in his young manhood he learned the trade of a baker, and must very soon after its completion have started west, for he enlisted and served as a Texas Volunteer in the war with Mexico in 1837. In 1841 he went to St. Louis, opened a bakery, remained there until 1846, when he married Miss Mary Field, a native of England, who survives him. With his new wife and worldly belongings he again started west and next appears as a citizen of Council Bluffs, Iowa. In 1852, in company with a large party of immigrants, Mr. and Mrs. Ulyard set out from Council Bluffs for the Pacific golden shores, traveling by wagon train. Their passage across the plains would seem to have been uneventful. They profited by the horrible catastrophe that befell the Donner party in 1846, and in order to avoid spending the winter at Salt Lake, or taking the risk of the cold passage over the Sierra Nevadas, they chose the southern route, by way of the Cajon Pass and San Bernardino, and arrived at Los Angeles on the last day of the year 1852.

At that time there were but five American women in Los An-

geles aside from Mrs. Ulyard. The town consisted of a small group of adobe buildings in the neighborhood of the plaza, one of which Mr. Ulyard succeeded in renting, and as behooves the thrifty citizen at once set himself up in business as a baker. He baked the first loaf of American bread ever cooked in Los Angeles, using yeast brought across the plains by his wife. He soon sought a new location on the outskirts of the pueblo, which is the site now occupied by the Natick House, at First and Main streets. For twenty years he continued to follow his vocation as a baker, but having accumulated a competency, he then retired. He owned the property on the southwest corner of Fifth and Spring streets.

In 1856 he was quite active in politics and helped to organize the first Republican League in California, in an old frame building on Main street belonging to Capt. Alexander Bell. It was in the Fremont campaign, and Ulyard was a member of the City Council, which seems to have been the only office he ever held.

From the time of his arrival to the time of his death, on Sunday last, Mr. Ulyard was a permanent resident of Los Angeles. No children were born to him, but at different periods he adopted homeless children until there were seven in all.

He died August 5, 1900.

REV. A. M. HOUGH.

Rev. A. M. Hough, a member of the Los Angeles Society of Pioneers, who died Aug., 27, 1900, was a native of Greene county, New York; born June 4, 1830. He received his education at the New York Conference Seminary in Schohaire county. In 1864 Mr. Hough went to Montana, then a territory, as Superintendent of Missions, and established the Methodist Episcopal Church there. In 1868, on account of his wife's failing health, he came with her to California, driving his own team from Montana to Los Angeles, where he arrived November 22. He served as pastor of various churches, here, in San Francisco and in Sacramento, till 1875, when the conference was divided and he became presiding elder of the southern body, in which capacity he served four years. He retired from active service as a pastor about 1885.

In 1854 Mr. Hough was married to Miss Anna Gould, a native of New York, who survives him. Mr. Hough was a man of great intellectual force, and yet of kindly, gentle manners, broad charity and pure life; and as a sequence of these cardinal qualities he exerted a wide influence for good in the community in which he lived so many years.

HENRY F. FLEISMAN.

Henry F. Fleishman was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1845; he died in this city, where he had resided a number of years, on the 13th of October, 1900. He served in the Confederate army during the Civil war, from beginning to end, participating in many of the great battles, and surrendering with General Lee's command at Appomatox. Mr. Fleishman, at the time of his death, was a member of several beneficent orders, in which, and in the community generally, he was universally respected.

FRANK LECOUVREUR.

Our society is called upon to mourn the death, which occurred January 17, 1901, of our associate, Mr. Frank Lecouvreur. Mr. Lecouvreur, who was a native of Ortelsburg, Prussia, born June 7, 1830, came via Cape Horn to California in 1851, and to Los Angeles in 1855. He was by profession a civil engineer, and he served as County Surveyor of Los Angeles for four years; he also, first and last, surveyed many ranchos for private parties. He at one time, during the '60's served as deputy county clerk, and later was cashier and a director of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank. In June, 1877, he was married to Miss Josephine R. Smith, who survives him.

The members of this society, and of this community, in which he lived so many years, universally concede the sterling worth of our brother, and sincerely mourn his death.

DANIEL SCHIECK.

(Los Angeles Daily Times.)

Daniel Schieck, a quaint old memento of the days when Los Angeles was a half way Mexican town, has gone from the streets forever. He lies dead in the home that he built half a century ago, on the lonely outskirts of the hamlet and lived to see sucked into the heart of a city. It is on Franklin street at the head of New High.

It was one of the first plastered houses in the pueblo. Additions and new fronts and changes have been made, but Schieck never moved from the place all through the years. When he first moved in, Mrs. Schieck was very lonely, because there would be days when not a soul passed the house. For many years the little German and his wife have been familiar figures driving about the city in their phaeton. For twenty-five years since the city reached out and ab-

sorbed his suburban place, Schieck has been living on his money in placid ease.

He was the pioneer drayman of the city, and for a time was its Gunga Din, with a water-cart, peddling Adam's ale from house to house.

He came here in 1852. He had come over from Baden in 1845 and made the trip across the plains in 1852. The journey was made on horseback, and Schieck was once abandoned by his party to die. About half way across the plains he was suddenly taken very ill, and the party would not take him on. He was too far gone to travel anyhow. They would have deserted him like a sick wolf, but he made a bargain with one of the men, who, having no horse, was walking. Schieck told him that he would buy him a good horse and saddle and bridle if he would stay and nurse him through the illness.

They put Schieck out under a tree by the side of the road and the man fell out of the party to stay with him. He was a reasonably faithful nurse for two days. Then one morning Schieck woke up to find that the man had run away in the night with his saddle, horse and outfit. He would probably have died from hunger and neglect but that he was on the road to one of the Mormon trading posts. The Mormon traders found and cared for him until he got well.

Just as soon as he could possibly travel, Schieck set out with a new horse with a Teutonic determination to find that party that deserted him. He paid the managers to take him out to Sacramento and intended to get his money's worth. By hard riding he overtook the party as it was crossing the borders of California.

They took him the rest of the way into Sacramento and gave him one of the best pair of oxen in the caravan to atone for having allowed him to make half the journey alone and without the accommodations due him.

He went to farming near Sacramento, but one of the oxen died before long, and he wandered into the gold fields. He got rheumatism, but no gold. Looking for a better climate, Schieck came down the State into Southern California.

When he hit Los Angeles, the man who peddled water was about to leave and Schieck took his place. For a little while he followed this job, getting water every morning from the zanja and delivering it around to the houses. He charged \$2 a month for each of his customers. This didn't pay and he went into the dray business.

He drove a funny, old-fashioned, two-wheeled dray cart and had a monopoly. He used to meet the Banning coaches coming in

from San Pedro, and the other stage lines. He charged about what he liked.

The little place that he bought on the outskirts of the city ran along seventy-five feet on what is now Spring street, and the whole length of Franklin street. It made him rich.

In the early days he cut quite a figure in affairs, and one of the reminiscences that he liked to tell was of serving on the first vigilance committee that introduced Judge Lynch to Los Angeles.

When he died Sunday night, January 20, 1901, he was aged 81 years, 3 months and 20 days. It was just old age that took him off. About five weeks ago he was out driving with his wife and became so dazed that he could scarcely drive home, narrowly escaping several accidents. He went to bed when he got home and never was up again.

He leaves a widow, who was his second wife, and two children, Mrs. S. E. Boecher and Mrs. C. E. Jenkins, besides a daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Schieck.

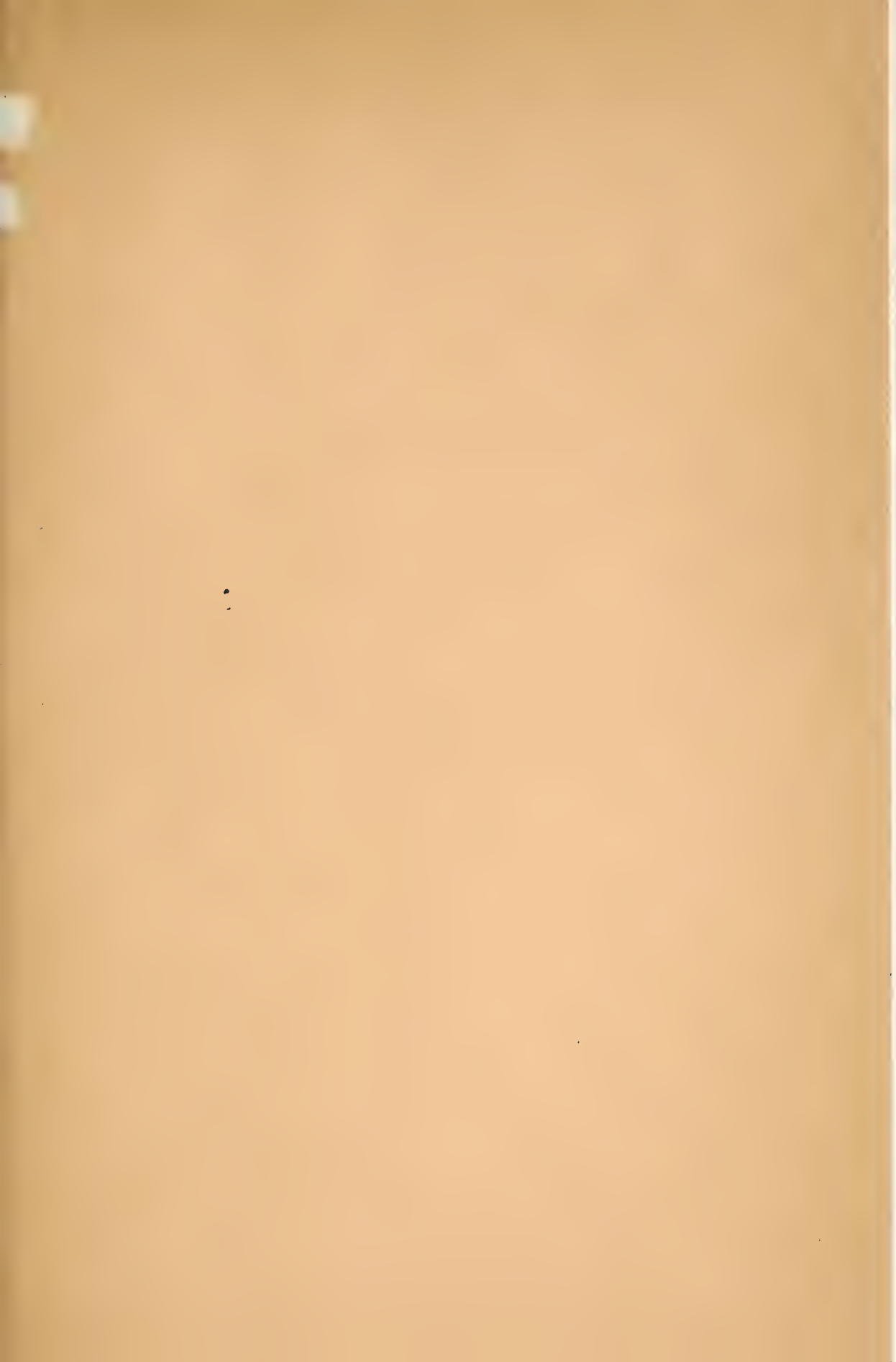
ANDREW GLASSELL.

Andrew Glassell was born in Virginia, September 30, 1827. When he was seven years old his parents moved to Alabama, where his father engaged in cotton planting. Andrew was educated in the University of Alabama, from which he graduated in 1848. After graduating he studied law. In 1853 he came to California, and the same year was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State. A friend of his being United States Attorney at San Francisco, Mr. Glassell received the appointment of Deputy United States District Attorney, to assist in trying a large number of accumulated land cases pending in the Federal District Court, and was thus employed about three years. Then resuming his private practice, he did a prosperous legal business till the Civil war broke out. His sympathies were with the Confederates, but not caring to take part by discussion or otherwise on either side, he quit the practice of law and engaged in the manufacture of lumber and staves near Santa Cruz, employing a large force of men in a steam sawmill. After the war he came to Los Angeles, and in partnership with Alfred B. Chapman and George H. Smith, established the law firm of Glassell, Chapman & Smith. In 1883 Mr. Glassell retired from the practice of law, to devote his whole time to his private business.

Mr. Glassell was twice married. In 1855 he married a daughter of Dr. H. H. Toland, an eminent physician of San Francisco, by whom he had nine children. She died in 1879. His second wife he married in 1885. She was a daughter of Wm. C. Micou of New Orleans. She died about two years since. Mr. Glassell died January 28, 1901.

List of Members Admitted Since Last Report, January, 1900.

NAME	AGE	BIRTH PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Alvarez, Ferdinand	60	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, 1872	647 S. Sichel	1872
Bragg, Ansel M.	70	Maine	Retired	Nov., 1873	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	47	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept. 1874	218 Requena	1874
Buffam, Wm. M.	68	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, 1859	144 W. 12th	—
Cerelli, Sebastian	55	Italy	Restauranteur	Nov. 2, 1874	811 San Fernando	1874
Compton, Geo. D.	80	Va.	Retired	May, 1867	828 W. Jefferson	—
Cowan, D. W. C.	70	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, 1868	824 W. Tenth	1849
Carter, Julius M.	64	Vt.	Retired	Mar. 4, 1876	Pasadena	1875
Davis, John W.	49	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, 1872	San Pedro	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	52	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., 1852	San Pedro	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	70	N. H.	Farmer	April, 1850	Newhall	1850
French, Chas. E.	59	Maine	Retired	April, 1871	141½ N. Broad'y	1869
Griffith, Jas. R.	60	Mo.	Stock Raiser	May, 1881	Glendale	1845
Gephard, Geo.	70	Germ.	Retired	June, 1875	438 N. Grand	1850
Green, Morris M.	64	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., 1869	3017 Kingsley	1869
Hays, Wade	62	Mo.	Miner	Sept., 1853	Colegrove	1853
Hass, Sarefta S.	82	N. Y.	Housewife	April 7, 1856	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	68	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, 1875	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	60	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, 1873	337 S. Olive	1853
Kuhrts, Susan	50	Germ.	Housewife	May, 1863	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	58	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, 1849	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	60	Germ.	Book-keeper	Oct. 1870	Hewitt	1870
Ling, Robert A.	47	Can.	Attorney	Sept., 1873	1101 Downey av	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	62	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, 1873	1929 Lovelace av	1872
Lockhart, Levi J.	70	Ind.	Coal Merchant	May 1, 1873	1814 S. Grand av	1873
Lockwood, James W.	68	N. Y.	Plasterer	Apr. 1, 1875	Water st	1856
Marxson, Dora	60	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, 1873	212 E. 17th	1873
Meade, John	67	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, 1869	203 W. 18th	1869
Moran, Samuel	63	D. C.	Painter	May 15, 1873	Colegrove	1873
Melvill, J. H.	54	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., 1875	465 N. Beaudry av	1874
Montague, Newell S.	55	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, 1856	122 E. 28th	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	51	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, 1875	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Proffitt, Green L.	63	Mo.	Retired	Nov., 1887	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Russell, Wm. H.	59	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Apr. 9, 1866	Whittier	—
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	48	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., 1873	128 N. Main	1873
Smith, W. J. A.	64	Eng.	Draughtsman	Apr. 12, 1874	820 Linden	1874
Sentous, Jean	64	France	Retired	April, 1856	545 S. Grand av	1856
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	51	Ill.	Housewife	July, 1875	1134 El Molino	1852
Thayer, John S.	42	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, 1874	147 W. 25th	1874
Vignolo, Ambrosio	71	Italy	Merchant	Feb. 17, 1857	Los Angeles	1850
Vawter, E. J.	51	Ind.	Florist	Apr. 12, 1875	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	55	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, 1875	Santa Monica	1875
Wartenberg, Louis	56	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., 1858	1057 S. Grand av	1858
Whisler, Isaac	57	Ark.	Miner	Aug., 1852	535 San Pedro st.	1852



Organized November 1, 1883

PART II.

Incorporated February 13, 1891

VOL. V.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION
OF THE
Historical Society

OF
Southern California
AND
PIONEER REGISTER

Los Angeles

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FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

ERECTED IN 1863 ON NEW HIGH STREET, NORTH OF TEMPLE

Historical Society

—OF—

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1901

PIONEER PHYSICIANS OF LOS ANGELES

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read Oct. 7, 1901.]

The first three educated physicians who practiced their profession in Los Angeles for longer or shorter periods, of whom we have any record, were:

Dr. John Marsh, who came here in January 1836;

Dr. Richard S. Den, who arrived in California in 1843;

Dr. John S. Griffin, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., who arrived in 1846.

A brief account of each of these trained physicians and surgeons ought to be of interest to the present generation.

Dr. Marsh was a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard college, and also of its medical school. He came to Los Angeles by way of Santa Fé. In the Archives of this city, Translations, Vol. 2, p. 113, (session of the Ayuntamiento or Town Council, of 18th February, 1836,) the following record is found:

“ . . . A petition from foreigner, Don Juan Marchet, (John Marsh; the sound of sh at the ending of a word is unknown to the Spanish tongue;) a native of United States of the North, was read. He asks that this illustrious (honorable) Ayuntamiento consider him as having appeared, he declaring his intention of establishing (locating) in this city, and also that he is a physician and surgeon. The Ill. Aynumiento decided,

in conformity with the law of April 14, 1828, Art. 3, as follows: Record and forward the certified copy, solicited, reminding said Marchet (Marsh) that he cannot practice surgery until he has obtained permission from this Ayuntamiento." . . . (Minutes of this meeting were signed:) "Manuel Requena, Pres.; Tiburcio Tapia, Rafael Guirado, Basilio Valdez, José Ma. Herrera, Abel Stearns, Narcisco Botello." (Each with his proper Rubric attached.)

At page 117 of Archives, (session of 25th February, 1836,) this minute occurs: . . . "A petition from Mr. Juan Marchet (Marsh) asking to be permitted to practice his profession, was read. The Ill. Body decided to give him permission to practice medicine, as he has submitted for inspection his diploma, which was found to be correct, and also for the reason that he would be very useful to the community." . . .

His diploma being in Latin, it is said that, as no one could be found in Los Angeles who understood that language, the document had to be sent to San Gabriel for the Mission priest to translate, and which, as noted, was found correct. Dr. Marsh, however, only remained in Los Angeles about a year, when, early in 1837, he went north and settled finally on the rancho Los Médanos, or New York ranch, near Monte Diablo, of which he became the owner. Here he lived until his death in 1856, being murdered by natives. Dr. Marsh was naturalized as a Mexican citizen in 1844.

Dr. R. S. Den was born in Ireland in 1821. After receiving a thorough education as a physician, surgeon and obstetrician, he was appointed surgeon of a passenger ship bound for Australia in 1842. From thence he came via Valparaiso to Mazatlan, where he received with delight news from his brother, Nicolas, from whom he had not heard for some years, and who was then living at Santa Barbara. Resigning his position as surgeon, he came to California, arriving at San Pedro, August 21, and at Santa Barbara, September 1, 1843, at the age of 22 years.

In the winter of 1843-4, Dr. Den was called to Los Angeles to perform some difficult surgical operations, when he received a petition, signed by leading citizens, both native and foreign, asking him to remain and practice his profession. And so, in July, 1844, he returned to Los Angeles. From that time on, till his death in 1895, he made his home here, with the exception of a brief period in the mines, and about twelve years, from 1854 to 1866, in which he had to look after the interests of his stock rancho of San Marcos, in Santa Barbara county.

A much fuller account of Dr. Den and his long and honorable career in Southern California during the pioneer times, may be found in the "Illustrated History of Los Angeles County," published in 1889, pp. 197-200, which also contains a steel engraving and good likeness of Dr. Den.

In the Medical Directory of 1878 the following paragraph appears: "It is of record that Dr. R. S. Den, in obedience to the laws of Mexico relating to foreigners, did present his diplomas as physician and surgeon to the government of the country, March 14, 1844, and that he received special license to practice from said government." The document here referred to, Dr. Den, in the latter years of his life, showed to me. It was signed by Gov. Micheltorena; and, as it was an interesting historical document, I asked that he present it to the Historical Society, which he promised to do. At his death, I took considerable pains to have the paper hunted up, but without success. His heirs, (the children of his brother Nicolas,) apparently had but little idea of the historical value of such a document, and therefore it probably has been lost.

Dr. John S. Griffin, who for nearly half a century was an eminent citizen, and an eminent physician and surgeon of Los Angeles, was a native of Virginia, born in 1816, and a graduate of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. After practicing his profession some three years in Louisville, he entered the United States army as assistant surgeon, serving under Gen. Worth in Florida and on the southwest frontier. As I presented the Historical Society a condensed sketch of Dr. Griffin's life on the occasion of his death, three years ago, (published in the society's Annual of 1898, pp. 183-5,) I would here **refer members to that sketch**; and for further details, to the account that I wrote, taken down mainly from his own lips, for the Illustrated History of this county of 1889, pp. 206-7, which latter is accompanied by an excellent stipple steel portrait of Dr. Griffin. There are many citizens of Los Angeles and, in fact, of California, still living who knew Dr. Griffin well and esteemed him highly. His death occurred in this city, August 23, 1898.

Of other physicians and surgeons who practiced their profession in Los Angeles in early times, there were Doctors A. P. Hodges, the first mayor of the city, (July 3, 1850, to May 15, 1851;) and A. W. Hope, who was the first State Senator, (1850-51,) of the First Senatorial District, (San Diego and Los Angeles;) and Doctors McFarlane, Downey, (afterwards Governor of the State;) Thos. Foster, T. J. White, R. T. Hayes, Winston,

Cullen, etc.; and during the fifties and sixties and later, many others too numerous to mention, within the limits and scope of this brief paper.

My friend, Mr. Elijah Moulton, who came to Los Angeles in 1845, informs me that he knew two other doctors, who practiced here for a short time between '45 and '49: one of them a Frenchman, who went to San Diego with Dr. Griffin to assist him in treating the wounded soldiers, and who, Dr. Griffin said, was a first-class surgeon; and an American named Keefe. The Frenchman's name has been forgotten.

THE OLD ROUND HOUSE

BY GEO. W. HAZARD.

"In the years from 1854 to 1886, an odd-shaped building stood on lots fronting 120 feet on Main street, Los Angeles, and running through to Spring. The latter street was in the earlier part of this time little more than a country road. The building was a conspicuous landmark of the town, and was universally known as the Round House, though within the memory of most American residents who were here then it was, strictly speaking, an octagon in shape. Its exact location was ninety-one and a half feet south of Third street, on the site of the present Pridham and Pinney blocks. The old well, from which water was drawn by a private arrangement, called a well sweep, consisting of a long pole, resting in the middle on an upright forked timber, and a rope at one end, to which the bucket was attached, and the other end weighted with rocks.

This land was granted by the Ayuntamiento of the pueblo of Los Angeles to Juan Bouvette and Loreta Cota, his wife, August 31st, 1847. On March 3rd, 1854, it was purchased by Remundo Alexander and Maria Valdez, his wife. Mr. Alexander was a native of France, and came to California as a sailor. In Africa he had seen houses of stone built cylindrical in form. So when he married Doña Maria, daughter of Señor Valdez, a prominent citizen and native of California, though a grandson of Spain, he varied the uniform style of building in Spanish-American countries and fashioned the new adobe dwelling for his bride after the architecture of Africa. The building was two stories high, with an umbrella-shaped shingle roof, and cost (Mrs. Alexander thinks), with the lawn, from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. On July 28th, 1856, it was sold to George Lehman and his wife, Clara Snyder. In transferring the property, the wording of the deed follows established custom, for in Spanish countries a woman does not lose her maiden name. After marriage that of her husband is affixed to her own with the preposition de (of) between. Mr. Lehman was a native of Germany, familiarly known to his fellow-citizens as "Dutch George." He is described by those who knew him well, as a

good-natured, kind-hearted, well-meaning man, full of vagaries and fantastic notions.

After Lehman came into possession of the Round House he enlarged it by enclosing it in a frame extension about ten feet deep, which on the exterior was an octagon, and in the interior divided into additional rooms. Over the windows he painted the names of the thirteen original States, with that of California added. Mr. Lehman had a strange hallucination (exceptional in Californians) that he had found the garden of Eden, and he set to work to make his grounds as nearly as possible his conception of the dwelling place of our first parents. He built a labyrinth of arbors, which in time were hidden under a profusion of vines and roses. He planted fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and plants, in quantity and variety, supposed to have delighted the senses and sheltered the bodies of the progenitors of the race.

The entrance to this modern Eden was not guarded by cherubim and flaming sword, but by something probably more effective in excluding intruders; a row of "tunas" (cactus) extended across the Main and Spring streets sides that grew from ten to fifteen feet high, with branches so closely interlaced that they formed an impenetrable hedge. This garden became a thicket of foliage and bloom, to which the owner charged a small admission fee; and he sold beer and pretzels within its shady recesses. It was embellished with cement statues representing Adam and Eve reclining under a tree, with the wily serpent presumably alluring Mother Eve to take the initial step in human progress that bequeathed her name to posterity as the first woman who aspired to a higher education. Scattered about under the trees were effigies in cement of the animals which passed in review before Adam to receive their names.

For more than twenty years this garden was one of the resorts of the town, and was used on public occasions, notably the centennial celebration of July 4th, 1876. On March 6th, 1879, it passed out of possession of Lehman, sold under foreclosure of mortgage. The cactus hedge was cut down in July, 1886, when the city ordered the laying of cement sidewalks.

The building was used as a school house after Lehman left it; then as a lodging house, and in its last estate became a resort for tramps. It disappeared before the march of progress in 1887. An air of mystery in later years surrounded the unique structure and strange stories were told of the eccentric owner, not substantiated by those who knew him best."

The foregoing is from the "Land of Sunshine" for August, 1897, written by Mary M. Bowman.

It was my pleasure to see the Round House built. It was the wonder of the town; and when I first saw it, the foundation was up about 18 inches. It was built of adobe. The exact numbers of the land it occupied are 311-313-315 and 317 South Main street. The old cactus hedge was on Spring street, where the Breed block now stands; and, to be exact, covered the space now included in Nos. 308-310-312 and 314 South Spring street. Mrs. Bowman says that Georgetown *(called after George Lehman) was at the corner of Broadway and Fifth streets; it should read Sixth and Spring. There he built an addition of two stories of brick to the old house of José Rais, which is still standing—No. 605 (now the Owl Bakery); also No. 607 South Spring street, now known as "Bob's Place" lunch counter. That takes you to the alley. He cut the corner and made it octagon; and there today you can read "Georgetown Bakery." The Ralphs painted over it in black, but it has peeled off, so you can see the gold letters. Across the alley is the old house of José Lopez, now the Le Long building. The Ralphs brothers bought it in 1870, tore down the adobe and built the present block on the corner. Lehman, later, had a wine cellar on Sixth street, where the Lindley Sanitarium now stands, between the Widney block and the First Methodist church.

It is not true that Lehman gave the Sixth Street, or Central Park to the city. Donations were asked for, trees and shrubbery, etc.; and he was the first to donate. And he did with his own hands plant the first trees there; and he kept them watered with his five-gallon cans from his Sixth Street house.

The following extract from the Los Angeles Star of October 2d, 1858, gives an account of the opening of the resort, which was then well out in the country:

THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

"The handsome grounds of the Round House in the South part of Main street have lately been fitted up as a public garden,

*My wife and I were at the christening of Georgetown, which took place at an adobe house on the East side of Spring street, south of Sixth street, one afternoon when George Lehman brought a bottle or two of wine and some baker's cookies and invited my wife and me to the christening; we were then living in a house owned by him where the store long known as Ralphs' grocery now stands. The native California girls who were there enjoyed it very much.—A. G. Mappa.

under the above rather high sounding title. In it are to be seen elegantly portrayed the primeval family, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel; also the old serpent and the golden apples, all according to the record. There is beside a frame work containing what are called flying horses, for the amusement of children. A band of music stationed on the balcony of the house plays at intervals. The garden is tastefully laid out and is much frequented by citizens, especially on Sundays."

THE PASSING OF THE OLD PUEBLO

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read December, 1901.]

No era of California history is so little known or understood as that which may be called the transition period—the period in which California was passing from a Mexican province to an American state. This is due to the fact that the discovery of gold, shortly after the conquest, directed the attention of the world to the gold regions in Northern California, which were uninhabited before the conquest, and where no transition took place; while Southern California, where the population was centered under the Mexican régime, received but few accessions from immigration and the native inhabitants were left to transform themselves into American citizens as best they could.

The last Mexican stronghold, Los Angeles, surrendered to Commodore Stockton, January 10, 1847. A semi-military, semi-civil government was inaugurated and the inhabitants were encouraged to continue their municipal government under the Mexican laws of the Territory. The treaty of peace in 1848, made all the native Californians who elected to remain in the country, citizens of the United States *nolens volens*. For three years and a half the anomalous condition existed of citizens of the United States living in the United States governed by Mexican laws administered by a mixed constituency of Mexican-born and American-born officials.

Just what these laws were, it was difficult to find out. No code commissioners had codified the laws and it sometimes happened that the judge made the law to suit the case. Under the old régime the *alcalde* was often law-giver, judge, jury and executioner all in one. And it did not astonish the native to find the American following Mexican precedents. That such a state of affairs produced no serious difficulties was largely due to the easy good nature of the native Californians. Had their adhesion to the mother country, Mexico, been stronger there might have been strenuous protests and even armed uprising against an enforced allegiance to a government for which they could have no love. But Mexico, at best, had been to them only a step-

mother, and their separation from her caused them no heart aches.

Had they been given a choice, it is doubtful whether many of them would have elected to become citizens of the United States—a country whose inhabitants were alien to them in race, religion and customs. The conditions under which they became citizens were humiliating to their pride and were often made more so by the arrogance of fellows of the baser sort who assumed the airs of conquerors. To the credit of the native Californian be it said that throughout the trying ordeal of transition he bore himself as good citizen and a perfect gentleman.

The transition period (as I have said) from the rule of Mexico to the introduction of American laws and the inauguration of American forms of local governments lasted three years and a half. The Legislature of 1849-50 divided the State into 27 counties and provided for county, town and city governments.

The first election for city officers in Los Angeles under American law was held July 1, 1850, and on July 3, three days later, the most Illustrious Ayuntamiento gave place to the honorable Common Council. For nearly three score years and ten under the rule of Spain and her descendant, Mexico, the Ayuntamiento had been the law-maker of the pueblo. Generations had grown to manhood under its domination. Monarchy, empire and republic had ruled the territory, had loosened their hold and lost their power, but through all the Ayuntamiento had held its sway. Now, too, it must go. Well might the old-time Angeleno heave a sigh of regret at the downfall of that bulwark of his liberty, Muy Ilustre Ayuntamiento.

The first Common Council of Los Angeles was organized July 3, 1850. The records say that Jonathan R. Scott, a justice of the peace, administered the oath of office to the members-elect, solemnly swearing them to support the constitution of the State of California—and yet there was no State of California and no legal constitution to support. The people of California, tired of the anomalous condition in which they were held, had rebelled against the delays of Congress and had elected State officers, a legislature and congressmen, and had put into operation a state government before the territory had been admitted into the Union. The legislature had made counties and incorporated cities, had appointed judges and provided for the election of city and county officers and these when elected had sworn to support the constitution of a state that did not exist. The State of California, at this time, was a political nondescript

—a governmental paradox. It had divested itself of its territorial condition, but it could not put on the toga viriles of statehood until Congress admitted it into the Union, and the slaveholding faction in that body would not let it in. It was actually a state *de facto* nine months before it became a state *de jure*.

The members of the first Council of Los Angeles were David W. Alexander, Alexander Bell, Manuel Requena, Juan Temple, Morris L. Goodman, Cristoval Aguilar and Julian Chavez. All of these except Goodman, who was an Israelite, had been citizens of Mexico—some by birth, others by naturalization.

The Legislature of 1849-50 passed an act, April 4, 1850, incorporating the city of Los Angeles. Fifteen years before, the Mexican Congress had decreed it a *ciudad*. Twice by different nations, it had been raised to the dignity of a city, and yet it was not much of a city after all. There was not a sidewalk nor a graded street within its bounds; not a street lamp nor a water-pipe—not a school house nor a postoffice; not a printing press nor a newspaper. It owned no municipal buildings—not even a jail. It had a church and a graveyard, neither of which belonged to the city; and yet these were the only public improvements (if a graveyard can be called a public improvement) that seventy years of *Ayuntamiento* rule had produced. It was high time "to ring out the old—ring in the new."

The act of incorporation gave the city an area of four square miles. Why the Legislature of a "Thousand Drinks" pared down its domain of four square leagues that for seventy years under monarchy, empire and republic it had held without dispute does not appear either in the act or in the city records. As the members of that Legislature were mostly tenderfeet, recently the plains across, they may not have known the difference between a Spanish league and an English mile, but the most charitable conclusion is that they deemed four square miles area enough for a city of sixteen hundred people. Why incorporate chaparral-covered hills and mustard-grown mesas inhabited by coyotes, jackrabbits and ground squirrels? So they made its dimension a mile to each wind from the Plaza center; and the City of Los Angeles half a century ago ended at Fifth street on the south; on the north at the Catholic cemetery; its eastern boundary skirted the mesa beyond the river and its western was hopelessly lost in the hills. No one on that side knew just where the city ended and the country began; and nobody cared, for the land was considered worthless

The first Common Council of the city was patriotic and self-denying. The first resolution passed read as follows: "It having been observed that in other places the Council members were drawing a salary, it was unanimously resolved that the members of this Council shall receive neither salary nor fees of whatsoever nature for discharging their duties as such." But some of them wearied of serving an ungrateful public and taking their pay in honors. Before sixty days passed, two of them had resigned and at the end of the year only two of the original members, David W. Alexander and Manuel Requena, were left. There had been six resignations in eight months and the first Council of seven had had thirteen different members during its short existence. It might be remarked in passing that there was no "solid six" in that Council.

The process of Americanizing the people was no easy undertaking. The population of the city and the laws were in a chaotic condition. It was an arduous task that these old-time municipal legislators had to perform—that of evolving order out of the chaos that had been brought about by the change of nations. The native population neither understood the language nor the customs of their new rulers, and the newcomers among the Americans had very little toleration for the slow-going Mexican ways and methods they found prevailing in the city. To keep peace between the factions required more tact than knowledge of law in the legislator. Fortunately the first Council was made up of level-headed men.

What to do with the Indian was the burning issue of that day—not with the wild ones from the mountains who stole the rancheros' horses and cattle. For them, when caught, like the punishment provided in the code of that old Spartan code commissioner, Draco, there was but one penalty for all offenses and that was death. The rancheros believed in the doctrine that there is no good Indian but a dead Indian and with true missionary zeal they converted poor Lo so effectually that there was no fear of his back-sliding. It was the tame Indians—the Christianized neophytes of the Missions that worried the city fathers. The Mission Indians constituted the labor element of the city and country. When sober they were harmless and were fairly good laborers, but in their drunken orgies they became veritable fiends, and the usual result of their Saturday night revels was a dead Indian or two on Sunday morning. And all the others, old and young, male and female, were dead drunk. They were gathered up after a carousal and carted to a corral and

herded there until their day of judgment came, which was Monday; then they were sentenced to hard labor. At first they were worked in chain gangs on the streets, but the supply became too great for city purposes. So the Council, August 16, 1850, passed this ordinance:

"When the city has no work in which to employ the chain gang, the Recorder shall, by means of notices conspicuously posted, notify the public that such a number of prisoners will be auctioned off to the highest bidder for private service; and in that manner they shall be disposed of for a sum which shall not be less than the amount of their fine for double the time which they were to serve at hard labor." It would have been a righteous retribution on the white wretches who sold the intoxicants to the Indians if they could have been sold into perpetual slavery. Evidently auctioning off Indians to the highest bidders paid the city quite a revenue, for at a subsequent meeting, the Recorder was authorized to pay the Indian alcaldes or chiefs the sum of one real (12½ cts.) out of every fine collected from Indians the said alcaldes may bring to the Recorder for trial. A month or so later the Recorder presented a bill of \$15.00, the amount of money he had paid the alcaldes out of fines. At the rate of eight Indians to the dollar the alcaldes had evidently gathered up a hundred and twenty poor Los.

Usually poor Lo paid a higher penalty for sinning than his white brother, but there was one city ordinance which reversed this custom—Article 14—"For playing cards in the streets regardless of the kind of game; likewise for playing any other game of the kind as is played in houses that are paying a license for the privilege, the offender shall be fined not less than \$10 nor more than \$25, which shall be paid on the spot; otherwise he shall be sent to the chain gang for ten days. If he be an Indian then he shall be fined not less than \$3 nor more than \$5, or sent to the chain gang for eight days."

At first glance this ordinance might seem to have been drafted in the interests of morality, but a closer inspection shows that it was for revenue only. The gambling houses paid a license of \$100 a month. So, for their benefit, the Council put a protective tariff on all outside gambling.

The whipping post, too, was used to instil lessons of honesty and morality into the Indian. One court record reads: Chino Valencia (Indian) was fined \$50 and twenty-five lashes for stealing a pair of shears; the latter fine—the lashes—was paid promptly in full; for the former he stands committed to the chain

gang for two months unless sooner paid." At the same session of the court Vicente Guera, a white man, was fined \$30 for selling liquor to the Indians—"fine paid and defendant discharged." Drunkenness, immorality and epidemics, civilization's gifts to the aborigines, settled the Indian question in Los Angeles—settled by exterminating the Indian.

Under Spanish and Mexican rule in California there was no municipal form of government corresponding to our county organizations. The Ayuntamientos exercised control over the contiguous country districts, but there were no district boundary lines. The Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles exercised jurisdiction over territory now included in four counties and the old pueblo was the seat of government for a district as large as the Emerald Isle. The only drawback to the old town's greatness was the lack of inhabitants in its back country. The first legislature divided the State into counties beginning with San Diego. The original county of Los Angeles was an empire in itself. It extended from the Pacific Ocean on the west to the Colorado River on the east, and from San Diego County on the South to Mariposa on the north. Its area was about 32,000 square miles, or over one-fifth of the area of the entire State. It was equal in size to the aggregate dimension of five New England States, namely, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont and New Hampshire. In 1853, San Bernardino sliced off from the eastern side of Los Angeles about 23,000 square miles. In 1866 Kern County chipped off about 4000, and in 1889 Orange County cut off nearly a thousand, leaving its present area a little less than 4000 square miles. The county of Los Angeles set up in business for itself June 24, 1850. The Court of Sessions, an institution long relegated to oblivion, was the motive power that started the county machinery running. The first judge of that court was Augustin Olvera, one of the signers of the treaty of Cahuenga. His house still stands on the north side of the Plaza and a misspelled street name tries to perpetuate his memory. The associate justices were Jonathan R. Scott and Louis Roubideau. Roubideau was the owner of what is now the site of Riverside, then an arid waste so barren and waterless that the coyotes were compelled to carry haversacks and canteens when they crossed it.

The first Mayor of the city, Dr. A. P. Hodges, was the first County Coroner; and the first County Clerk, B. D. Wilson, was the second Mayor. The Mayor took his pay in honors, but the office of Coroner was exceedingly lucrative. It cost \$100 to

hold an inquest on a dead Indian, and as violent deaths were of almost daily or nightly occurrence the Coroner could afford to serve the city as Mayor for the honor. Los Angeles, in the early 50's, was an ungodly city, yet some of the verdicts of the Coroner's juries showed remarkable familiarity with the decrees of the deity. On a native Californian named Gamacio, found dead in the street, the verdict was, "Death by the visitation of God." Of a dead Indian found near the zanja the Los Angeles Star says: "Justice Dryden and a jury sat on the body. The verdict was 'Death from intoxication or by the visitation of God'—the jury cannot decide which." 'Bacilio (said the verdict) was a Christian Indian and was confessed by the reverend padre yesterday afternoon."

Some one has sneeringly said that the first public buildings the Americans erected in California were jails. The first county jail in Los Angeles was an adobe building on the hill back of the Downey Block. There were no cells in it. Staples were driven into a heavy pine log that reached across the building and short chains attached to the staples were fastened to the handcuffs of the prisoners. Solitary confinement was out of the question then. Indian prisoners, being considered unfit to associate with the high-toned white culprits inside, were chained to logs outside of the jail where they could more fully enjoy the glorious climate of Southern California. This building was not built by the county, but in 1853 the city and county did build a jail on the present site of the People's Store, and it was the first public building erected in the county.

Even at this early day, before California had become a State, there were what the native Californians called "Patriotas de Bolsa"—patriots of the pocket—men who knew how to set a high value on their public services. In the summer of 1850 an expedition under Gen. Joseph C. Morehead was sent against the mountain Indians, who had been stealing horses from the Los Angeles rancheros. In a skirmish with these Indian horse thieves a militiaman named Wm. Carr was wounded. Gen. Morehead sent him back to Los Angeles to be taken care of. At a meeting of the Court of Session the medico who doctored the wounded soldier presented a bill of \$503; the patriotic American who boarded him demanded \$120, and the man who lodged him charged \$45 for house rent. The native Californian who nursed him was satisfied with \$30, but then he was not a patriot; he did not set high enough value on his services. The bills were approved, but as the county treasury was as empty as the rancheros' corrals after an Indian raid, the accounts were re-

ferred to the incoming Legislature for settlement. It is gratifying to know that this valuable soldier lived to fight another day; but from motives of economy it is to be hoped he kept out of reach of Indian arrows and "patriots of the pocket."

The transition from Mexican forms of municipal government to American was completed in about three years and a half, but the transformation of the old pueblo from a Mexican hamlet to an American city continued through at least three decades after the conquest. The Council proceedings for four years after the organization of that body were recorded in the Spanish language because a majority of its members understood no other. The ordinances of the Council and the laws enacted by each legislature were published in both Spanish and English for a quarter of a century after the American occupation. Twenty-five years after the organization of the county the Board of Supervisors employed an interpreter at its sessions because two of its members did not understand the English language.

The merchant of Los Angeles, if he wished to do business with the native Californians, had to acquire a speaking knowledge of the Spanish language, for the old time Angeleño, either through pride or perversity, would not learn English.

The sign that we occasionally see on a show window: *Se habla Español aquí* (Spanish is spoken here), would have been a superfluity, if not an insult, half a century ago. If the merchant then *hablaed* no Spanish he would have no trade.

The physical transformation of the old pueblo was as slow-moving as its lingual. During the first decade of American occupation brick and wood began to supplant adobe in building—the wooden and iron-barred windows were set with glass and shingled roofs began to replace asphaltum covered thatch. During the second decade patches of sidewalk at intervals relieved the pedestrian's bunions from contact with cobble-stones; and ner its close, gas illuminated streets, that, for nearly a century, had been lighted only by tallow dip lanterns which the householders hung over their front doors at night.

In the third decade the water cart gave place to the water pipe and the street cars crowded the caballéro with his jingling spurs, his bucking mustang and swinging riata off the business thoroughfares. In this decade the city began its migration southward. The Plaza fronts of the proud old Dons became the dens of the "Heathen Chinee" and the dragon flag of the Flowery Kingdom floated over the olden time business center of the old pueblo.

The passing of the old pueblo had been accomplished.

THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY AT SAN PEDRO

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

[Read November 4, 1901.]

As it is the aim of our Historical Society to collect and preserve data in regard to any important event or undertaking in Southern California, a brief sketch of the Marine Biological Laboratory at San Pedro will be given. Of the necessity for such a zoological station in Southern California there can hardly be a doubt. Whether this beginning may be only a temporary effort that cannot serve many summers, or whether it is the nucleus of an immense zoological station, like the Stazione Zoologica, that stands along the water front of the city of Naples, who can tell?

That this is the desire of the founders of the marine laboratory, there is no doubt. The fulfillment depends upon monetary considerations.

During the latter half of the past century scientific researches added a new glory to the sea. Science had emphasized the fact that "*Omne vivum ex vivo*," "all life" came "from life," but investigation added a new truth that has revolutionized the study of life. The evolution of life from a one-celled form gives a new significance to the study of marine life. The ocean as the first cradle of humanity assumes a new dignity. The animals of the sea no longer remain as segregated forms, having no close kinship, but are studied as possible links in the chain of organic life. The study of comparative anatomy and physiology has become a necessity, for these marine forms show some of the variations that life assumed before man was evolved from the earlier protoplasmic cell. Although the morphology of oceanic life is of recent date the interest in scientific research is becoming universal. At a comparatively short time ago there was but one marine biological laboratory in the United States. Now these zoological laboratories, or experiment stations, are a marked feature in courses of study required by universities.

On the Pacific shore the Leland Stanford, Jr., University has its marine biological laboratory at Pacific Grove, and the summer school of marine biology at San Pedro has been started by the zoological department of the State University at Berkeley.

An important undertaking represents the growth of an idea expressed in action. Tentative trials often precede work of greater significance. There are several links in the development of the marine biological laboratory at San Pedro. One link in the chain of events was begun in the summer of 1891 at Pacific Grove. In the summer of 1893 investigation was carried on at Avalon for about one month. In the summer of 1895 a party was located at Timm's Point, in San Pedro Bay. This preliminary work had been carried on under the supervision of Prof. William E. Ritter, now at the head of the Department of Zoology at Berkeley. In the summer of 1899 Prof. Ritter was with the Harriman party in Alaska and had charge of the marine vertebrate work.

The undertaking at San Pedro is the expression of Prof. Ritter's hope for a permanent station in Southern California. On the 15th of May of this year (1901) the gasoline launch Elsie was hired for the purpose of dredging. The Duffy bathhouse on Terminal Island—locally known as East San Pedro—was leased for the use of the laboratory. This bathhouse, situated on the breakwater of San Pedro Bay, was prepared for the use of the summer school, under the immediate supervision of Prof. Ritter. In June the bathhouse was ready for occupancy. The building, facing the inner harbor of the bay, stands a long, white, one-story structure containing seven little rooms, a small room for laboratory stores and a long room for the use of the summer classes. In this room each student had the use of a window above the long tables, fitted out for the accommodation of about fifteen pupils. On the outside of these windows, of which there are nine, on the channel side, each one is covered with a white tent awning. The row of little rooms referred to was for the use of Prof. Ritter and his corps of teachers, the library, and for the use of specialists. Fresh water and water from the bay was piped into the room.

The library and equipments were brought from the north. The use of aquarium facilities, glassware, reagents, microscopes and books were furnished the pupils, but not dissecting instruments, paper, etc.

The following were in charge: Prof. Wm. E. Ritter, As-

sistant Professor W. J. Raymond, Hydrography; Assistant Professor C. A. Kofoed, Zoology; Dr. F. W. Bancroft, Physiology, and Mr. H. B. Torrey, Zoology. Among the specialists present from Eastern colleges were Prof. Wesley Coe of Yale, Prof. Samuel J. Holmes of Michigan University, and Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell of the State Normal School at Los Vegas, New Mexico.

Lectures were delivered on an average of about twice a week during the term. They were given in the evening, and with one exception,—when one of the ladies on the island gave the use of her summer cottage,—they were delivered in the classroom of the school. The following list of topics will give an idea of the scope of these lectures:

"The Ocean as a Habitat of Living Beings:" Prof. William E. Ritter. (July 3.)

"A Sketch of the History and Methods of Marine Biological Exploration:" Dr. C. A. Kofoed. (July 5).

"Geographical Distribution of Terrestrial Animals in the West:" Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell. (July 12).

"The Habits of Amphipod Crustacea:" Dr. S. J. Holmes. (July 12).

"Some Problems of Regeneration:" Mr. H. B. Torrey. (July 16).

"Locomotion of Marine Animals:" Dr. Frank W. Bancroft. (July 18).

"Biological Exploration:" Prof. William E. Ritter. (July 26).

"The Study of Variation:" Dr. F. W. Bancroft. (Aug. 1).

"Distribution of Mollusca on the Pacific Coast of North America:" Dr. William H. Dall. (Aug. 5).

"Phototaxis:" Dr. S. J. Holmes. (Aug. 6).

One of the lecturers in this course was Dr. William H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institution, who was a visitor at the Marine Station for a few days.

Dr. F. W. Bancroft and Mr. H. B. Torrey, who had immediate supervision of the class work, were untiring in their efforts to assist students in their departments. Five, and more often six, days in each week, from June 27, to August 7, were covered by the course of instruction. Occasionally students went out with the dredging launch Elsie. Little parties also made early morning excursions in quest of marine invertebrates for class work.

As we all know, it was during the session of the school that

the wonderful phosphorescence appeared on our Southern waters. The presence of the peridinium, the cause of the luminosity of the ocean, added to the interest of the class-room, and caused thousands of persons to visit the various beaches.

On the evening of July 11, 1901, Prof. W.R. Raymond asked the writer if she had noticed a peculiar light, or phosphorescence, in the bay on the ocean side. He had remarked its presence in the channel. That evening the phosphorescence was plainly visible on the ocean side of the bay, and each evening after, for several days the peculiar light was intensified in brilliancy, and the illumination increased in area. During the rest of the month of July and the first week in August this display of phosphorescence continued. During this time it was visible, with varying degrees of luminosity, from Santa Barbara, Ventura, Santa Monica, Redondo, San Pedro Bay, including Long Beach and down the coast to Coronado and San Diego.

At the cove, on Terminal Island, when the waves dashed high and immense breakers rolled in, each billow was capped by a blaze of light that broke against the rocks or lost itself in a spreading sheet of glimmering undulations. A pail of this water gently stirred in a dark room was brilliantly starred with tiny lights, and a scintillating mass of light followed a more vigorous agitation of the water. Any object, like a hand, immersed in the pail was covered with little sparks, as of fire, when it was removed from the water.

Rowing in a skiff over the water at night, one could plainly see fishes darting away from their enemies, sharks and stingrays in search of prey. The movement of the boat caused a brilliant display of phosphorescence on either side of it, and the splash of the paddle was like playing with burning brimstone.

Over the ocean the crest of the waves shone with a brilliant flame, and the light merged into a glistening, yellowish-green illumination that died away in a fringe of red.

In the daytime the ocean was of a red or reddish-brown color.

On Sunday morning, July 21, we were conscious that there was some unusual condition of affairs on the beach at the cove. The sea-gulls were flying in flocks, or quacking in groups on the wet sand at the water's edge, and the beach was strewn with squirming and flopping young stingrays, which the gulls eagerly devoured. While on the sand, on the breakwater side, the beach was covered by dead fish. In a short space of time Mr. Torrey and Miss Robertson of the laboratory had collected almost a

dozen different species of fish in a small area on the sand. These fishes included flat sharks, stingrays, edible fishes, and several devil-fish or octopi; hundreds of sea cucumbers and thousands of small crabs were also lying lifeless on the wet sand.

Some of these were too far gone for laboratory use, but some of them were opened to see what could be the cause of this wholesale destruction of life. The gills of the fishes were studied to see if they contained many of the peridinium,—which were now dying in immense quantities,—and the stomachs of the fishes were dissected for the same purpose. When the peridinums were dying and dead, the odor from the ocean was unbearable, and even enthusiasts, who are supposed to be oblivious of rank odors, were annoyed and enervated by the rank odor wafted by the sea breeze.

For days these little protozoas had been the subject of much study in the laboratory. The peridinums appeared to keep together in flocks or colonies. In a glass tube these microscopic animals could be seen moving as a flock of birds might move, some leading, others following. Their appearance, as a whole, was that of a light, yellow-brown gelatinous looking substance, passing upward in a glass of water. Even in a tube, their gregarious nature was visible.

Although the season of the summer school at the Biological Station was such a success, everyone knows this was only of secondary importance. The real object in locating the Biological Station in San Pedro Bay was on account of the rich faunæ of the San Pedro region, Santa Catalina region and that of San Diego Bay. To make hydrographic investigations, including a study of the temperature and salinity of the waters, currents and tides, exploring from 100 to 150 fathoms, and collecting at various depths the rare and new specimens sure to be found in these rich areas—these were of first importance. The results more than equaled the expectation. Eighty-six stations were dredged, and 157 hauls were made. Several (12) barrels of valuable material was secured for the University at Berkeley. Common species were placed in the station for school use, but the rarer specimens were reserved for the State University. The dredging was under the supervision of Dr. C. A. Kofoid, recently from Berkeley, but formerly from Champlain, Ill. He and his corps of assistants—Dr. C. A. Whiting of Los Angeles, Mr. Cook of Whittier, and others—dredged in the vicinity of San Diego for nearly three weeks. In the San Diego region there is a deep depression or cañon, and dredging in this deep

gorge descended to over 630 fathoms. The hydrography of the Catalina and San Pedro regions was in charge of Prof. W. R. Raymond, who had also the work of determining the molluscan species. In this he was very ably assisted by Mrs. T. S. Oldroyd. This meant the sorting out and classifying of immense quantities of drift material, rich in molluscan life.

All material collected was, after sorting out species, or genera, tied in little cheese-cloth bags, containing labels of the station from which each specimen was collected, then these bags were packed in barrels in alcohol. Small or very rare specimens were placed in vials or bottles containing alcohol. Miss Robertson of Berkeley had charge of the material temporarily left at the Biological Laboratory. Miss Gulilema R. Crocker sorted and identified the echinoderms; Prof. Wesley R. Coe of Yale had charge of the nemertina, (worms), making drawings and naming a number of new species, and Dr. S. J. Holmes of Michigan University had supervision of new forms of crustacea. Besides these, there were a number of persons engaged in special study of various branches. Diatoms, Dr. W. C. Adler-Muschowsky; Peridiniums, Mr. H. B. Torrey; Echinoderms in connection with the reproduction of rays, Miss Monks; Bryozoa, Miss Robertson; Ascidians, Dr. Bancroft; Enteropneusta, Prof. Rtitser; Sea Slugs, Prof. Cockerell.

Although the university's endowment is capitalized at about "eleven million dollars," and its yearly income is about "five hundred thousand dollars," and it has received "private benefactions to the amount of four million dollars," there does not seem to have been any adequate sum set apart for research in Southern California. Capitalists in Los Angeles were appealed to, and they responded, as the following note of acknowledgment, issued in the University Bulletin of April, 1901, attests. After this was issued, other friends of the enterprise in Los Angeles responded. These are now added to the other names:

"The investigations here projected are made possible, financially by the co-operation with the university of Mr. H. W. O'Melveny, Mr. J. A. Graves, Mr. Jacob Baruch, Mr. Wm. G. Kerckhoff, Mr. Wm. R. Rowland, the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, Mr. J. H. Shankland, Mr. Jno. E. Plater, and the Banning Company," Mr. I. N. Van Nuys, Mr. C. M. Wright, Mr. H. Newmark, Mr. H. Jevne, Miss M. M. Fette, Mr. H. H. Kerckhoff, Mr. R. H. F. Variel, Mr. W. J. Variel, Mr. L. R. Hewitt, Mr. Russ Avery, E. K. Wood Lumber Co., Standard Oil Company, all of Los Angeles.

EARLY CLERICALS OF LOS ANGELES

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[Read before the Historical Society Dec. 2, 1901.]

As Alta California was settled by Spanish-speaking people who tolerated no other form of religion except the Roman Catholic, of course there were no churches except of that faith in Los Angeles, from the time of the settlement of the ancient pueblo, in the year 1781, until the change of government in 1846.

From and after the founding of the mission of San Gabriel, in 1778, until, and after the completion of the old Plaza church in the latter part of 1822, that mission became and remained the center of industrial activity, as well as the headquarters of clerical authority for this portion of the province.

Fathers Salvadea, Sanchez, Boscana and Esténega managed with zeal and great ability the extensive concerns, both spiritual and temporal, of the mission, sending a priest occasionally to the pueblo, or coming themselves, to say mass, at the capilla or chapel which had been erected north and west of the present church. After the latter was built, Father Boscana became the first regular rector or pastor, serving till 1831. He was succeeded by Fathers Martinas, Sanchez, Bachelot, Estenega, Jimenez, Ordaz, Rosales, etc., who served as local pastors, for longer or shorter periods, of the only church in the town, from 1831 to 1851.

The first priest, whom I knew of, but did not know personally, was Padre Anacleto Lestrade, a native of France, who was the incumbent from '51 to '56. Padre Blas Raho, who came here in 1856, I knew well, and esteemed highly. He was broad-minded and tolerant. He told me that he had lived sixteen years in the Mississippi valley before he came to Los Angeles. He was a native of Italy.

It was during his pastorate that the old church building was greatly improved. It was frescoed inside and out, by a Frenchman, Mr. H. Penelon, the pioneer photographer of Los Angeles. The lettering on the front of the building as seen to-day was done by Penelon, viz.: "Los Fieles de Esta Parroquia

A la Reina de Los Angeles, 1861;" and also on the marble tablets:

Dios Te Salve, Maria Llena De Gracia.

El Señor Esta En Su Santo Templo: Calle La Tierra ante su Acatamiento.

Habac. 2, 20.

Santa Maria Madre de Dios, Ruega por nosotros Pecadores.

Padre Raho was the first Vicar General of the diocese, under Bishop Amat.

Later, Padre Raho, who served his parish faithfully for a number of years, and who was respected and revered by his parishioners, fell sick and went to the Sisters' Hospital, which was then located in the large two-story brick building which stood, and I think still stands, to the east of the upper depot, and between the latter and the river, which the Sisters bought of Mr. H. C. Cardwell, who built it.

I visited Padre Raho here during his last illness, at his request. He told me that he had not a cent of money (having taken vows of poverty,) in the world; and that the good sisters furnished him refuge, etc. The venerable Sister Ann, whom many will remember, and who, I believe, is still living at an advanced age, at the home of the order of Sisters of Charity, at Emmetsburg, Pa., was at that time the superioress of the order here.

Fathers Duran and Mora succeeded Father Raho. There were other priests whom I did not know so well, who made their home at different times at the parsonage adjoining the old church. But none of these, so far as my acquaintance permitted me to know, with the possible exception of Father Mora, were as liberal as Father Raho. The bishop of the diocese during these times was Tadeo Amat, who, though his jurisdiction extended to Monterey, made his headquarters first for a time at Santa Barbara, and then at this old church of "Nuestra Señora, la Reyna de Los Angeles." Bishop Amat was succeeded by Bishop (formerly Father) Mora, a gentle and scholarly prelate. It was during the latter's administration (in 1874, I think,) that the cathedral (and bishop's residence) was built, on Main street, and the official headquarters of the diocese were removed thither. Bishop Mora was succeeded by Bishop Montgomery, the present head of the local church|.

When Father Mora was made bishop, Father Peter Verdager, who was a very eloquent Spanish orator, became pastor of the old church. "Father Peter," as he was widely known, was

made a bishop a few years ago, and he was succeeded by the present rector, a young and talented priest, Father Liébana. "Father Peter," now Bishop Verdaguer, presides over the diocese of Texas.

Bishop Mora, and genial, gentle Father Adam, long his Vicar General, and long an honored and active member of our Historical Society, both now reside with their relatives, in retreat, during the closing years of their lives, at Barcelona, Spain.

Of the early Protestant ministers who came to Los Angeles, I knew personally nearly all of them, as they were comparatively few in numbers; whilst of the many, many who now reside here, I hardly know one, intimately.

One of the first to come here, I think, was Parson Adam Bland, who had the reputation of being a smart preacher and a shrewd horse-trader. But I heard—how truly I know not—that after laboring here a year or two in the early '50's, he abandoned the field as hopeless, though in after years he came to the county again, when he found the gospel vineyard vastly more encouraging than during his former missionary labors. Where Parson Bland is now located, or whether he is still living, I do not know.

When I came here in '54, there was only one church building in town—that fronting the Plaza; and no regular Protestant church edifice at all.

Rev. James Woods, a Presbyterian, was holding protestant services then in the adobe that stood on the present site of the "People's Store;" and he came to me and asked me to assist in the music each Sunday, which I did. Just how long he preached here, I cannot now recall. But I remember that when the bodies of the four members of Sheriff Barton's party, who were killed in January, 1857, by the Juan Flores bandits, were brought here to town from San Juan for burial, there was no Protestant minister here then to conduct funeral services. But, as it happened, two of the murdered men were Masons, and that fraternal, semi-religious order, whose organization extends throughout the civilized world, in sheer pity, turned aside, after decorously and reverently burying their own two brethren, and read a portion of the Masonic burial service over the bodies of the other two men, who were not Masons. The alternative, which at that time was imminent, of dumping those two bruised, dumb human beings into the ground without any religious service whatever, seemed to me then, and has seemed to me since, a ghastly one.

Rev. J. W. Douglass, founder of the "Pacific" newspaper, who taught a private school in the family of Wm. Wolfskill in the forepart of 1854, was a minister, but I believe he never held public religious services here. A Dr. Carter, and also W. H. Shore, deputy county clerk, read the Episcopal service for brief periods during the late '50's; but with these exceptions, my impression is that there was no resident Protestant clergyman, or lay reader, who conducted religious services here from the time Rev. Mr. Woods left, sometime in 1855, till 1858, or '59, when Rev. Wm. E. Boardman, a Presbyterian clergyman, came here and held regular Sunday services, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, until 1861 or '62, or until after the commencement of the Civil War, when he went east and entered the service of the "Christian Commission," an organization which did a noble work, similar to that done by the Red Cross Society in the late Spanish war.

Mr. Boardman was an able and eloquent preacher and writer, and the author of a popular book, entitled "The Higher Christian Life." The want of a commodious place of meeting, stimulated a movement to raise funds for the erection of a church building; and, as good Benjamin D. Wilson had donated a lot,—a portion of the hill on which the county court house now stands—to the "First Protestant Society," which should build a house of worship, people of various denominations, who, without regard to sect, attended Mr. Boardman's ministrations, formed an organization, under the name of "The First Protestant Society of Los Angeles," and erected the walls and roof of a church on the lot donated by Mr. Wilson. But this work came to a standstill after Mr. Boardman left; and not until the arrival of Rev. Mr. Birdsall, about Christmas, 1864, was any further progress made in the erection of "The First Protestant Church building in Los Angeles.

I do not pretend here to give a consecutive account of all the Protestant ministers who, a quarter of a century or more ago, helped to establish churches of the different denominations here, much less to connect them chronologically with the many churches of today; but rather to give some recollections of those of the former epoch, whom I knew well, either personally or by reputation.

Rev. J. H. Stump was a Methodist minister here in the '60's. Rev. A. M. Hough was another early preacher of the same denomination, who came in 1868, and who, with the exception of brief intervals, resided here till his death, in August, 1900. On

the establishment of the "Southern California Conference," Mr. Hough became the Presiding Elder. Revs. Mr. Hendon and Mr. Copeland were other local Methodist pastors of that period. It is said that Rev. J. W. Brier preached the first sermon ever preached in Los Angeles, in 1850; but I do not think he stayed here long, as there were neither Methodist worshippers nor a house of worship in Los Angeles at that early period.

Rev. A. M. Campbell, now deceased, was the pastor of the first "Methodist Church, South," established here in 1873. His widow, daughter of Judge B. L. Peel, is now a missionary in the peninsula of Corea.

Rev. Elias Birdsall, who came to Los Angeles in December, 1864, soon after his arrival organized an Episcopalian church, of which he was the rector for many years. I knew Mr. Birdsall very well, and learned to admire and respect him as one of the best men whom I ever knew. Although he was a zealous churchman, he was in all respects an admirable citizen. He was a logical thinker and a fine elocutionist. He believed—and most laymen will certainly agree with him—that every person who is to become a public speaker should make a special preparatory study of elocution.

At the funeral services of President Lincoln, held in this city, simultaneously with those held throughout the United States on the 19th of April, 1865, Mr. Birdsall delivered an admirable oration before a large concourse of our citizens. Mr. Birdsall died November 3, 1890.

Other rectors of the original Saint Athanasius Church of Los Angeles (afterwards changed to Saint Paul's) were Dr. J. J. Talbot, H. H. Messenger, C. F. Loop, Wm. H. Hill, J. B. Gray, G. W. Burton, and again, subsequent to 1880, Mr. Birdsall. Dr. Talbot, who came here in 1868, from Louisville, Ky., where he had had charge of a wealthy church at a salary of \$3,500 a year, was a very gifted and impassioned orator, and he had withal a slight tinge of the sentimental or poetical in his character, and his sermons were much admired, especially by the ladies. His published address on the occasion of the death of President Lincoln, delivered in the East before he came to Los Angeles, was considered one of the best of the many public orations delivered on that sorrowful theme. Dr. Talbot, sad to say, however, was only another instance of a man with brilliant talents who threw himself away and went to the bad. He lived, in the main, an exemplary life here, at least up to within a short time before he left.

To those who knew him intimately during his brief residence in Los Angeles, he used sometimes—I remember it well—to speak with tenderest regard of his dear children and his “wife, Betty,” in their pleasant home near Louisville. And to them, i. e., his friends here—his last words, uttered at the very threshold of death, as quoted by Major Ben. Truman in the “Alta California,” in 1884, are full of startling pathos and inexpressible sadness; indeed, I know of no sadder passage in all literature:

“I had children—beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father’s heart that no matter where he might wander, ever it came back to them on the wings of a father’s undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to ‘see her was to remember; to know her, was to love.’ ‘I had a mother, . . . and while her boy raged in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest. And thus I stand a clergyman without a church, a barrister without a brief or business, a husband without a wife, a son without a parent, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink!”

It seems that Dr. Talbot, after he left here, went back east, and was put out of the ministry, became a lawyer, was again permitted to resume his clerical functions, again fell, and again was compelled to retire from his rectorship in 1879; shortly after which he died as above, with the above pathetic words on his lips.

Mr. Messenger, prior to his coming here, had been a missionary in Liberia, Africa. After his rectorship here, he, I think, founded the Episcopal church of San Gabriel.

Mr. Messenger was a jovial, optimistic, but withal a zealous servant of the church, possessing not a little of the missionary spirit. Afterwards he went to Arizona.

There are many old-timers still living who well remember Revs. Messrs. Loop, Hill and Gray. Mr. Loop, after serving the parish here for a considerable period, moved to Pomona, where he became a prominent, public-spirited citizen, and where he died a year or two ago. Mr. Hill moved from here to San Quentin, where, for some years, he was chaplain of the State Penitentiary, and where, I understood, he became totally blind. He died several years ago. Mr. Gray went from here to Ala-

bama. I know not if he is still living. Mr. Burton is still a resident of this city, where he has been for years connected with the daily and weekly press.

The early ministers of the Congregational church in Los Angeles were Revs. Alexander Parker, (1866-7); I. W. Atherton, (1867-'71); J. T. Wills, (1871-3); D. T. Packard, (1873-9); C. J. Hutchins, (1879-'82); and A. J. Wells, (1882-87).

The first church building, erected under the ministration of Mr. Parker, was on New High street, north of Temple, a photograph of which I herewith present to the Historical Society.

Early Baptist clergymen were Revs. Messrs. Hobbs, Zahn Fryer, Reed, etc., all of whom have deceased.

Rabbi A. W. Edelman organized the Hebrew congregation, B'nai B'rith, in 1862. Rabbi Edelman is still a citizen of Los Angeles.

I should mention that Drs. J. W. Ellis, A. F. White and W. J. Chichester were comparatively early pastors of the Presbyterian church; and also that Dr. M. M. Bovard was president of the University of Southern California.

Dr. Eli Fay was the first Unitarian minister to hold public religious services here. Dr. Fay was, intellectually, a very able man, though somewhat aggressive and self-assertive. His sermons, barring a rather rasping flavor of egotism, were models of powerful reasoning. Before coming to Los Angeles, Dr. Fay had been pastor of Unitarian congregations at Leominster, Mass., and at Sheffield, England. In addition to his sacerdotal qualifications, Dr. Fay was a very good judge of the value of real estate. Soon after he came here from Kansas City, he bought what he called "choice pieces of property," on which it was understood he afterwards made big money. Like many other shrewd saints who came here from many countries, his faith in Los Angeles real estate seemed to be only second to his faith in the realty of the land of Canaan, or, in other words, in "choice lots" in the "New Jerusalem."

I might recount many anecdotes concerning those ministers and priests of Los Angeles of a former generation, of whom I have spoken; for in those olden times, in this then small town, everybody knew almost everybody. In a frontier town,—which this then was,—there are always picturesque characters, among clericals as well as among laymen.

THE ORIGINAL FATHER JUNIPERO

(Legends from the "Flowers of St. Francis.")

BY F. J. POLLEY.

We know little of Father Serra prior to his work in the New World; yet he was then a man of mature years, with refined powers of mind and a character so firm of purpose and a plan of work so well considered that he seldom swerved from the ideals of his youth.

It becomes an interesting problem to trace the growth of this man's ideals, and, if possible, to ascertain who had an ascendancy over him, and what influences helped him to shape his life.

As time passes, I see more clearly that Father Serra was not of the eighteenth century, but of those before. I see that he was highly gifted in the spiritual sense, a devout churchman, one highly susceptible to the influence of his order, and an admirer of those in whose footsteps he forged to follow. But just here arises the question, Who were his ideals?

Naturally, the modern mind turns to St. Francis as the chief among those whose lives had influenced our priest. The literature of St. Francis and his times is abundant and accessible. This we are entitled to use, having due regard for critical canons in helping out the unknown history of Serra's formative years; but yet the fact remains we are lacking in the main details of Serra's growth.

That he had an ideal is well known. His assumption of the name "Junipero" perhaps may have been influenced by the current belief that nothing evil in animal life could live under the shade of the juniper tree; so Serra had hoped by his labors to route the Devil and like a juniper banish evil from the world.

Another mentions a certain Brother Juniper, a companion and follower of the Holy St. Francis, and a man whose life appealed so strongly to Serra that he assumed the name in connection with his own. Father Palou says:

"At an early age Junipero was well instructed by his parents in the rudiments of the Holy Catholic faith." Later he pursues his studies at the Convent of Jesu. I now quote Palou:

"During the year of his novitiate, Junipero studied carefully the austere rules of the Franciscans, and read the lives of many saints which that glorious order had given to the church; like another, Ignatius of Loyola. This reading inflamed his heart with love and zeal for souls. . . . The year of his probation being ended, Fr. Junipero was professed on the 15th of September, 1731. On account of his great devotion to one of the just confessions of St. Francis—Friar Juniper—he took that name in his profession. Such was his spiritual joy on that solemn day that each year he renewed his vows on the anniversary."

There is nothing scientifically accurate in thus retelling these vague surmises; nor is there in what follows, yet it is of this Friar Juniper I wish to speak. Such a man existed, and his life was undoubtedly known to Father Serra. Beyond this, it is merely a question of inference.

You will find no mention of this old saint in the general discussion of our local history, and yet, if we grant a grain of truth back of the reason assigned for Serra's name Junipero, he must have known and approved the main outlines of the life I now present. I trust I shall not be misunderstood as claiming either absolute truth for the old biography and collection of monkish legends that I have drawn upon, nor as stating it to be more than a reasonable hope that I may be correct when I make my suggestion that in this collection lay one of the inspirational sources of Serra's life.

Edward Everett Hale has published a paper on the probability of the name California having been borrowed from a romance widely known in that period of discovery, and hence in the minds of the men who first visited our coasts. The argument of Dr. Hale is equally useful in my present inquiry, and I adopt it in the main as applicable to my paper, i. e., a book existed telling of the life of a certain Brother Juniper, and our Serra had read and believed it all. Understand, then, that what follows is offered solely as a contribution towards the solution of an interesting point in our local annals and nothing more.

First, as to the prevalence of monkish legends of the past. You see from the quotation from Father Palou that Junipero Serra was deeply read therein. They constitute an important part of the early literature of the Romance nations. The collections were widely known and extensively copied, were read, discussed, used in sermons with a firm belief in their literal truth by the mass of the people, though modern criticism can now

detect the symbolic nature of parts that once passed for truth as sacred as lips could utter. I have spent days in the ancient libraries of Europe, and the charm of these old records, with their beautiful vellums and lovely lettering, grows greater as each opportunity arises to examine them. It is impossible to make one realize in California what tangible evidence these old manuscripts offer of the loving care bestowed upon them and how highly their contents were prized. Mr. Aldrich, in *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book*, has done more than tell a legend; he has entered into the true spirit of the past. As printing arose, the *Golden Legend of Caxton*, with its lives of saints, at once testifies to the importance of these stories as material for books. Not to be tedious on a non-debatable subject, think of the vast later compilations known as *Butler's Lives of the Saints* and their present importance. You will find full legends of our Padre Juniper in a book entitled "*The Flowers of St. Francis*," and long used by the common people of Italy.

The earliest dated manuscript is 1390. The book is almost unknown to the Protestant people. It is accessible to the translators, by T. W. Arnold, printed by Dent & Co., of London.

In the Italian compilation known as the *Flowers of St. Francis*, the life of Padre Juniper is placed toward the latter part of the book.

As to the book from which I have drawn these legends, it is not my purpose to speak.

My paper is not critical, because the legends are not historically true as to facts; no one pretends they are, and my aim is simply to enforce this well-known fact to your minds that they were immensely popular in the centuries succeeding St. Francis' life and death. In the Italian our brother is known as Borthier Ginipero. It was the pun made by St. Francis that converted the name into Junipero, or the Juniper tree.

Mrs. Alithaut retells a few legends in her work on St. Francis, but Sabatier, in his great critical work on St. Francis, p. 415, et seq., goes so fully into the authorities for these Fioretti that nothing more need be said in this paper except to copy a couple of short extracts.

THE FIORETTI.

"With the Fioretti we enter definitely the domain of legend. This literary gem relates the life of Francis, his companions and disciples, as it appeared to the popular imagination at the beginning of the fourteenth century. We have not to discuss the lit-

erary value of this document, one of the most exquisite religious works of the Middle Ages, but it may be said that from the historic point of view it does not deserve the neglect to which it has been left.

"Yet that which gives those stories an inestimable worth is what, for want of a better term, we may call their atmosphere. They are legendary, worked over, exaggerated, false even, if you please, but they give us, with a vivacity and intensity of coloring, something that we shall search for in vain elsewhere—the surroundings in which St. Francis lived. More than any other biography, the Fioretti transport us to Umbria, to the mountains of the March of Ancon; they make us visit the hermitages, and mingle with the life, half childish, half angelic, which was that of their inhabitants.

"It is difficult to pronounce upon the name of the author. His work was only that of gathering the flowers of his bouquet from written and oral tradition. The question whether he wrote in Latin or Italian has been much discussed, and appears to be not yet settled; what is certain is that though this work may be anterior to the Conformities, it is a little later than the Chronicle of the Tribulations, for it would be strange that it made no mention of Angelo Clareno, if it was written after his death.

"The stories crowd one another in this book like flocks of memories that come upon us pell-mell, and in which insignificant details occupy a larger place than the most important events; our memory is, in fact, an overgrown child, and what it retains of a man is generally a feature, a word, a gesture.

"It is easy to understand the success of the Fioretti. The people fell in love with these stories, in which St. Francis and his companions appear both more human and more divine than other legends; and they began very soon to feel the need of so completing them as to form a veritable biography.

"The second, entitled *Life of Brother Ginepro*, is only indirectly connected with St. Francis; yet it deserves to be studied, for it offers the same kind of interest as the principal collection, to which it is doubtless posterior. In these fourteen chapters we find the principal features of the life of this Brother, whose mad and saintly freaks still furnish material for conversation in Umbrian monasteries. These unpretending pages discover to us one aspect of the Franciscan heart. The official historians have thought it their duty to keep silence upon this Brother, who, to them, appeared to be a supremely indiscreet personage; very much in the way of the good name of the Order in the eyes

of the laics. They were right from their point of view, but we owe a debt of gratitude to the Fioretti for having preserved for us this personality, so blithe, so modest, and with so arch a good nature. Certainly St. Francis was more like Ginipero than like Brother Elias or St. Bonaventura."—Sabatier, p. 415.

I have drawn from the book alluded to by Sabatier the following legends of this Brother Ginipero, making my abstract as brief as possible to economize time and space, though by so doing the literary flavor of the original is hopelessly lost to you. It certainly is "an exquisite religious work."

The narrative begins abruptly, as follows: "Brother Juniper was one of the most elect disciples and first companions of St. Francis, a man of deep humility, of great fervor and great charity, of whom St. Francis, speaking on a time with his holy companions, said: 'He would be a good Brother Minor who had conquered himself and the world like Brother Juniper.'"

This is all by way of prelude. The brother thus introduced is taken rapidly through a series of episodes in his life that illustrate his character.

In the first legend he is visiting a sick man, and, all on fire with love and compassion, he asked, "Can I do thee any service?" The sick man replied, "Much comfort would it give me if thou couldst get me a pig's trotter to eat."

Brother Junipero rushes to a forest, seizes a pig, severs its foot, prepares the morsel and presents it to the sick man. But while Brother Juniper, with "great glee for to glad the heart of the sick man," is telling him the tale of its capture, a different scene is being enacted: The owner who saw the mayhem of his pig, reports to his lord, and from thence hurries to the house of the brothers, whom he upbraids with a copious selection of choice epithets as hypocrites, thieves, liars, rogues, knaves, etc. St. Francis could not appease him, even though he offered the man restitution, for he leaves in a rage, telling his woes to all he meets upon the road.

St. Francis is shown as a student of human nature. He keeps counsel and wonders if Brother Juniper be not the culprit "in zeal too indiscreet," so, secretly calling, he asks him. The brother, glorying in the deed, details the facts, and thinks 100 pigs could be similarly sacrificed and yet he would say "well done." But St. Francis' level head, foreseeing the evil effect of the owner's wrath, gently reprimands Brother Juniper, who now goes forth charged to apologize until the man is pacified.

Juniper is unable to understand the nature of his wrong, "for

it seemed to him these temporal things were naught save so far as men of their charity shared them with their neighbors."

A doctrine certainly now objected to by the property owners and governing classes of our age and by those of the past as well.

The man heaps abuse upon our brother, who cannot understand why the owner should do so, for it seems to him a matter of rejoicing rather than wrath; but yet he rejoiced to be "ill spoken of."

Once again the incredulous brother retells his tale, and by tears and caresses so works up the irate fellow that he capitulates, and, conquered by the devotion and humility of Brother Juniper, kills his pig, cooks it and serves it to St. Francis at St. Mary of the Angels. The episode ends with the sentence that I think lodged in Father Serra's memory and influenced his life—"And St. Francis, pondering on the simplicity and the patience of said holy Brother Juniper, in the hour of trial, said to his companions and others standing around, "Would to God my brothers that I had a whole forest of such Junipers."

It is not my intention to give a full analysis of this valuable record, and I have given one chapter more in detail as a type of the rest than for any special interest attached to it beyond the closing sentence last quoted, and which is so pertinent to my theme.

Of the remaining chapters it must suffice for the limits of my paper to say that in each and every one Brother Juniper, out of many adventures, emerges more holy and beloved by all. I will now abstract a few narrations and anecdotes.

A man afflicted with demons had a rational moment, because, Juniper passing that way, the devils, by their own confession, could not endure his holiness, and fled until he passed. After this, when an afflicted man was brought him, St. Francis would say, "If thou come not out of this creature straight away, I will send for Brother Juniper to deal with thee." A most efficacious threat, and far more sure of a cure than all the medical science in our modern asylums, if we are to believe this little book.

The most detailed episode relates how this devil attempted revenge by assuming the guise of a peasant, and then in this form warning the tyrant Nicolas of a spy who will attempt his life. Says the wily devil: "He will come as a beggar, in garments torn and patched, his cowl hanging all tattered on his shoulder, and he will bring with him an aul wherewith to kill you, and a tinder box to set fire to your castle."

Here we have a true picture of Brother Juniper, who is now on his travels. Later he is assaulted by youths, noted by the guards, and dragged before Nicolas. He testifies that he carried the aul to mend his sandals; the tinder box was for his fire when he slept alone in the lonely woods on chill nights.

The examination begins with torture, but he courts it, and, entering into the spirit of the inquiry, and to increase the torture, says, "I am the worst of traitors," and as to killing and burning, "much worse things would I do if God permitted it."

Next we find him tied to the tail of a horse and dragged to the place of execution, happy in his persecution, and saying, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you," etc.

His voice is recognized amid the hooting crowd. A friend rushes to the tyrant, there is a stay of proceedings, an investigation, a pardon, an apology, and the tyrant does all in his power to make amends for having tortured a brother, and even though it appears he evidently wanted the persecution, yet for the torture administered the tyrant knows he has lost favor with God, "and God suffered it that a few days thereafter that tyrant, Nicolas, ended his days with a cruel death;" (and this, mind you, though Brother Juniper had at once before this event freely forgiven the tyrant) but the old chronicler must make his point, and men who interfere with brothers must be warned. Having made God cruel, all is ended. And Brother Juniper departed, leaving all the people edified."

And, if I may add to such a dramatic little recital, "and the modern reader much mystified"—at the morality of the entire tale.

Brother Juniper was so accustomed to giving even his robe and cowl to any one who chose to beg that his guardian forbade it.

Upon the next occasion, the brother repeats his guardian's orders to the beggar, but adds that while he may not give it, nor any part thereof, yet "if thou take it from my back, I will not say thee nay." He spoke not to the deaf, and Brother Juniper returned naked. When asked for details, he merely said, "A good man took it from my back and went away with it."

Such quibbling as this evidently was not considered deceitful or evasive of the truth, not to call it by the modern term of downright lying, and it is practiced today by many a witness who glibly repeats the solemn oath "to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God," and then invariably holds back the "whole truth," and considers himself

clever just in proportion as he is able to baffle the opposing attorney who asks for it. It is a matter that can be relegated to Hamlet's class of "things more honored in the breach than in the observance," and we who live in glass houses ought to be tender with Brother Juniper, with his quibbles and white lies.

Our Brother Juniper seems to have had no conception of private ownership, giving away everything that came to his hands, or, more properly, what his hands came to, for he levied toll upon all until books, vestments and mantels were locked and guarded from him.

The altar especially rich in decorations had a zealous guardian, who took much pride in an altar piece fringed with gold and set with silver bells of great price. While at the table, a sudden fear of Brother Juniper, who was at solitary worship, caused him to rush suddenly from the table. He was too late; a woman had solicited alms, and the brother, meditatively saying, "These things are a superfluity, had cut them from the fringe and given them to the poor woman, "for pity's sake." What follows is a delightful picture of a monastic tempest. We have details of the sacristan's rage, his search throughout the city for the fringe, the formal complaint to the Father General, who severely alludes to the sacristan's stupidity, he well knowing Juniper's weakness, but he adds, "Nevertheless, I will correct him well for this fault."

Juniper is summoned, and the Father General is so lovingly true to his promise that eventually, from over-wrath, has to desist from hoarseness and inability to scold more. The brother, however, "cared little and well-nigh nothing for his words, for he took delight in insults whenever he was well abused, but in piety for the hoarseness of the General, he began to bethink him of a remedy." Juniper wishes to cure the throat, so that he can be cured at great length. Next we find the remedy in process—a pottage of flour and butter. It is well into the morning hours when Juniper knocks at the General's cell. They have another scene, the irate General calling him scoundrel and caitiff for disturbing him at that unseemly hour, for how can he eat in semi-darkness? At last Juniper, in the simplicity of his heart, proposes that the General hold the candle while he (the brother) consumes the pottage, "that it be not wasted." This breaks the General's wrath. He is reconciled, and together "they twain eat the pottage of flour, by reason of his unfortunate charity, and they were refreshed much more by devotion than by the food."

Devotional acts were not neglected, and another side of the

picture shows Juniper silent for six months—the first day for love of God, the next for the Son, for the Holy Spirit, for the Virgin, and then a saint for each succeeding day. Surely the list of saints did not give out, but presumably the brother's theory did, and he welcomed a change; else there might have been eternal silence and no more tales to chronicle. Once to abase himself, he made a bundle of his clothes and stood half naked the day in the market place of Niterbo. The description of the howling, taunting, mud-slinging, rock-casting mob is quite vivid, as is also the fierce rage of his brothers, when they heard of it. They said he was a madman and deserved jail and hanging for the disgrace and ill repute brought upon the convent. And "Brother Juniper, full of joy, replied in all humility, 'Well and truly have you spoken, for these punishments am I worthy, and of much more.'"

Upon another occasion, hearing of a festival to be held at Assisi, he stripped himself to his breeches, and so made the journey to its convent. These brothers were for hanging him, and when the General reproved him severely for the disgrace and ill repute he brought upon them, all, until he knew not what penance he could inflict, Juniper asked "That in the same manner as I came hither, so for penance' sake I should return to the place whence I started for to come to this festival."

Such an utterly silly and illogical request carries its own commentary; yet apparently his reputation for sanctity grew with each new episode.

When a friend and brother died, he wished to go to the grave, disinter the body, sever the head and from it make two porringers to use in his eating and drinking in memory of the deceased. Only his certain knowledge of the rage of his brothers at such an act prevented its accomplishment.

At his devotions he was wrapped in ecstasies. He saw a hand in mid air and heard a voice say, "O, Brother Juniper, without this hand thou canst do nothing;" and for days after he went about repeating in a loud voice, "'Tis true, indeed; 'tis true indeed."

One episode is partly comic, though the writer meant it as a glorious recital. It is long, and I brief it baldly.

Visiting a monastery, Juniper is asked to prepare food for the brothers' return. He plans to provide a week's rations at one cooking that more time may be had for prayer. He begs cooking pots, provisions and fuel and begins.

"Everything is thrown into the pots—flowls with their fea-

thers on and eggs in their shells, and all the rest in like fashion." The roaring fire burns him. He lashes a plank in front of his body, and thus warded, skips and jumps from pot to pot in a fever of earnestness. Brothers return, peep in and are lost in wonder. The summons comes for refreshment. Brother Juniper, all heated and flushed, serves his stew, and says, eat quickly that we may hasten to prayer. When the covers are lifted, the stew gives forth such a frightful odor that not a pig in the land of Rome could have eaten it.

The brothers rage over the waste of so much food, and the guardian rebukes him for stupidity. When the evil is done, Juniper begins to see the effects of his unthinking acts, and with tears and lamentations begs that his eyes be put out or that he be hung for the waste to the Order committed.

He hides for a day in shame. "Then, quoth the guardian, my brothers dear, if only we had it, I would that every day this brother spoiled as much as he hath today, if so we might be edified, for great simplicity and charity have made him do this thing."

Upon a journey to Rome, our brother displayed another trait. People crowded from Rome to welcome and escort him to the convent of the Brothers Minor, but he wished to turn their devotion to scorn, and so we are told that upon the road "There were two children playing at see-saw, to wit, they had put one log across another log and each sat at his own end and so went up and down." Brother Juniper, displacing one child, assumed its place upon the log. The people gather, salute and wait.

"And Brother Juniper paid little heed to their salutations, their reverence and their waiting for him, but took great pains with his see-sawing." Some thought him mad; others more devout than ever; but the crowd disperses and then Brother Juniper remained altogether comforted, because he had seen some folk that made a mock at him. So he went on his way and entered Rome with all meekness and humility, and came to the convent of the Brothers Minor."

And here, for the limitations of time, we must leave him, and even forbear critical comment upon the strange episodes enumerated. In this brief summary no attempt has been made to reproduce the genuine charm of the child-like narrative.

As a guide for modern life, it may lapse into obscurity, but as a naive, unconscious picture of the past, it is worth more than a half contemptuous glance.

Absurd as many of the acts enumerated are now, they were the acts of so-called holy men, and the authors who wrote, and the people who read, saw only the deeds of saintly persons, fit to be held up for profitable imitation.

If we lose sight of the fact that such recitals formed the basis and guide for preaching and practical living, and consider them merely as literature, we miss the key that unlocks the inner meaning of a past religious life, just as surely as will the future historian misunderstand our age who one day writes of the nineteenth century Bible, considered purely as literature and not as the religious guide of the century under his critical discussion.

The vital question is not how we judge the tales, but how Father Serra did. The problem of his life, to us, in the present inquiry, lies in the sources from which he drew his inspiration. He lived according to his light, for he was not great enough like Wiclif to be a beacon for a waiting world. Father Serra was no "morning star of a Reformation." He was a disciple, not a creator—spiritual within his narrow credulities, but not an originator of his ideals. Through life until death he was zealous for the interests intrusted to him, and within the lines of his trust he brought such worthy characteristics into action that he was then and now a man among men in the history of the West.

Yet in all this any sincere admirer of Serra sees his limitations, and reasoning from the causes of early piety and inspirations, can trace the effects of a highly developed belief in miracles and special providences that are to be opportunely furnished when unreasoning zeal had rendered a natural solution of difficulties incurred almost an impossibility. The man with a call on miracles does not have to look before he leaps, and the doctrine and its effects are often serious for the world.

This book of tales must have proved a great comfort to one of Serra's temperament. He could read of men wholly devoted to their order—over-zealous, meek beyond reason; almost senseless in the extreme to which their emotional instincts led them—seeking martyrdom, assuming burdens, mocked at and generally themselves inviting the occasion for trouble, yet, all in all, triumphing in each and every case of wild folly of conduct; revered by high and low, and at their death received among the saints by miracles so taxing nature that the episodes of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection seem to pale beside the reversal of natural laws called out to do honor to these dead.

This, however, is dead issue with us, but when, in studying

the development of our land and noting the part played by its developers, the source of their seemingly strange beliefs often becomes of interest; thus the acquisition of such a little guide book and text of practical works as the one I have briefed for the society, assumes an importance long lost to it, and this one sentence in it deserves enrollment among the chance sayings that have helped make history: "Would to God, my brothers, that I had a whole forest of such Junipers."

CAMEL CARAVANS OF THE AMERICAN DESERTS

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read May 6, 1901]

The story of the experiment made nearly fifty years ago, to utilize the Arabian camel as a beast of burden on the arid plains of Arizona, New Mexico and the deserts of the Colorado is one of the many unwritten chapters in the history of the Southwest. A few fugitive locals in the newspapers of that time and the reminiscences of some of the camel drivers who survived the experiment are about the only records of a scheme that its progenitors had hoped would revolutionize travel and transportation over the American deserts. The originator and chief promoter of the project was Jefferson Davis, late president of the Southern Confederacy.

During the last days of the session of Congress in 1851, when the army appropriation bill was under consideration, Mr. Davis, then Senator from Mississippi, offered an amendment providing for the purchase and introduction of 30 camels and 20 dromedaries, with ten Arab drivers and the necessary equipment.

In advocating his amendment, Mr. Davis alluded to the extent to which these animals are used in various countries in Asia and Africa as beasts of burthen; and among other things stated that they are used by the English in the East Indies in transporting army supplies and often in carrying light guns upon their backs; that camels were used by Napoleon in his Egyptian campaigns in dealing with a race to which our wild Comanches and Apaches bear a close resemblance. Mr. Davis thought these animals might be used with effect against the Indians on our Western frontier. Drinking enough water before they start to last for one hundred miles; traveling continually without rest at a rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, they would overtake these bands of Indians, which our cavalry cannot do.

They might be made to transport small pieces of ordnance with great facility; and in fact do here all that they are capa-

ble of doing in the East, where they are accustomed to eat the hardiest shrubs and to drink the same kind of brackish water which is stated to exist in some portions of our Western deserts. Ewing of Ohio expressed the opinion that our climate was too cold for the camel. Mr. Rantoul of Massachusetts had no doubt the camel might be useful, but thought \$200 apiece sufficient to pay for the animals.

The amendment was lost—19 yeas and 24 nays. The appropriation of \$30,000 to buy camels with was a reckless extravagance that the Senators could not sanction.

This was long before the days of billion dollar Congresses. The total appropriations for all purposes by that Congress was \$41,900,000—eight millions less than the appropriation of the River and Harbor bill alone that Senator Carter of Montana talked to death in the last Congress.

Then the newspapers of California took up the scheme, and the more they agitated it, the mightier it became. They demonstrated that it was possible to form a lightning dromedary express, to carry the fast mail and to bring eastern papers and letters to California in 15 days.

It would be possible, too, if Congress could only be induced to import camels and dromedaries to have fast camel passenger trains from Missouri River points to the Pacific Coast. The camel, loading up his internal water tank out of the Missouri and striking straight across the country regardless of watering places, and boarding himself on sage brush the plains across, would take his next drink of the trip out of the Colorado River; then after a quiet *pasear* across the desert he would land his passengers in the California coast towns in two weeks from the time of starting. No more running the gauntlet of Panama fevers and thieving natives on the isthmus. No more dying of thirst on the deserts. No freezing to death in the snows of the Sierras; no more shipwrecks on the high seas. The double-decked camel train would do away with all these and solve the transportation problem until the Pacific railroad was built.

Although beaten in his first attempt at camel importation, Jefferson Davis kept his scheme in view. While Secretary of War under President Pierce from 1853 to 1857 he obtained reports from army officers stationed on the Southwestern frontier in regard to the loss of animals on the plains—the cost of transportation of army supplies and the possibility of utilizing the camel in hunting Indians. These reports were laid before Congress and that body authorized the sending out of a commission

from San Antonio, Texas, to Arizona to ascertain the military uses to which camels could be put in the Southwest. The commission made a favorable report and Congress in 1854 appropriated \$30,000 for the purchase and importation of camels.

In December, 1854, Major C. Wayne was sent to Egypt and Arabia to buy seventy-five camels. He bought the first lot in Cairo and taking these in the naval store ship "Supply," he sailed to Smyrna, where thirty more of another kind were bought. These had been used on the Arabian deserts. They cost from seventy-five to three hundred dollars each, somewhat more than had been paid for the Egyptian lot. The ship "Supply" with its load of camels reached Indianola, Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico, Feb. 10, 1857. Three had died during the voyage, leaving seventy-two in the herd.

About half of these were taken to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where an expedition was fitted out under command of Lieut. Beale for Fort Tejon, California. The route lay along the 35th parallel, crossing the Mojave desert. The expedition consisted of 44 citizens, with an escort of 20 soldiers, the camels carrying the baggage and water.

The expedition arrived safely at Tejon and the camel caravan made several trips between Fort Tejon and Albuquerque. The other half of the herd was employed in packing on the plains of Texas and in the Gadsen Purchase, as Southern Arizona was then called.

The first caravan to arrive in Los Angeles reached the city, Jan. 8, 1858. The *Star* thus notes its arrival:

"A drove of fourteen camels under the management of Lieut. Beale arrived in Los Angeles. They were on their way from Fort Tejon to the Colorado River and the Mormon country, and each animal was packed with one thousand pounds of provisions and military stores. With this load they made from 30 to 40 miles per day, finding their own subsistence in even the most barren country and going without water from six to ten days at a time."

Again, the *Star* of July 21, 1858, makes note that "the camels have come to town." It says: "The camels, eight in number, came into town from Fort Tejon, after provisions for that camp. The largest ones pack a ton and can travel sixteen miles an hour."

It would seem that a beast of burden that could pack a ton, travel sixteen miles an hour, subsist on sage brush and go from six to ten days on one drink would have supplied most effect-

ally the long-felt want of cheap and rapid transportation over the desert plains of the Southwest. The promoters of the scheme, to utilize the camel in America, made one fatal mistake. They figured only on his virtues; his vices were not reckoned into the account.

Another mistake they made was in not importing Arab drivers with the camels. From the very first meeting of the camel and the American mule-whacker who was to be his driver there developed between the two a mutual antipathy.

To be a successful camel driver, a man must be born to the business. Indeed, he must come of a guild or trade union of camel drivers at least a thousand years old; and, better still, if it dates back to the days of Abraham and Isaac. The first disagreement between the two was in the matter of language. The vigorous invective and fierce profanity of the quondam mule-driver irritated the nerves and shocked the finer feelings of the camel, who never in his life, perhaps, had heard anything more strenuous than "Allah, el Allah" lisped in the softest Arabic.

At first the mild submissiveness of the camel provoked his drivers. They could appreciate the vigorous kicking of an army mule in his protest against abuse. But the spiritless dejection and the mild-eyed pensiveness of the Arabian burden-bearer was exasperating; but they soon learned that in pure meanness one lone camel could discount a whole herd of mules. His supposed virtues proved to be his worst vices. He could travel 16 miles an hour. Abstractly that was a virtue; but when camp was struck in the evening and he was turned loose to sup off the succulent sage brush, either to escape the noise and profanity of the camp or to view the country, he was always seized with a desire to take a *pasear* of twenty-five or thirty miles before supper. While this only took an hour or two of his time, it involved upon his unfortunate driver the necessity of spending half the night in camel chasing; for if he was not rounded up there was a delay of half the next day in starting the caravan. He could carry a ton—this was a commendable virtue—but when two heavily laden "ships of the desert" collided on a narrow trail, as they always did when an opportunity offered, and tons of supplies were scattered over miles of plain and the unfortunate camel pilots had to gather up the flotsam of the wreck; it is not strange that the mariners of the arid wastes anathematized the whole camel race from the beast the prophet rode, down to the smallest imp of Jefferson Davis's importation.

The army horses and mules shared the antipathy of the drivers for the Arabian desert trotters. Whenever one of the humpbacked burden bearers of the Orient came trotting along past a corral of horses and lifted his voice in an evening orison to Mahommed or some other Turk, every horse of the caballada was seized with fright and broke loose and stampeded over the plains.

All of these little eccentricities did not endear the camel to the soldiers of Uncle Sam's army. He was hated, despised and often persecuted. In vain the officers urged the men to give the camels a fair trial. No one wanted anything to do with the misshapen beast. The teamsters when transformed into camel drivers deserted and the troopers when detailed for such a purpose fell back on their reserved rights and declared their was nothing in army rules and regulations that could compel American soldiers to become Arabian camel drivers. So because there was no one to load and navigate these ships of the desert their voyages became less and less frequent, until finally they ceased altogether; and the desert ships were anchored at the different forts in the Southwest.

It became evident to the army officers that the camel experiment was a failure. Every attempt to organize a caravan resulted in an incipient mutiny among the troopers and teamsters. No attempt, so far as I know, was ever made to utilize the camel for the purpose that Davis imported him—that of chasing the Apache to his stronghold and shooting the Indian full of holes from light artillery strapped on the back of a camel. Instead of the camel hunting the Indian, the Indian hunted the camel. In some way poor Lo's untutored appetite had learned to love camel steaks and stews. So, whenever an opportunity offered, the Apaches killed the camels; but the camel soon learned to hate and avoid the Indian, as all living things learn to do. Some were allowed to die of neglect by their drivers; others were surreptitiously shot by the troopers sent to hunt them up when they strayed away—the trooper claiming to have mistaken the woolly tufts on the top of the twin humps of the camel as they bobbed up and down in the tall sage brush, for the top-knot of an Indian, and in self-defense to have sent a bullet crashing, not into an Indian, but into the anatomy of a camel.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, some thirty-five or forty of the camel band were herded at the United States forts—Verde, El Paso, Yuma and some of the smaller posts in Texas. When the Eastern forts were abandoned by the government

the camels were turned loose to take care of themselves. Those at Yuma and Fort Tejon were taken to Benicia, condemned and sold at auction to the highest bidder. They were bought by two Frenchmen who took them to Reese River, Nevada, where they were used in packing salt to Virginia City. Afterwards they were taken to Arizona and for some time they were used in packing ore from the Silver King mine down the Gila to Yuma. But even the Frenchmen's patience gave out at last. Disgusted with their hunch-backed burden bearers, they turned the whole herd loose upon the desert near Maricopa Wells.

Free now to go where they pleased, instead of straying away beyond the reach of cruel man, the camels seemed possessed with a desire to linger near the haunts of men. They stayed near the line of the overland travel and did mischief. The apparition of one of these ungainly beasts suddenly looming up before the vision of a team of mules frightened the long-eared quadrupeds out of all their senses; so they ran away, scattering freight and drivers over the plains. The mule drivers, out of revenge, shot the camels whenever they could get in range of them. In 1882 several wild camels were caught in Arizona and sold to a menagerie, but a few have survived all enemies and still roam at large in the desert regions of Southern Arizona and Sonora, Mex. The International Boundary Commission that recently surveyed the line between the United States and Mexico, reported seeing wild camels on the alkali plains amid sage brush and cactus. These are probably descendants of the imported ones, as those seen appeared to be in their prime. Occasionally the soldiers in the garrisons of New Mexico and Arizona catch sight of a few wild camels on the alkali plains. All reports agree that the animals have grown white with age. Their hides have assumed a hard leathery appearance and they are reported to have hard prong hoofs, unlike the cushioned feet of the well-kept camel. Whether these are some of the survivors of the original importation brought into the country nearly fifty years ago, or whether their descendents are gradually being evolved to meet the conditions with which they are surrounded, I do not know.

THE DILATORY SETTLEMENT OF CALIFORNIA

BY WALTER R. BACON.

(Read Nov. 4, 1901.)

We have read considerable of late about the influence of the Japanese current upon our climate and of the possible effects from a deflection of it from its accustomed course. One writer lately claims to have discovered that owing to seismic disturbances to the east and north of Japan that the current is turned southward five hundred miles from its usual path. This, of course, brings it to our shores at a higher temperature than it would have, had it flowed farther north to meet the cold currents (as it usually does) that flow out of Behring sea, and being warmer will cause more humidity in the atmosphere, more rain on land, larger crops on the farms, more money in the pockets of the people, making necessities easier and luxuries possible, life better and a higher civilization for all the people, all flowing from a casual earthquake in the west Pacific Ocean. This may be a fanciful conclusion, but if the earthquake did happen, and the current was deflected, all these things are easily possible as a result of that simple event.

The summer trade winds blowing shoreward from the northwest, and they alone make this country comfortably habitable during the summer. Next to the winter rains these winds are the most valuable of our climatic assets, yet these same winds were without doubt the most potent factor of delay in the settlement of the country after its discovery and exploration by the Spaniards.

California was known to the maritime nations more than 400 years ago. The Spanish, the Portuguese and the English knew of its salubrity and many of its natural resources, and that its settlement would be practically without opposition from aborigines, yet the English planted their colonies in India, the Spanish theirs on the west coast of South America and in the tropical Philippines, the Dutch in Sumatra and Java, while California, nearer to Spain via Mexico than any other of its Pacific possessions, was left entirely at one side, and its settle-

ment never attempted—that is to say, the usual Spanish settlement was not attempted; for the missionary invasion of 1769 was not for commercial aggrandizement nor for gold or trade, for as long as the Missions existed trade was discouraged and isolation courted. It can be demonstrated that the beneficent Northwest summer trades had much to do with this state of affairs. Just think of it, in 1578 Sir Francis Drake landed in California just north of San Francisco; Raleigh had not yet sailed on his first voyage to Virginia, and nine-tenths of the Pilgrims who afterward landed on Plymouth Rock, had not yet been born. But 36 years before this, in 1542, Cabrillo, the Spanish explorer, had discovered and named many bays and islands including Cape Mendocino and the Farralone Islands. The Monks in the Philippines were thrifty and soon developed a large trade with Spain, a large part of which passed through Mexico. Their westbound vessels left Acapulco and kept in a sea lane between latitude 10° and 15° N., thus getting the benefit of the westerly tropic breeze and returned at about latitude 35° to 37° North to get the benefit of the northwest trades. They thus sighted California near San Francisco, from whence they coasted down to Acapulco. There the cargo was transferred by mules to Vera Cruz and thence by sail to Spain. This trade was of great magnitude, as evidenced by the fact that Anson, an English commodore, in 1742 took one of the vessels engaged in this trade and realized \$1,500,000 in coin from the single transaction. The vessels were half men-of-war and half merchantman, but wholly lazy, as it usually took six months to make one way of the voyage, and scurvy was almost invariably present at the close of the trip. They were improvident, as witnessed by their dependence for drinking water, upon catching rain water en route.

This trade was carried on for centuries. The Spanish vessels engaged in it and the British pirates that preyed upon it drifted along our coasts for hundreds of miles and no doubt prior to the Missions, the entrance of San Francisco Bay was in view from the decks of more than a hundred of these vessels that passed it lazily to the South.

The Count of Monterey, then Viceroy of Mexico, under the direction of the King, sent out an expedition in charge of Sebastian Viscayno, that landed at Monterey and named the place, on December 16th, 1602, and there is no record or tradition, oral or written, that it was again visited by a white man for 168 years.

The vessels engaged in California exploration by the Spanish were mostly constructed at Acapulco, and the Northwest trade wind seems to have been an almost insuperable obstacle to their coasting north, as there was hardly a vessel so engaged, however well equipped and provisioned, but that landed its men in California in ill health and generally afflicted with scurvy. Even the late expedition of Junipero Serra had much trouble to get even as far north as San Diego, their first landing place in Alta California.

In 1769 the history of white men in California began, and in the expedition of the Franciscan friars of that year was wafted to the shores of California the last ripple of the wave of Spanish conquest that for two hundred years had rolled along the shores of the Pacific. The story of their effort, the establishment and decline of the Missions is familiar. Their efforts, as such, were appreciated at their full worth, and the Mission buildings that still remain are held in proper regard as interesting survivors of a curious incident in our history, but the enterprise with all its effort, had little influence upon civilization.

Sixteen years after the first voyage of Serra, La Perouse, a celebrated French explorer, came to Monterey in the month of September, 1786, and made a ten days' stay; he was a Catholic, and carried credentials that gained him the co-operation of the Fathers in securing all possible information concerning the country; of course, the Mission was the country. All their methods were the most primitive and laborious, and he presented the Mission with a small hand-mill for grinding corn, which was for many years the only mill of any kind in California.

In November, 1792, George Vancouver dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay. La Perouse and Vancouver, besides the Mission Fathers, were the only recorded visitors to California after Drake, and before the beginning of the 19th century. Menzies, the celebrated naturalist, whose name is inseparably interwoven in the nomenclature of California flora, accompanied Vancouver.

They were hospitably received and given opportunity for observation, and their narrative corroborates La Perouse as to the primitive conditions that prevailed among the converts at the Missions. Vancouver spent the following year exploring the coast to the northward, and on his return was received coldly, the habitual jealousy of race overcoming the natural hospitality of the Spanish fathers.

For fourteen years after this visit, the pious Franciscans of San Francisco and Monterey saw no foreign ships. They had no occasion for fear of invasion and contamination. Then in March, 1806, the Russian ship *Juno* came to San Francisco for supplies for the Russian settlement at Sitka, then in a starving condition. Langsdorff, an officer of the expedition, wrote the best detailed account of California as it then existed that was ever written. The jealousy of foreigners prevented their landing for some time. The Spanish had notice that two Russian vessels would call, and the authorities had been directed to receive them courteously, and the Russian commander of this expedition with the usual Russian diplomacy, by shrewdly representing that he came instead of the expected vessels, secured for himself the courtesies reserved for them, and was allowed to purchase provisions and make repairs. While their ship was thus lying in the Bay, Langsdorff and two men tried to make the San Jose Mission in a small boat; after many hardships they got back to the ship, barely escaping death. Langsdorff says that there was not a single Spanish boat on San Francisco Bay, that they knew nothing at all of the North and East shore of the bay from lack of facilities for crossing the bay. That part of the country accessible on foot they never explored, and had no knowledge of, except such as was derived from the excursions of the soldiers who went into the interior hunting for converts.

On these pious crusades the soldiers had penetrated to the East and South as far as the San Joaquin River, which they discovered.

These outposts of Spain were truly afar off—it took two months by courier from Mexico, though the route and stations for the entire distance were kept by the military, and the European news that the courier brought was six months old when they started with it. Langsdorff comments on this isolation and upon the filth, vermin and general misery with which the converts were inflicted, he says that the monks complained of the Indian converts, that as soon as one got sick he became despondent, and was hard to do for. The only medicines possessed by the monks were emetics and cathartics, which they reserved exclusively for themselves.

On October 1st, 1816, Kotzebue, another distinguished Russian, entered San Francisco Bay and stayed a month for repairs. He is authority for the statement that at that time trading vessels were not allowed at the ports of San Francisco and Monterey. He came again in 1824.

Between his two visits, California, with Mexico, had declared its independence of Spain, and from lack of support of the imperial arm, the Mission Fathers had lost prestige, the control of the soldiers and many of their converts, all of which contributed to one of those opera bouffe incidents that seem to happen only in Spanish-ridden countries or in China. As Kotzebue passed the fort, he noticed that all of the populace were out, and that all of the military in full regimentals were in attendance on the guns and under arms in battle array. In their honor he fired a salute, which, to his amazement, was not returned. Shortly a boat put off from the shore containing an officer, who, being taken aboard, begged that he be supplied with powder (of which the garrison had none) sufficient to return the salute. This incident fairly illustrates the comic opera phase of military operations of that period, which is so strongly characteristic of all the Spanish troops that were in California from the foundation of the missions to the Mexican war.

Kotzebue observed and remarked the utter lack of people in the country. He saw not a single canoe on this voyage; but some of his remarks about the future of the country seem prophetic. He says: "It has hitherto been the fate of these regions, like modest merit or humble virtue, to remain unnoticed, but posterity will do them justice. Towns and cities will hereafter flourish where all is now desert; the waters over which scarcely a solitary boat is seen to glide will reflect the flags of all nations, and a happy, prosperous people receiving with thankfulness what prodigal nature bestows for their use, will disperse her treasures over every part of the world." He also speculated on what great use the country would be to Russia. He landed on Goat Island, and claims (as he probably was) that he was the first white man to set foot thereon. He went down and examined the Santa Clara Mission, noted the convent where the Indian girls were kept, how the girls were married off, and generally condemned the missions as cruelly oppressing the natives.

The Commandante of San Diego, Don José Maria Etsudillo, and a small party went with him to the Russian settlement of Bodega, and from there made the first recorded expedition into Marin county's interior. He says that to the east of the Russian settlement was a large valley known as White Man's Valley, the Indians relating that years before a ship had been wrecked and the survivors had gone into the interior, where they lived for years at amity with the Indians. On this trip Estudillo

told him that the cavalry supplied the converts by going into the mountains and capturing with a lasso such free heathen as seemed lusty and worth keeping.

Kotzebue spent two months in San Francisco Bay. He went up it as far as the Sacramento, and seems to have fully appreciated the beauties and value of that wonderful sheet of water. With this expedition was the botanist, Escholtz, after whom the golden yellow California poppy was named.

After the Mexican revolution, California ports, instead of repelling trade, invited it; but for years it seemed to have been considered by Europeans and Americans living on the Atlantic coast as the most distant and impossible of all countries. China, India and the South Sea islands were familiar ground to Yankees compared with California as late as the war of 1812, and to have been to California was a passport to wondering admiration in any community. In the years immediately following 1824, many adventurous spirits visited and explored California. The first of these was Jedidiah S. Smith, who, commencing in 1825, made two trips into and through California. In one of these he traversed the State from San Gabriel to the Oregon.

Edmund Randolph, in an oration delivered to California pioneers at San Francisco in 1860, spoke eloquently of Smith and his accomplishments. He shortly afterward received a letter from a Mr. Sprague, who then lived in Nevada, who said he knew Smith; that although he had lived for many years on the farthest frontier, he was a man of education, a linguist, a man of sentiment, refinement and great force of character, and that in 1825, in returning to Salt Lake from San Diego, Smith's party had discovered fine placer gold deposits in California, at what he thinks is now Inyo county. Smith was an adventurous trapper and explorer, a close and scholarly observer. He made copious notes, and many maps of the country he explored. These he sent, as opportunity offered, to St. Louis, intending to publish a narrative of his travels; but all this data was destroyed by fire, and he was soon after killed by Indians. Many lovers of the natural sciences came into the country after Smith. David Douglas, a rare soul, by his gun, won his living from the interior mountains and valleys of California for five years. From 1826 to 1831, he explored the almost impenetrable fastnesses of its great Sierras, ranging from the Santa Lucias at Monterey to the Columbia and its tributaries. He discovered and classified many new plants and trees—*Pinus-Sabiniana*, and

Pinus Grandus, among others, were contributed by him. Douglas, in all his wanderings in California, was accompanied by a persistent little Scotch terrier. Taking his dog with him, he started on his return to England via the Sandwich Islands. There he strayed away from port one day and fell into a pit that had been constructed by the natives to trap the native wild cattle. Into this, before him, had fallen a wild bull. The terrier, still his companion, by his distressed howling, discovered Douglas to his friends. They found him in the pit, gored and trampled out of all semblance to man by the infuriated bull. In 1831, before leaving California, Douglas met Dr. Thomas Coulter, who was in the country on the same errand, having penetrated it from Central America.

Coulter traveled and explored California from the Sacramento to the south line of the State. The pine bearing the heaviest cone of all pines perpetuates his name.

In 1826 Beechy, in command of H. M. ship *Blossom*, visited San Francisco Bay and surveyed it as far as Benicia. He was struck with the beauty of the bay, and wrote such a favorable and glowing account of it as to greatly excite British cupidity.

Sir Edward Belcher, who was with Beechy, in 1837 returned in another British ship, and again attempted a survey of the bay and the Sacramento river as far as the San Joaquin. Although he had a soldier with him who had formerly hunted that part of the country for converts, they did not find the San Joaquin, and hence he would not believe it existed.

In 1841, Commodore Wilkes, with a U. S. squadron, came to California. His report of that voyage is familiar to all students of California history. The British, who had had an eye on the country since 1824, called at Monterey in force in 1846; but it had already fallen into the hands of America.

MRS. MARY FRANKLIN, MRS. DORA BILDERBECK, MRS. ELLEN G. TEED,
MRS. HARRIET S. PERRY, MRS. EMMA E. HERWIG, GEORGE W. HAZARD,
J. W. GILLETTE.

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

CONSTITUTION

[Adopted September 4, 1897.]

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the country ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to wit, the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.

BY-LAWS

MEMBERSHIP.

[Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1891.]

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birth-place, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until the next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges

of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect any member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. Special meetings may be called by the president or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the

time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

Reading minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of new members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.

INAUGURAL OF PRESIDENT BARROWS

[Tuesday, October 1, 1901.]

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Pioneer Society:

In assuming the duties of president for the current year of the society's existence, I desire, first of all, to express my thanks and appreciation of the honor that has been conferred on me by my election as the presiding officer of this honorable body.

For, I assure you, that, though the duties of the office, if properly and faithfully performed, are somewhat onerous, and would seem to require the services of a younger and more active man than I am; nevertheless, the honor that attaches to the position is one that any member might be justified in coveting.

And, in this connection, I cannot forbear remarking that, in my opinion—in which I am sure you will all concur—much of the prosperity and success of our society have been the result of the faithful and active work of our associate, who, during the last three years, has served as your presiding officer. If I can serve you anywhere near as well, during the next one year, I shall be content.

I have thought that the present is a fitting occasion on which to offer some observations concerning the aim and scope of our Pioneer Society, and to suggest the best means, so far as I may, of realizing the same.

Our society has come to seem like one large family, bound together by strong ties analogous to those which bind together an ordinary family. Our bond of union extends back 25 years or more—and in some cases, 30, 40 and 50 years—to times when we were neighbors, and more or less intimate friends—or perhaps even only distant acquaintances—in a community and amidst surroundings in many respects vastly different from those in which we now live. For, probably in few cities in the United States, have such great changes occurred as in Los Angeles during the same period of time.

When, as a large family of former neighbors, we meet; or when we meet each other on the street or elsewhere, we instinctively are reminded of former times and of a former world, in which we—each one of us—were actors, and of scenes and associations with companions and dear friends or near relatives,

who long ago passed away, leaving to us, now reduced to a comparatively small band, the privilege of cherishing their memory, and of living over again a former life, which then was in fact so real, but which now almost seems like a dream.

It is indeed a source of genuine pleasure, in these, our monthly meetings, to renew and cultivate our acquaintanceship of former years, and to learn to know each other better and better as the end of life's drama for each of us draws near.

Only a few days ago I met an old friend (Col. I. E. Messmore), and an old man—though he is not a member of our society—who stopped and saluted me, saying, "Whenever I see you, I have a kindly feeling towards you and desire to extend a friendly greeting." The cordial, and, as I believed, entirely sincere manner in which he said this, gave me great pleasure; and I instantly responded, and with perfect truth: "That's exactly the way I feel towards you."

In the renewal, in this society, of our old acquaintanceship, we have come to have, more and more, a "kindly feeling" for each other. Let us, in every way we can, encourage and stimulate that friendly feeling.

And one of many ways in which this can be done is by giving more time at our monthly gatherings to informal social intercourse. This can be done without changing the regular time of 8 o'clock for our formal opening, by having it generally understood that, if members will get together an hour earlier—say at 7 o'clock—that much time can be devoted to social intercourse, in talking over "old times" as well as present times, and matters of present current interest, etc.; and then we can commence the formal or regular business of the evening promptly at 8 o'clock, and dispatch it without running far into the night, which, I think, would be satisfactory to all our members. This innovation can easily be adopted, as the evenings in the winter season are long.

I am moved to offer this suggestion, as I have often noted the great interest with which members engage in conversation before each meeting, sometimes delaying the call to order from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. Instead of repressing this desire of members "to talk over old times" informally, I think their wish in the matter is entirely commendable, and should be encouraged, as it can be by the plan I suggest, and that without interfering at all with our regular programs.

I desire to repeat tonight what I have often urged before, namely, the desirability of this Pioneer Society's possessing, in

writing, either briefly or in extenso, a sketch of the life of every one of its members. We have already a record in the "Pioneer Register" of the dates of the births and coming to California of each member. But those primary facts should be supplemented by some details, long or short, and in writing, for preservation for the benefit of those who come after us, of the life of every member. Some members have recounted to us verbally, stirring episodes of their lives, which were of exceeding interest, but which, as they were not of record, will not be available for their and our children, unless they shall yet be written, out. The recorded story of the principal events of every member of this society, if preserved, will be of inestimable value. And I earnestly hope the society will yet, and at no distant day, possess such a record, as it may, if each member who has not already done so, will furnish the same, so far as it refers to his own individual life.

The last half of the nineteenth century in Southern California—in Los Angeles county—was certainly, as we all of us well know, an exceedingly interesting and eventful period. Let us all contribute what we can to preserve the memory of the life we have lived here in the olden times, and which we know more intimately than any outsider can know.

THE PONY EXPRESS

BY J. M. GUINN.

[Read before the Pioneers, May 7, 1901.]

With our daily newspapers before breakfast, chronicling the history of the whole world for the previous day, it is like going back into the Dark Ages to take a retrospect of California as it was fifty years ago.

Then Eastern State news a month old, and European dispatches that had voyaged on two oceans for 50 days or more, were the latest, and, on the arrival of the steamer, the San Francisco papers got out extras, and prided themselves on their enterprise as news disseminators. When mail matter was sent out from the metropolis of California to the mines in the north and the cow counties in the south, it often took it another month to reach its destination.

It is of record that one mail from San Francisco for Los Angeles, in 1851, was fifty-two days in reaching the old pueblo; and four weeks was not uncommonly slow time. The *Star* of October 1, 1853, under the head of "Information Wanted," wants to know "what has become of the mail for this section of the world." "Some four weeks since," says the editor, "the mail actually did arrive; since then, two other mails are due, but none have come."

Again, the *Star* of November 20, 1852, says the latest dates from San Francisco are October 28, now 23 days old. Of the results of the State election that took place three weeks ago, we are in the most profound ignorance, having received returns from no county in the State except Los Angeles. Think of the protracted agony of a candidate still waiting three weeks after the election to know his fate!

While the newsmongers, the merchants and the candidates suffered from the mail's delay, how was it with the honest miners, in the lonely mining camps? No novelist or sentimentalist has written of the hope deferred that made the heart sick of many an Argonaut—and all because of the mail's uncertainty. Isolated from the world in mountain mining camps, where no mail reached them, the miners of the early '50's were depend-

ent upon private carriers, who brought them at irregular intervals the few letters that ran the gauntlet of ocean disasters, careless postmasters and reckless stage drivers.

As the Argonaut, in most cases, was a young man, fresh from home, who had left a girl behind him to await his return with a fortune, the anxiety with which he watched for a letter from home to know whether his girl was still waiting for him or whether some other fellow was waiting on her, was truly pathetic. Home-sickness killed many an Argonaut, and the defective mail system of the early '50's ought to have been indicted for manslaughter. I know we laugh at a homesick individual, but a genuine attack of the disease is no laughing matter. The medical reports of the Union army during the Civil War attribute no less than 10,000 deaths to nostalgia, the medical name for home-sickness.

As the population of the Pacific Coast increased, the demand for quicker mail service became more imperative. The scheme of importing camels and dromedaries and using them in carrying the mail and express across the plains was agitated. It was claimed that the camel, filling his internal water tank out of the Missouri river, could strike straight across the waterless wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, stopping occasionally for a meal of sage brush, and taking a drink at the Colorado river, he could trot across the Colorado desert and deliver the mail in the California coast towns fifteen days from New York.

As some of you will recollect, the camels did come to the coast in 1857, but they were not delivering mail; they were carrying freight, and were not much of a success at that. The Butterfield stage route was established in 1858. It was the longest stage line in the world. Its western terminus was San Francisco, and its eastern termini Memphis and St. Louis. It brought the eastern news in 20 days. That was such an unprecedented quick time that the Los Angeles Star rushed out an extra edition and proposed a hundred guns for the overland stage. But the people wanted faster time, and the Pony Express was established in 1860. I take the following graphic description of its first trip across the plains from the Kansas City Star:

"An important event in the history of St. Joseph, Mo., was the starting of the 'Pony Express' on April 3, 1860. The facts and incidents connected with this ride of 2,000 miles to San Francisco form a most interesting chapter in the story of early western progress.

"In 1859 St. Joseph was the western terminus of railroad communication. Beyond the Missouri river the stage coach, the saddle horse and the ox trains were the only means of commerce and communication with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Slope, across a space now traveled by a dozen vestibuled trains daily.

"In the winter of 1860 a Wall street lobby was in Washington trying to get \$5,000,000 for carrying the mails one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was nothing more or less than an attempt to bunko the government. William H. Russell, who was then interested largely in freighting business on the plains, backed by the Secretary of War, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower bath. Russell offered to wager \$200,000 that he could put on a mail line between San Francisco and St. Joseph that could make the distance, 1,950 miles, in ten days. The wager was accepted, and April 8, 1860, was fixed upon as the date for starting.

"Mr. Russell summoned his partner and general manager of business on the plains, A. B. Miller, for many years a prominent citizen of Denver, told what he had done, and asked if he could perform the feat. Miller replied, 'Yes, I'll do it, and I'll do it by pony express.'

"To accomplish this service, Miller bought 300 of the fleetest horses he could find in the West, and employed 125 brave and hardy riders. These men were selected with reference to their light weight and courage. It was highly essential that the horses should be loaded as lightly as possible, because some sections of the route had to be covered at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

"The horses were stationed from 10 to 20 miles apart, and each rider was required to ride 75 miles. For each change of animals and the transfer of the United States mails two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents capable of accommodating one man and two horses were provided. Indians, it was supposed, would sometimes give chase, but their cayuse ponies could make only sorry show in pursuit of Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a mile in 1 minute and 50 seconds.

"All arrangements being completed for this great undertaking, a signal gun on a steamer at Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of April 8, 1860, the hour for starting. At that signal Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, Border Ruffian, with a brave rider in the saddle, bounded away toward the foothills

of the Sierra Nevadas. The first 20 miles were covered in 49 minutes, and this feat was repeated until the mountains were reached. The snows were deep in the mountains, and one rider was lost for several hours in a snow storm. After Salt Lake Valley had been reached, additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph in time. From there on, however, all went well until the Platte river was to be crossed at Julesburg.

"The stream was swollen and running rapidly, but the horse plunged into the flood, only, however, to mire in quicksand and drown. The courier succeeded in reaching the shore with his mail bag safe and traveled ten miles on foot to reach the next relay. The journey from this point to within 60 miles of St. Joseph was made quickly and without incident.

Johnny Fry, a popular rider of his day, was to make the finish. He had 60 miles to ride, with six horses upon which to do it. When the last courier arrived at the 60-mile post out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain had set in and the roads were slippery.

"Fry had just 3 hours and 30 minutes in which to win. It was the finish of the longest race and largest stake ever run in America.

"When the time for Fry's arrival was nearly up, at least 5,000 people stood upon the river bank, with eyes turned toward the woods from which the horse and its rider should emerge into the open country in the rear of Elwood, one mile from the finish.

"'Tick, tick!' went hundreds of watches. The time was nearly up. Only seven minutes remained.

"Hark!

"'Hurrah!' A shout goes up from the assembled multitude. The courier comes! A noble little mare darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in 1 minute and 50 seconds, landing upon the ferryboat off Francis street with five minutes and a fraction to spare.

"The story of this remarkable feat is only a scrap of history now. A few of the riders who participated in the great race are still living, and hundreds of old timers recall the scenes and incidents that marked the finish of the splendid contest against time. It was a great event in the history of St. Joseph.

"It was five days prior to the running of the great race for the \$200,000 wager that the first Pony Express left St. Joseph for the west. At 7:15 p. m. on Tuesday, April 3, 1860, a rider

received at the United States Express office in St. Joseph his light burden of dispatches, and amid the cheers and huzzas of the vast throng assembled to witness the event darted off across the plains of Kansas and on into the distant west. This event created so much excitement in St. Joseph that the little pony was almost robbed of his tail, the crowds of people assembled at the starting point being desirous of preserving a memento of the flying messenger."

The rider at the western end of the route, who reached Sacramento April 13, 1860, was accorded even a more enthusiastic reception, although no bet was pending on the time of his arrival. The news of his coming was heralded with great enthusiasm, and both houses of the Legislature adjourned to welcome him. He came in time for the regular afternoon steamboat, and the horse and the rider, with the mail bag, just as they had come into Sacramento, took passage on the boat and arrived at the wharf in San Francisco at 1 o'clock on the morning of April 14th, with the mail, just 10½ days from St. Joe. They were met by an enthusiastic crowd with a band and torches. A procession was formed; and with music and continuous cheers they were escorted to the postoffice. The quickest time ever made between San Francisco and New York by overland mail via the Buterfield route was 20 days. The Pony Express shortened this time to 10 days.

The Pony Express was a semi-weekly service. Fifteen pounds was the limit of the weight of the waterproof mail bag and its contents that twice a week, from each end started on its long journey.

The postage or charge was \$5.00 a letter of half an ounce. The line never paid. In fact, its owners operated it throughout its existence at a loss. The high charges necessitated by the cost of keeping up relays of men and horses prevented it from being extensively patronized. It seldom carried over 200 letters, and sometimes not more than 20. It reduced the time for letters from New York to San Francisco to 13 days, and telegraphic dispatches to 9 days, at first; and later on to 8 days. Messages were sent to Fort Kearny, the extreme western station, and taken up by the rider as he came along. The messages were re-dispatched from Carson City, which was connected by telegraph with San Francisco. Letters and messages were written on a tough page of tissue paper, very thin and light, which was specially prepared for the express company. The stamp, now very rare, was embellished with a pic-

ture of a man on horseback spurring at a gallop across the plains. During the exciting times at the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, the pony express was the sole reliance of the whole Pacific Coast for the quickest news. The Indians on the western end, and the Confederates on its eastern end had destroyed the Butterfield stage line. It was to the Pony Express that every one looked for the latest intelligence.

Although the enterprise failed to pay expenses, to the praise of Russell and Majors, be it recorded, they kept it up until the overland telegraph was completed, in November, 1861.

The Pony Express required to do its work nearly 500 horses, about 190 stations, 200 station keepers and 80 riders. Each rider usually rode the horses on about 75 miles, though sometimes much greater distances were made. One rider—Robert H. Haslam—or Pony Bob, as he was usually called—on one occasion made a continuous ride of 380 miles within a few hours of schedule time. Another—Wm. F. Cody, now famous as Buffalo Bill—rode in one continuous trip 384 miles without stopping, except for meals and to change horses. The greatest feat performed by the Pony Express was in carrying President Lincoln's inaugural message, in March, 1861. The time on that trip from the Missouri river to Sacramento was 7 days and 17 hours, which is perhaps the quickest time, considering the distance, ever made on horseback.

Majors, the originator of the Pony Express, a veteran of 70 years' pioneering on the frontiers, died a few weeks ago. He was a man who had done much for his fellow men. He was a public benefactor. Yet a few lines in an obscure corner of the daily newspapers told the story of his life—at least, it told all the reporter or editor of the paper knew of it; and hundreds who read it had no idea what the Pony Express was. Most of the riders who forty years ago braved the perils of mountain and desert and savage beast and more savage men, in lonesome rides of the Pony Express have crossed the divide between time and eternity.

The following graphic description of the pony rider on his journey is taken from Mark Twain's "Roughing It." Mark saw him in all his glory on his ride, when he (Twain) crossed the plains in the overland stage in 1861:

"In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks watching for the pony rider, the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joe to Sacramento, carry-

ing letters nineteen hundred miles in eight days! Think of that for perishable horse and human flesh and blood to do! The pony rider was usually a little bit of a man, brimful of spirit and endurance. No matter what time of the day or night his watch came on, and no matter whether it was winter or summer, raining, snowing, hailing or sleeting, or whether his beat was a level, straight road or a crazy trail over mountain crags and precipices, or whether it led through peaceful regions or regions that swarmed with hostile Indians, he must be always ready to leap into the saddle and be off like the wind. There was no idling time for a pony rider on duty. He rode fifty miles without stopping by daylight, moonlight, starlight, or through the blackness of darkness—just as it happened. He rode a splendid horse that was born for a racer and fed and lodged like a gentleman—kept him at his utmost speed for ten miles, and then, as he came crashing up to the station where stood two men holding fast a fresh, impatient steed, the transfer of rider and mail-bag was made in the twinkling of an eye, and away flew the eager pair and were out of sight before the spectator could get hardly the ghost of a look. Both rider and horse went flying light. The rider's dress was thin and fitted close; he wore a roundabout and a skull cap, and tucked his pantaloons into his boot-tops like a race rider. He carried no arms—he carried nothing that was not absolutely necessary, for even the postage on his literary freight was worth five dollars a letter.

“He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry—his bag had business letters in it, mostly. His horse was stripped of all unnecessary weight too. He wore a little wafer of a racing saddle, and no visible blanket. He wore light shoes or none at all. The little flat mail packets strapped under the rider's thighs would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold leaf, nearly, and thus bulk and weight were economized. The stage coach traveled about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles a day of 24 hours; the pony rider about 250. There were eighty pony riders in the saddle all the time, night and day, stretching in a long, scattering procession from Missouri to California—forty flying eastward and forty toward the west, and among them making four hundred gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood and see a deal of scenery every single day in a year.

"We had had a consuming desire, from the beginning to see a pony rider, but somehow or other all that passed us, and all that met us managed to streak by in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone before we could get our heads out of the windows. But now we were expecting one along every moment, and would see him in broad daylight. Presently the driver exclaims: 'HERE HE COMES!' Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across an endless, dead level of the prairie, a black speck appears against the sky; and it is plain that it moves. Well, I should think so! In a second or two a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling, sweeping towards us, nearer and nearer, growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined—nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear—another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a be-

"So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unereal fancy that lated fragment of a storm!

but for the flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on our mail sack after the vision had flashed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all, may be."

OVERLAND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA IN 1850

BY J. M. STEWART.

[Read before the Los Angeles County Pioneers Sept. 3, 1901]

Fifty-one years ago, on the 22nd of March last, five young men left their homes in Central Wisconsin on a trip overland for the gold mines in California, of which we had been reading some favorable accounts, yet knowing very little of what we might expect on a journey of 2,000 miles, mostly through a country partially occupied by hostile Indians, with only one settlement of white men between the Missouri river and the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas—that at Salt Lake; but as others had successfully made the journey the previous year, we felt equal to the undertaking.

I was the youngest of the party, being twenty-two years old, the eldest twenty-seven. Our route through Wisconsin and Iowa to Council Bluffs direct, was through a partially settled community, but through Western Iowa, where are now found large towns and cities, we saw the bare prairies only.

On the 19th of April, 1850, we crossed the Missouri at the Mormon winter quarters of three years before, and near where is now the flourishing city of Omaha. Our route was the Mormon road to their settlement in Utah. Like most other emigrants in those days, we thought the only safe way to travel was in large companies for protection from the wily Indian. So we joined a company of 150 men with 45 wagons, and stuck together just three days. As our outfit consisted of eight American horses and two wagons, we did not wish to go into camp after making only 15 or 20 miles, as many of the ox teams did, but we wished to make the trip inside of three months; and to do so we must make an average of twenty miles for every day, so when the ox-drivers commenced to unyoke, we kept on with a few companions for six or eight miles, and encamped on the famous Platte. The bed of this stream being composed largely of quicksand, renders it almost impossible to ford, except in favorable places, and the water only a few inches deep most of the way, is difficult to navigate with boats. Had it been necessary to cross here, as we expected

to do, the only way would have been to wade out a mile or two to deep water, and there establish a ferry. But the animals must not be allowed to stop even for a few minutes, or they would sink out of sight. We kept the north side, and did not have to cross till we reached Fort Laramie. Some one of our company asked the question, "What was such a river ever made for?" But so far as I know, never got a satisfactory answer. Two days' travel from this point brought us to Loupe Fork, a stream 600 feet wide, on April 26th. Like the Platte, this was a difficult stream to cross, but after a hard day's work we encamped on the right bank; saw a few friendly Indians, but all they said or did was to beg for tobacco. About this time, at the close of one of the warmest days we had, dark and heavy columns began to rise from the southwest, indicating a severe storm. At sundown the wind commenced blowing, and soon changing to the northwest, it blew a perfect gale for several hours. We exerted our best skill and strength in attempting to keep the tent over us, but all in vain. We crept into the wagon to escape the fury of the blast "and wished for the day." Fortunately for us, no rain fell during the night, but it was extremely cold. When the morning dawned we found that we were not alone in our misery, for not a solitary tent was standing on the ground. For a week or ten days, commencing with April 28th, our road was through a territory burned over, or the dry grass the n burning, the fires having been set by emigrants ahead of us through carelessness or neglect to put out their camp fires. This was a great hardship, for our horses had nothing to eat but a little grain from the wagon. On this burned territory, black and dreary far as the eye could reach, we met our first buffalo, many of them with hair completely burned off, and entirely blind. We were obliged to kill eight or ten to keep them from running into the teams. One night we heard the most unearthly noise you could imagine. It was one entirely new to me, but some of the boys more used to frontier life said "Prairie wolves," and that probably there were not more than three or four of them, but I thought there must be a thousand.

May 4th. We have succeeded in getting ahead of the fires, but they are raging in the dry prairie grass behind us, to the right, with inconceivable fury. Today we passed the grave of a man from Iowa who died four days ago; the first fresh grave we have yet seen on our route, but have passed many bearing date of '49, nearly all of which had been opened by the wolves,

with occasionally a stray human bone lying about the opening, the only exceptions being those which their friends had taken the precaution to cover with large stones. The following day was Sunday, and as there was dry grass for the horses, we laid by to give them and ourselves a day of rest. Away to the south and west was a beautiful valley, extending at least four miles, to the very banks of the Platte, and over this vast area were innumerable buffalo feeding leisurely all day long. It was by far the largest herd we had seen, and by a careful estimate there must have been at least 4,000, with wolves and antelope in large numbers scattered here and there among them. One of the latter was brought into camp by two of our expert hunters, and we enjoyed a royal feast. Choice steaks from a buffalo calf were very acceptable and much sought for(but the meat from the full grown animal was not to our liking, being too tough and of an undesirable flavor. Some of these old fellows are hard to kill, and one I saw die only after 18 rifle balls had been shot into him at short range. On the 9th we had rain, the first since we crossed the Des Moines back in Iowa, nearly six weeks ago. And here we found the first green grass of the season. Saw many Indians of the Sioux tribe, all kind and friendly. Passed "Chimney Rock" on the 11th, situated on the south side of the river, resembling a steeple or chimney, 200 feet high, and visible at the distance of 40 miles. This is one of the main landmarks for the California-bound emigrant who travels on either the north or the south side of the Platte.

On the 13th we came to timber, the first we have seen on our side of the river, save one lone tree, for 200 miles.

Like all others who travel that road, we had to resort to buffalo chips for fuel to cook our daily meals, and they proved a good substitute. The next day we reached Fort Laramie, after crossing the Platte on a good ferry. It is 522 miles from the Missouri river, and we were 22 days traveling this distance, averaging 24 miles per day. After first striking the Platte our route was an unbroken level as we followed along the river bottom most of the way, but when the bluffs came down to the river, as we found they often did, sometimes for miles together, our only alternative was to pass over them, where the road was invariably a deep, heavy sand. The valley is several miles in width from the river bank to the sand hills, and has a rich soil. Our grain being gone, we exchanged the heavy wagon at the fort for a pack horse, and with the light wagon and two horses packed with 300 pounds of flour, started on our journey up the south side of the Platte.

Our road lay during the day over high, steep bluffs and through deep ravines, as we are now ascending the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The night set in dark and rainy. To add to our troubles, one of our men who had been ailing for several days, was taken down with mountain fever. We nursed him in the tent by night and carried him in the wagon by day. Eleven days afterwards he was sufficiently recovered to surrender his couch to another who was attacked by the same fever. Two days after leaving Fort Laramie, we re-crossed the Platte on a ferry, and the first 20 miles was over heavy sand. A week or so later, we passed the first alkali springs that we saw on our journey, but they were not the last. On the 21st, we reached the Sweetwater, a swift-running stream, but fordable, which we followed to its very source in the Rocky Mountains. We met several ox teams from Salt Lake, bound for the States to assist the Mormon immigration. We passed Independence Rock, another celebrated landmark, noted for its great size. It covers several acres, and rises to a great height, and is covered with the names of passing emigrants. Two mountain sheep were killed and brought into camp, furnishing all with a most delicious meal.

On the 23rd we passed Devil's Gate; the name is suggestive. It is the passage of the Sweetwater through a deep cut in the solid rock. The river is about 75 feet wide on an average, but as it approaches the rocks which rise 400 feet, perpendicularly, on each side, it is compressed into half that width, and rushes through the narrow space a foaming cataract.

Sunday, May 26th, we encountered snow and sleet the whole day, and traveling with overcoats was the most comfortable way of spending the Sabbath. We were all the day traveling far up in the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains.

When we reached the top, it did not seem as if we were on the summit of the great divide between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, for we were in an extensive valley, nearly level, several miles in width and thirty in length. Its altitude is 6085 feet. As we came out on the western side next morning, where the waters run to the Pacific, and raised our eyes to the lofty chain of mountains on the right and gazed on their summits, still thousands of feet above us, and the countless glaciers sparkling in the sunbeams, the scene was grand beyond description. The first night after leaving the Pass, we reached Pacific Springs. A pony turned out to graze with a halter about its neck, became entangled and was cast; before morning the

wolves actually ate him alive. The next day we traveled 30 miles over a sandy desert all the way to Black Fork, a small stream usually fordable, but now greatly swollen by the melting snow on the mountains. The Mormons had a small ferry established here, but as many were already waiting for a passage, and the price was exorbitant, we thought best to establish an opposition. So, calking one of our wagon boxes, we transported our loading, pulling our boat back and forth by a rope, swam the horses and drew our wagon across by hand, all at the expense of three hours' time. Others profiting by our example, reduced somewhat the receipts of the Mormon ferry. Here we found an encampment of friendly Indians, but we did not learn to what tribe they belonged. We were told by friends along the road that a few days before a young man from a western State, while camping here, made the acquaintance of these Indians to such an extent that he married one of the good-looking young squaws; at least the Indians so considered it as far as they were concerned, and were well pleased with the idea of one of their tribe being chosen by a pale-face. Next morning when his company was ready for a start, the young woman was on hand with her dowry, consisting of a camp kettle, a skillet and some few other traps suitable for Indian housekeeping, and insisted on going with him to California. The indiscreet young man was in a fix, and a bad one, too, for the Indians insisted that she was his wife, according to their customs, and he must take her along. That, of course, was impossible, for his company would not consent to it, even if he was so disposed, which he was not. To say the least, there was one fellow badly scared. To get out of a bad scrape and pacify the Indians, cost him his riding pony and all the money he had.

Our company, which numbered 45 wagons at the starting point, and 15 when we left Fort Laramie, has continued to decrease, some going ahead, others falling behind, till now it is reduced to four.

June 1st we met a large number of Snake Indians with a big herd of cattle and horses. Passed Fort Bridger, and for two days had a difficult road, following up a canyon crossing the stream back and forth many times, the water frequently coming to the top of our wagon box. On either side were bluffs, 300 to 400 feet high, in many places leaving us barely room for a wagon road. Some emigrants had established a ferry, composed of six cedar logs for a raft, and charged \$3 to transport each wagon and the men. We dared not to attempt to cross

in our frail boat, for the river was 150 feet wide, with a rapid current. When in midstream, on account of not being properly balanced, one end of the raft began to sink, and before reaching shore was a foot under water.

June 6th we reached Salt Lake City, where we remained nearly two days. As no rain falls here during the summer months, the farmers resort to irrigation. The city is located three miles from the foot of the mountains on the river Jordan, the outlet of Lake Utah, and 22 miles from Great Salt Lake. It is handsomely and well laid out. Salt Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, whose specific gravity is so great, being strongly impregnated with salt as to buoy almost every object upon its surface. It is almost impossible to sink in it, and it is a great bathing resort. Vast quantities of saline matter are cast upon the shore every autumn, and the moisture retained in the deposit evaporates during the next summer, leaving a bank of the purest white salt, which may be shoveled up by the ton. In the center of the lake is a large island that towers up mountain high, and from its sides gush out the purest springs of fresh water. There the Mormons have vast herds of fine cattle, and this mountain island is the shepherd's home.

Just north of the city is a spring 60 feet in diameter, strongly impregnated with salt and sulphur, said to contain medicinal qualities, with a temperature above blood heat. The Mormons are preparing to pipe it into the city. The weather is delightful, so mild in winter that the cattle, which are suffered to run at large, thrive well and are fat in the spring, and yet the mountains, whose base is but three miles distant, have their summits covered with perpetual snow.

We became acquainted with a young man by name of Davis, from Wisconsin, who told us he had an uncle who moved to Utah with his family three years before, when the Mormons first settled here, but he was no polygamist, and he would like very much to find his uncle and aunt. We met him again a few weeks later, out on the desert. He said he called on his uncle a few miles out of the city, and found him living in perfect happiness, apparently, with three wives. The distance from Fort Laramie to this point is 509 miles, and 1031 from the Missouri river, about one-half of our journey over.

Instead of finding the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains covered with timber, as we expected, we found them entirely destitute of trees of any kind. Greasewood served as fuel for many miles. Having purchased a guide book describing the

route to Sacramento, and tarried with the Mormons a day and a half, we again started on our western journey, June 8th. We found settlements along the road for 20 miles, and reached the second crossing of Bear river on the 11th, swam our horses and paid \$5 for wagon on a Mormon ferry. For several days nothing occurred worthy of note. Some days our road was good, on others bad—very bad. Some days we found both feed and water, other days we found neither.

On the 18th of June we were at Cold-Water Creek, in Thousand-Spring Valley.

The prairie dog villages are a real curiosity. We have passed through several of them, each covering several acres, and each hole inhabited by a curious combination, consisting of the dog and a small owl and a rattlesnake. We saw many of the dogs and owls enter the holes together, but the rattlesnakes did not show themselves. Sunday, the 23rd, we laid by, and not less than a hundred wagons passed us, with five times that number of men, from whose hearts "the root of all evil," or the love of it, had for the time being absorbed their love of ease, of friends and even social comfort. The 27th, we encamped on the banks of the Humboldt, which stream we found unusually high, being on an average 75 feet wide, 8 to 10 feet deep, with a swift current. Crossed over in our wagon-box-boat, swimming the horses. We found the bottom land adjacent to the river where the Mormon trail ran, overflowed to such an extent we were compelled to keep along the bluffs on higher ground. We had learned our route would be down the Humboldt to the sink, where the river loses itself in the sands of the desert. But of the distance we had little knowledge.

After a day's travel, we were told here was the place to prepare our hay for crossing the desert, which we would reach after 18 miles' travel. But, to our utter dismay, no grass was to be found without wading into the marsh knee deep for nearly half a mile. We had learned long before this that an overland journey to California was not in all respects a pleasure excursion, but, like every other means to the accomplishment of a desirable end, it was attended with some labor and sacrifice. So we spent the afternoon and the next day in cutting grass with a scythe, when we could borrow one, otherwise with our belt knives, packing it out on our backs, drying and sacking it for an early start the following morning. At 12 o'clock we were roused by the guard, and in less than an hour were on the move in high hopes of soon reaching and passing that 40

miles of barren sand and no water, so much dreaded by all emigrants. We goaded ourselves on after the first few hours, till the sun had climbed into the mid-heavens, having traveled 25 miles, but no desert yet. During the afternoon we again waded the marsh for fresh grass that the horses might eat during the night. Next morning the rising sun found us ready to resume our journey, expecting every hour to have a view of the desert. Thus we passed on till 10 o'clock, when we found a company preparing hay for the desert, who assured us it was 80 miles ahead. "Never fret" had been our motto, so now we made up our minds to take it easy as circumstances would permit. During the day we passed many dead horses and tenantless wagons; saw clothing, tools of every description and many other articles too numerous to mention, strewn along the road, which nobody wanted. At night those of our company who could swim crossed the river and brought back grass on their backs for the horses. We had all read about the "Jersey Mosquitoes," but if they are larger, or more numerous, or blood-thirsty than those we met on the Humboldt, I have no wish to see them. They actually shut off the rays of the sun.

July 1st we had a general consultation as to the best method of getting to the golden land. On leaving the Missouri, it was supposed we had provisions for 100 days. Although we added somewhat to our stock at Salt Lake, it was found that what we had would not serve us more than ten days, and we are 300 miles from California, the worst part of our journey before us and our teams nearly exhausted. Shall we take our wagon across the desert and over the mountains, consequently protracting our journey several days, or shall we leave our wagon and things we can best part with, and pack our horses with what is essential, and make all possible dispatch? To the latter proposition we all agreed, and it was done with the greatest unanimity, because all our neighbors were reduced to the same extremities with ourselves, and neither love nor money could obtain provisions. Next day we came to the forks of the road, the right being an old trail to Oregon, made by trappers years ago. This was the road taken by so many unfortunate emigrants last season, who perished in the mountains. About 100 teams, by mistake, took the same road this year, and among them were some who left Missouri with us. After traveling six or eight days across the desert and up into the mountains, they discovered their mistake. Some returned almost famished; others struck out for a settlement in Oregon, 400 miles distant, with what success we never heard.

The 4th of July was celebrated by our second attempt in preparing for the desert crossing. It was a repetition of our former effort—wading knee deep across the Humboldt bottoms, cutting grass with our knives, and packing it on our backs half a mile away. The next day we came in sight of the long looked for desert, and the sink of the Humboldt. This river, anlong whose banks we had been traveling for the last 300 miles, entirely disappears and is lost to sight, if not to memory. The water was thoroughly saturated with alkali, and has proved very destructive to stock, both cattle and horses. Here, too, we found the "Sulphur Spring" spoken of in most of the guide books, that has caused the death of so many horses, and the sickness of many emigrants. We had received warning of its ill effects, and profited thereby.

Our stock is now reduced to four horses; the other four having been left at different points along the road to the tender mercies of the Indians. The big company to which we once belonged has entirely vanished. At 4 o'clock p. m. we started out across the desert for 15 miles, where we were to leave the wagon. We had no difficulty in getting fuel to cook our last meal with the wagon; by placing the camp-kettle on the hub of one of the wheels and filling in around it among the spokes portion of the wagon box, we soon had a rousing fire. The night was cool and pleasant, far more so than if we had crossed in the day time. At sunrise we struck the heavy sand, where we found water for sale at one dollar per gallon. The next ten miles was through loose sand, ankle deep, to the Carson river. Pure, cold water never looked better, and we all made good use of a liberal portion. We passed many horses, both dead and dying, and hundreds of wagons abandoned by owners. We have been able to walk from 20 to 30 miles each day, and found it no great hardship. Out of the nearly 2000 miles, we have made at least 1500 on foot. No one rode but the driver and the sick. But the hard part was standing guard at night, when one wanted to sleep, but was not allowed to do so. One night I went on at dusk, taking the horses a short distance where a little bunch grass was found here and there, and was to be relieved at 12 o'clock. I sat down by the side of a big rock, in full view of the horses and the plains for a long distance, and drew around me the blanket I had brought from home, for the night was chilly. I had no thoughts of sleep, but alas! I did fall asleep, and when I awoke 20 minutes later, not a horse was in sight. I went direct to camp, told the boys the horses were

all gone—for I supposed they had been stolen—told them to charge it up to me, and I would settle, if ever able. But they said, "We will help you find them," which they did in a half hour's time, where they had found better feed. Any one who has traveled "the plains across" will admit that on this trip is a good place for the display of human nature. I saw many wordy quarrels among the members of other private companies, but I will say for all five of us, we never had any disputes or differences that were not settled on the spot at the time, and to the satisfaction of all. At the base of the mountains was a trading post recently established, where we replenished our short stock of provisions with flour and sugar at \$2 per pound and fresh beef at \$1. From the 9th to the 14th of July we were crossing the Sierra Nevada mountains, which we found heavily timbered. Snow covered both hill and valley for twenty miles, with a few exceptions of the latter, and on the 13th we encamped in a deep mountain gorge; the frost was severe and the water was frozen in our camp kettle. On the 15th we arrived at Hangtown, now called Placerville, 83 days after leaving the Missouri river, and our journey was at an end.

EARLY DAYS IN WASHOE

BY ALFRED JAMES.

[Read before the Pioneers, December, 1901.]

I will say as a prelude and introduction to what I may say directly touching the discovery of the Comstock mine, that prior to 1856 there was very little inter-communication between California and the country east of the Sierras, known as Washoe, for the reason that the great Sierras presented a formidable barrier to travel—rendering such inter-communication both difficult and expensive. Moreover, the country was sparsely settled and but little known, there being up to this time no mineral discoveries in the country worthy of mention, and withal, it was regarded as very uninviting.

It therefore becomes a pertinent inquiry as to what should primarily lead one to leave so attractive and prosperous a country as California to seek a home in this land of sage brush and desert wastes; the sequel to which may not be uninteresting as a scrap of unwritten history, even at this late period in the history of this interesting country.

Along the eastern base of the Sierras, the summit of which forms the coterminous boundary between California and Nevada, as it did between Utah and California, there is a chain of beautiful and comparatively fertile valleys, which even in their primeval condition, were sufficiently inviting to attract thither a number of settlers who established homes here and there throughout these valleys. These settlers were nearly all disciples of Brigham Young. In 1857 the Saints were having a little difficulty with Uncle Sam, on which occasion the Mormon President called in all his disciples from these distant outlying settlements. Most of them obeyed the call and returned to Salt Lake City, whereupon a few adventurous spirits, citizens of Downieville, near the border, consisting of J. J. Musser, Abraham Curry, Benjamin Green, Frank Proctor and myself, crossed over the mountains in July, 1858, to possess ourselves of some of the vacated territory.

We did not contemplate the broad field for enterprise and adventure which we were then entering, nor did we even dream

of the fact that we were upon the very threshold of the most marvelous mineral discoveries known to the world's history. Our ultimate object was to push the proposition of the organization of a new territory out of Western Utah.

With this object in view, after visiting nearly all the valleys and becoming fully satisfied with the outlook, and considering the probable outcome of the scheme in contemplation, as to a betterment of chances financial, political and otherwise, I returned to California. Here, having associated with me W. L. Jernigan, a practical printer, then in an office in Downieville, we issued a prospectus of the Territorial Enterprise.

Leaving Mr. Jernigan to complete details for the purchase of press and office, I returned to Washoe, by way of Placerville, leaving there on horseback the latter part of October. About six miles out from Placerville I overtook Mr. Klauber, late of the firm of Klauber & Levi, of San Diego, who, as he informed me, was on his way to Carson Valley for the purpose of purchasing a ranch. I also disclosed to him my purpose. We traveled the entire distance in a merciless snow storm, and being fellow sufferers as well as fellow travelers, we became confidential friends.

I digress to make mention of this incident, as I may make mention of further co-relative circumstances of interest later on.

I had on my first visit determined to locate at the town of Genoa, in Carson Valley, which, though a mere village of not more than 50 inhabitants, was the largest and most important settlement east of the Sierras and west of Salt Lake City. The business houses consisted of two hotels, two stores, post-office and telegraph office, the latter established in November, 1858. After the Mormon exodus, there were very few settlers left in any of the valleys. In Eagle Valley, near the center of which Carson City, the capital of the state is situated, there were not at that time more than a dozen inhabitants, and not a single house on the site of the present capital city. The subscription list of the Enterprise embraced a wide territory, forty-five of them being in Salt Lake City. Forty of these subscribers cancelled their subscriptions on the appearance of an article which I wrote and published in the sixth number, criticising the polygamous side of Mormonism, in view of the treasonable and defiant attitude of the Mormons against the government.

I felt fully justified in doing this, as the Enterprise was the only gentile paper then published in the territory. All per-

sons in Utah at that time not members of the Mormon church were called "gentiles."

The Enterprise was a success from its inception; but I must concede that its long and prosperous career was largely due to the unanticipated discovery of the great Comstock Lode, and its marvelous consequences—an event which ended its labors in its chosen field in a few months, when the territory of Nevada was organized.

The discovery of the Comstock lode, with the coincident and manifold results pertaining thereto, and resulting therefrom, comprises one of the most marvelous and noteworthy mining events in the world's history; and therefore, any retrospective and reliable narrative, embracing its prehistoric condition, its discovery, and the incidents and circumstances leading thereto, is both interesting and instructive.

In contemplating and passing over in review, the unwritten history of the discovery and development of this great mine, embracing the flush times of the early "Sixties," what tragic and dramatic scenes are rehearsed! What tales of woe and disappointed hopes are told! What an array of dissipation and moral depravity, and what a pathetic record of the broken fountains of domestic felicity, are unfolded—all of which leads one to believe that, verily, as a sage has said, "Money is the root of all evil."

I might present a pitiable array of disastrous effects in a large percentage of instances, of sudden transition from poverty to affluence which came under my personal observation during the early days of the Comstock, consisting of broken domestic ties, wreck, ruin and premature death, of many persons of my personal acquaintance of the class herein referred to, many of whom were young men of ability, with bright hopes, lead into temptation, gambling and dissipation, either through personal financial flush times, or through environment. But the picture is a sad one, which awakens unpleasant memories, over which it is more pleasing to spread the mantle of charity and forgetfulness.

The great vein of the Comstock is located on the eastern slope of Mount Davidson, and passes southeasterly through the divide between Virginia and Gold Hill, coming out on the Gold Hill side, very nearly in the head of Gold Cañon, the length of which is about seven miles, and its course is southeasterly. It contains gold its entire length, which was in paying quantities at the time of my first visit some time previous to the discovery at Gold Hill and in "Six-Mile Cañon."

Six-Mile Cañon virtually heads at the Comstock lode. It is six miles long, and its course is very nearly east. Both of these cañons discharge into Carson river. It appears from an item in the Enterprise of January 29th, 1859, that Comstock and French discovered and located very rich diggings at the head of Gold Cañon, which created no little excitement, and resulted in the location of the entire ground in the vicinity within a few days.

These locations were the first made at Gold Hill, and were subsequently found to be on the south or Gold Hill end of the Comstock, in which gold largely predominated, while the north or Virginia end of the vein, carries very little gold. A few days prior to this discovery, the discovery was made in Six-Mile Cañon by Yount and Gould, where they obtained gold in large quantities. This gold contained so large a percentage of silver that it sold for only \$8.00 per ounce, while that obtained at Gold Hill was worth \$13.00.

The deposits of gold in both these cañons doubtless resulted from erosion and disintegration of ore from the great lode. None of the miners in the vicinity being familiar with the quartz, it was some months later before they realized the existence or magnitude of the great vein.

In fact, the original discoverers and locators of this great lode, with very few exceptions, entertained but the most limited and crude conception of the great magnitude of the discovery, and the enormous fortunes which they had within their grasp, as manifested by the astonishing low figures at which they parted with their holdings.

As to the all important fact in a historical point of view as to who was the actual first discoverer of this great mineral wonder, considering all the circumstances and facts which I have been able to summarize in relation thereto, I find it a most difficult problem.

From the items which I gathered in the premises for the Enterprise, and from personal information, I am satisfied that at least Comstock and French made the first discovery of the rich placers at Gold Hill, and which ultimately and in a very short time, led to the ledge which made great fortunes for Sandy Bowers and many others.

I remember also that Comstock was a prominent figure on the north end or Virginia side, and was among the first locators on the lode on that side of the Gold Hill divide, and that by

mutual consent, he was accredited with the honor of making the discovery.

However, the miners working in Six-Mile Cañon encountered great quantities of float from the croppings of the vein, which would have led a modern prospector to the vein in twenty minutes. This increased in quantity, in its metaliferous appearance, and in weight, to such an extent, as they worked up the cañon, as to arouse a suspicion that possibly it might contain the silver which so depreciated the value of their gold dust. None of these miners were familiar with mineral ores or mineral veins of any kind, and were especially unfamiliar with silver ore, or the appearance of silver veins.

About this time two Mexicans made their appearance in the camp, and being familiar with silver ore, on examination of this float, pronounced it silver ore of probable high grade. Upon this information, a quantity of the ore was sent over to California for assay, and showed the astonishing result of \$1500.00 per ton. This was about the later part of June or early in July, 1859.

Conspicuous among the miners on the ground at that time were Comstock, "Old Virginia," or James Finney; Peter O'Reily, Patrick McLaughlin, Gould and Yount, and practically all of the eighteen whom I met at Johntown on my first visit; many of whose names I do not remember now, who made a rush for the new diggings upon catching the first breeze of the exciting news from Gold Hill.

And thus it was that this little band of miners, this vanguard of wandering prospectors, in this desolate and apparently almost worthless country, discovered, located and owned that which has given business, commercial, political and social life to a vast, trackless desert waste; peopled and changed the face of a great inland empire, from the Rocky Mountains on the east to the Sierra Nevada's on the west. "That which has produced hundreds of millions of dollars, inspired and hastened the construction of the first great trans-continental railway, stretched cables under the sea, built palaces, and, perhaps, had much to do with deciding the result of the mightiest war of modern times."

It is evident from the circumstances here related, that the discovery and many of the locations were practically made simultaneously. About this time, or to be more exact, on July 9th, 1859, an item was published in the Enterprise stating that Bowers & Co., of Gold Hill, from one pan of rock, pounded up

in a mortar, obtained \$100.00. This item is the first historical or authentic mention of the recovery of gold or silver from rock in place in the State of Nevada.

A correspondent of the *Enterprise*, writing from Gold Hill, under date of July 16th, '59, says: that the hills are swarming with prospectors and adventurers; that claims are changing hands at from \$1,000 to \$5000, and that Rogers & Co., with a run of three days, with two *arastras* cleaned up \$776.00.

While these exciting discoveries were being made on the Gold Hill or the south side, the discoveries on the north or Virginia side were equally sensational. These sensational items, together with the \$1500.00 assay, caused a rush from the neighboring valleys, and from every village, town and city in California came excited thousands. New conditions and exigencies were presented and continually multiplied, and called for non-existent remedies.

Silver mines were unknown in America and to Americans; the metallurgy of silver was a sealed book. There were a few Freyburgers in the country, notably Kuistell and Mosheimer, who were familiar with the system in vogue in Germany for the reduction of silver ores, and their services were invoked with success in this emergency. This slow process, however, which had been satisfactorily used in Germany for a century or more, was unsatisfactory to American push and American genius. In a few months the Freyburg process was supplanted and rendered obsolete by the substitution of American machinery and American methods, since which time there has been but little demand for Freyburgers in American reduction works.

Previous to the introduction of Freyburg reduction works, claim owners having become fully informed by frequent and numerous assays of the great value of the ore discovered, not only in the croppings, but of the float as well—which they had been casting aside, commenced shipping to California; and as the road over the summit of the mountains was not in condition to admit of teaming, the ore was packed on mules to Placerville at an expense of ten cents per pound. In this manner large quantities of ore from the float and croppings was shipped.

Much carelessness was manifest in making locations of claims. Interminable disputes arose and endless litigation ensued. Personal conflict with tragical consequences was of frequent occurrence, and valuable ground, in some instances, was fortified and held by force of arms. New laws had to be evolved to meet the extraordinary circumstances, which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon the country.

To meet this serious emergency, the people of Carson County elected my brother, John C. James, a representative to the Utah legislature, shortly to convene, to secure such legislation as was imperatively demanded. Whether he was a good Mormon during his stay with the "Saints" I cannot say, but being the only Gentile member, he secured the passage of every measure which he introduced.

Of all the great mining excitements, which have so often convulsed the mining communities on the Pacific Coast, the Washoe was, perhaps, in point of numbers and impetuosity, the most extraordinary; and by the time these laws were in force, the country was literally swarming with an excited, unrestrained and restless people, and matters were becoming somewhat chaotic, which, however, assumed a normal condition when restraining and equitable laws were put in force.

I find that I am approaching a period presenting too broad a field for eventful narrative for the present occasion, and I will therefore, revert back to those whom I should be pleased to designate, as the fortunate discoverers and owners of the most wonderful and valuable mine in America, if not in the world.

But were they fortunate? Let the following events answer:

Henry Page Comstock, who was an honest, confiding, rather simple-minded man, with but little knowledge of the wicked ways of the world, through a number of unfortunate and unbusiness-like transactions, (which I might mention: including the sale, for a trifling consideration, of property which should have made him a multi-millionaire), was soon divested of his little fortune, became a roving prospector through Idaho and Montana, and finally committed suicide in a small mining camp in Montana.

McLaughlin, with his full claim on the Comstock—a princely fortune, sold for \$500 and died in penury in California. Peter O'Reily held on to his claim until he received \$50,000 for it, which he lost in stocks and finally died in a mad-house. James Finney was thrown from a mustang, or California horse, and sustained injuries from which he died.

Sandy Bowers, one of the early locators, a conspicuous operator at Gold Hill, recovered from his mines a considerable fortune; built what is known as the "Bower's Mansion," in Washoe Valley, in which the door knobs are all solid silver, and died of consumption many years ago. His widow was left in poverty and has made a precarious living practicing clairvoyancy.

A. Klauber, whom I have heretofore mentioned in this narrative as having been my companion in crossing the mountains from Placerville, with the apparent business intuition of his people, proceeded at once on his arrival in Carson Valley, to buy the ranch which he had mentioned on the way, and from it he cut a great quantity of hay. He also built a large store house in Genoa and filled it with goods, the like of which, as to quantity, had never been seen on the eastern slope, which was, under all business and speculative conditions at that time, an apparently doubtful business adventure. Yet, I paid him in the following spring \$25 for a fifty-pound sack of flour, and at the rate of \$500 per ton for a considerable quantity of hay, under circumstances which I may hereafter relate.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

FRED W. WOOD.

Once more, we are called upon to chronicle the loss of one of our most honored and brightest members, who, by his skill and enterprise built for himself a lasting monument in the hearts of the people of Los Angeles City.

Fred W. Wood was born in Prarie du Chien, Wisconsin, April 28th, 1853, and died in Los Angeles, California, May 19th, 1900. His father, Dr. E. P. Wood, was a Colonel of the 17th Illinois Infantry in the Civil War. Dr. E. P. Wood, father of our subject) married Miss Miriam P. Cleaveland, July 3, 1836, in Peoria, Illinois. She was the great-granddaughter of Gen. Joseph Warren who was killed, June 17, 1775 at the battle of Bunker Hill. When Gen. Washington heard of his death, he knelt and said: "May God receive his soul in heaven. He won the day, and fell." Thus Fred W. Wood was a descendant of noble stock, of which he was justly proud. And it may well be said, he has added lustre to his ancestry.

At the close of the Civil War, his father and family moved to Kansas City, where young Fred entered the High School. He remained in this school but a short time when he entered the University of Michigan. His chief aim and specialty was to complete his studies as civil engineer, which he chose as his profession. He remained at the University about two years, then returned to Kansas City and entered the office of the city engineer as draughtsman. The accuracy of his work and the skill of his designs soon won for him the confidence of the head of the department.

At the age of eighteen his efficiency became so well known that he was offered and accepted a position in the civil engineer department of the Chicago & Great Northwestern Railroad service, where he, at nineteen, became Assistant Chief Engineer in selecting and locating the lines of this enterprise. Endowed by nature with an earnest, energetic and progressive spirit, he soon rose to a position of prominence in his profession, and gained the confidence of the great railroad magnates.

At the age of twenty, after two years service in this great railroad company, he resigned and entered the University at

Ann Arbor, Michigan, in order to polish his practical acquirements, but he soon concluded that the University polish was not of sufficient importance to justify the time required to complete his studies, so he soon left the University.

He came to California in the fall of 1873, and in March, 1874, came to Los Angeles. His ability as an engineer soon became known. He suggested the scheme and became interested with Mr. Prudent Beaudry in the construction of the Beaudry City Water Works, which proved to be a great success in the development in the hills west of old Los Angeles, supplying that portion of the city with good, pure water. In this enterprise he established his engineering ability, and his services were in great demand.

He soon became affiliated in the development of the Lake Vineyard Land & Water Company at Pasadena, of which he was secretary for five years. In 1882 he was given charge of, and became general manager of the laying out and planting of the great San Gabriel vineyard, and building of the immense San Gabriel winery and distillery, which, at that time, was considered the largest winery in the world. All of which was done with so much skill and ability that Mr. Shorb, the principal owner and president of the company said: "This man, Fred Wood, is the genius of the age."

In 1886 he resigned management of the winery, and again became identified with Mr. Prudent Beaudry in reconstructing the Temple Street Cable Railway line in Los Angeles, which proved a great benefit and success, and he soon became the general manager of the business of Prudent Beaudry and Victor Beaudry, and upon the death of Mr. Victor Beaudry, Mr. Wood was appointed executor of his large estate, without bonds. He managed this estate and settled it up to the full satisfaction of all the parties interested.

In 1893 Mr. Prudent Beaudry died, he also leaving his immense estate and the management of his business in the hands of Mr. Wood, which he continued to look after and manage until his death, at which time every part and parcel was found by the heirs to be straight and satisfactory.

In 1895 Mr. Wood became the general manager of the Los Angeles Street Railway Company which controls nearly all of the most important street railways in Los Angeles City, the system and service of which is equal to any large city in the United States. Under the judicious supervision of Mr. Wood, the general efficiency of the system was greatly improved and placed on a paying basis.

His greatest ambition was the success of this railway system and the upbuilding of the City of Los Angeles. He continued the general management of this street railway until his death. When he was too feeble to leave his sick-bed, he had his stenographer come and sit by his bedside while he dictated instructions.

He was a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, The American Electrical Engineers, and the American Institute of Architects. He studied law at home in his leisure moments and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court in 1893; this knowledge of law assisted him greatly in the management of his business affairs. During his earlier life he was a great student and seldom found time for light amusements. He always kept a room fitted up as a laboratory where he spent his leisure time studying—and even the late hours of night often found him experimenting in chemistry, electricity or engineering problems. He tried to learn everything he could about the different methods and results of each. When he could learn no more from others, he would form new ideas of his own upon which he would practice until success would reward him for his labor. He was a great admirer of Edison, to whom he gave credit for the success of his business life.

He was a man of exceptionally good habits, temperate in all things. He had the fullest confidence and respect of all his business associates. He had strong convictions of right and wrong, paid strict attention to his own business; he was shrewd and honest to the core; his heart was pure and tender as that of a child. His influence and sympathy was always with the deserving and the weak. The writer once asked him why it was he knew so little about ancient history; his reply was, "I have never found time to read it; it takes all of my leisure time to read and study modern science; this is an age of progress; there is something new to learn every day that needs our attention."

He possessed a clear, logical mind, a capacity to comprehend details, a strong will power, with great perseverance and industry. He knew how to handle men, so that they loved him for his kindness and justice. Mr. Wood said to a friend shortly before his last illness, "Yes, I know I cannot live many more years, but I would rather make my life a success and live the remainder of my days among successful business men, than to give up an active career merely to live in idleness."

His mother said of him, "Fred was always a good, obedient child; he never gave me any uneasiness. When he was about

fifteen years of age, I noticed him getting letters from men of note, which he seemed to cherish. He would read them, then store them away carefully. I asked him why he read them with so much interest and of what use were they to him after he read them. His reply was, "Mother, they may come handy and be useful some day." And so they were. They were letters from some of the greatest civil engineers in America. She also said, "My advice to him was, let your life be such that the world will be the better for your having lived in it, and when you look in the glass you will look in the face of an honest man."

Mr. Wood was married in Los Angeles, December, 1882, to Miss Leona P. Dupuytren, a native of California, and a grand niece of the celebrated French physician, Dr. Dupuytren. Mrs. Wood is a highly educated lady of fine business ability. She proved herself a good helpmeet. One son, Warren Dupuytren Wood, born October 15th, 1885, is their only child. He is a bright, vigorous young man of sixteen, the pride of his mother. The mother, wife and son have a warm place in the affections of this community, and in the hearts of all pioneers.

Respectfully,

M. F. QUINN,

Committee.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 2nd, 1901.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS E. ROWAN.

LOS ANGELES, May 7, 1901.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

Brothers: We, your committee appointed to report a memorial record of our departed member, Thomas E. Rowan, respectfully submit the following:

Our brother, who, at the age of 59 years, passed behind the veil that limits earthly vision, was born A. D. 1842, in the State of New York, of honest parents, whose strong industrial traits they transmitted undiminished to him. In 1858 the whole family came to San Francisco, remaining in the upper part of this State until 1860, when they came to Los Angeles. Here the father started the American Bakery, which prospered until he died. Thomas, with an eye on a business future, sought and

obtained a position with I. W. Hellman (our now famous banker), who had a general merchandise establishment on the corner of Commercial and North Main, where is now the Farmers & Merchants' Bank. This position was additionally valuable to Mr. Rowan in fitting him for a useful business career, for he learned of one who has shown what ability he possessed by his marvelous success in finance. The Pacific Union Express, a quasi-corporation doing a surety steamer business between this city and San Francisco (with a branch to Sacramento) then competed with Wells-Fargo, and I. W. Hellman was its first agent here; Mr. Rowan, assistant. Later Mr. Hellman resigned the agency, and Mr. Rowan took his place. In the year 1869, the Pacific Union suspended business, and Wells, Fargo & Co. took over the property (all personal) of the defunct corporation. It was not long till banks were organized, and through each mutation Mr. Rowan accompanied Mr. Hellman till he became a prominent and trusted officer in the operating force of the Farmers & Merchants' Bank. Mr. Rowan faithfully served there till called by his fellow citizens to public life, filling the honored position of City Treasurer, Mayor, County Treasurer, Under Sheriff, and Supervisor. In all these, correctness, promptness, neatness and affability were dominant. During his term as Supervisor, our noble court house was mainly, by his insistence, decided necessary, and before he left the board the magnificent structure was complete. There were few who coincided with his views how necessary then to begin what people have never adequately given him due praise for; we having what, even in its greatness, is hardly commensurate with our needs.

He has done with years, but he was one of those who left in their steps for those to come, and so left carved in the history of his field of action the imperishable record of a true pioneer.

Of his domestic life, a loving wife and children hold sacred memories. Friends he had in platoons, but we have only to view him in the light of achievement, and that done, we can only say, "Peace to thy ashes, good and faithful servant." His reward is not only in our grateful remembrance, but with God, who doeth all things well.

Respectfully,

J. W. GILLETTE,
LOUIS ROEDER,
H. D. BARROWS,

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE GEPHARD.

George Gephard, a California pioneer of 1850, died April 12, 1901, at his residence, No. 238 North Grand avenue. He had been in failing health for some time, but had been bed-ridden for a little more than a week.

Mr. Gephard was born in Germany in 1830, but was brought to America as a babe in the arms of his mother. His early boyhood was spent in Pennsylvania, and he came across the plains to California in 1850. He soon became engrossed in mining and lumbering in Nevada county, Cal., and in his late years spent in the northern part of the State, he owned a toll-road from Grass Valley to Smartville. In 1875 he removed to Los Angeles, and at once invested in real estate. When he died he was the owner of valuable property on Broadway, Hill, Fifth, Temple and other streets in this city.

He was always a modest and unassuming gentleman, with the deepest interest in every public improvement. He had a particular regard for the State Normal School, and when a site was to be purchased, in order to get the appropriation for the building, he personally assumed charge of the matter and raised \$8000 to buy the ground. He was an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, was for one term a member of the City Council, and at one time came within a few votes of being elected County Treasurer, although the majority was strongly against his party.

He leaves a widow and two daughters. One daughter is the wife of Capt. J. J. Meyler of this city, and the other, Miss Nettie Gephard, lives with her mother.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIZABETH LANGLEY ENSIGN.

September 20th, 1901, another one of this society received the summons to go forward, and quietly, peacefully passed to the realm of eternal rest.

Mrs. Elizabeth Langley Ensign was born in Morgan county, Missouri, April 16th, 1845. Her father, Mr. Shrewsbury, brought his family to this State, November, 1860. Miss Bettie,

the second daughter, became the wife of Mr. Samuel Ensign, a teacher in the county public schools, in the fall of 1873. Two children were born of this union, a son, Ralph, who died when young life is so filled with promise, at the age of 17 years; a daughter, Miss Olive L. Ensign, is a resident of this city, an honored member of our schools.

Many of us present will recollect with pleasure the Miss Bettie Shrewsbury (as her friends loved to call her) of thirty years ago. Her charming personality, quiet wit and humor, and her exalted consideration for others, made her a favorite in the social circles of pioneer society. The Shrewsbury home was a synonym for old-time Virginia hospitality, the family having originally come from the State from which that article is supposed to have originated. The presence of two young ladies and several grown up sons added much, also, to the attraction of the home. If we were privileged to lift the veil of years, and disclose the struggle and trials of this life, we would discover gold, tried in the furnace of affliction—womanhood, motherhood, widowhood, become consecrated, idealized.

Mrs. Ensign was a member of Bethany Presbyterian Church in this city. At the memorial service, both pastor and people gave earnest expressions to her work as a Christian, as well as to her faithfulness as a teacher in the Sunday school.

In this brief chronicle of a beautiful life, we may not estimate character or give its results, but all should know that Elizabeth Shrewsbury Ensign's desires and efforts were for the highest and noblest ideal in this life, which should prepare one for a death that should be without fear.

"Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
One more departed to heaven's bright shore;
Ring the bells softly, there's one gone before."

Respectfully,

VIRGINIA W. DAVIS,

M. F. QUINN,

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM F. GROSSER.

At his home, 622 South Spring street, on the 15th of April, 1901, died Wm. F. Grosser. Such is the brief record that tells the end of a useful life.

For more than a quarter of a century the people of Los Angeles have known William F. Grosser as a business man, a citizen, a scientist and an astronomer; and in every sphere of life in which he has moved he has been respected and honored.

William F. Grosser was born at Potsdam, Prussia, December 16, 1835. When but 11 years of age he came with his parents to New York City, where his father located and set up in business. He was a skillful optician, and besides had devoted his leisure time to the study of astronomy. His son William learned his father's trade, and also acquired a knowledge of astronomy. This knowledge he turned to practical use. Equipped with a powerful telescope, he visited most of the larger cities in the United States, giving astronomical lectures and exhibitions.

March 15, 1862, Mr. Grosser, at Washington, D. C., was married to Miss Eleanor Nipper, a native of Weimar, Germany. The union proved a happy one, husband and wife being devoted to each other until death removed the former.

In October, 1873, Mr. Grosser came to California via Panama. Early in 1874, they located in Los Angeles. Here he first engaged in the furniture business, his store being located at the corner of Fifth and Main streets. He purchased a tract of land on Vejar street, south of Fourteenth street, now known as the Grosser tract. This was subdivided into lots during the great real estate boom of 1887, and a portion of it sold.

He erected a three-story brick block on the corner of San Julian and Fifth streets, where he and his sons established in the grocery business.

After retiring from active business, he again devoted himself to his favorite study, astronomy. In addition to his knowledge of astronomy, he was an expert microscopist. He was always ready to give his services to the schools and scientific societies of the city in the study of astronomy and kindred subjects, with the aid of his telescope and microscope. He gave public astronomical exhibitions, not so much for pecuniary reward as for the pleasure he derived from giving instruction in his favorite science.

He is survived by his widow and five children—three sons and two daughters. William and Arthur are engaged in the grocery business. George, the youngest, is an accomplished musician. The elder daughter, Amelia, is a well-known and highly accomplished vocalist, and the younger, Lenore, is an instructor of painting in the art department of the University

of Southern California, of which institution she is a graduate.

Mr. Grosser was a member of the Turnverein Germania of Los Angeles, and had held almost every position of honor in the gift of the order. He was a charter member of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 55, A. O. U. W., and also a member of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

Loving husband, kind father, faithful friend and brother pioneer, thou art gone from among us, but thy memory shall be treasured and thy name honored.

Resolved, That a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and that one be preserved in the archives of the society for publication in the Pioneer Register.

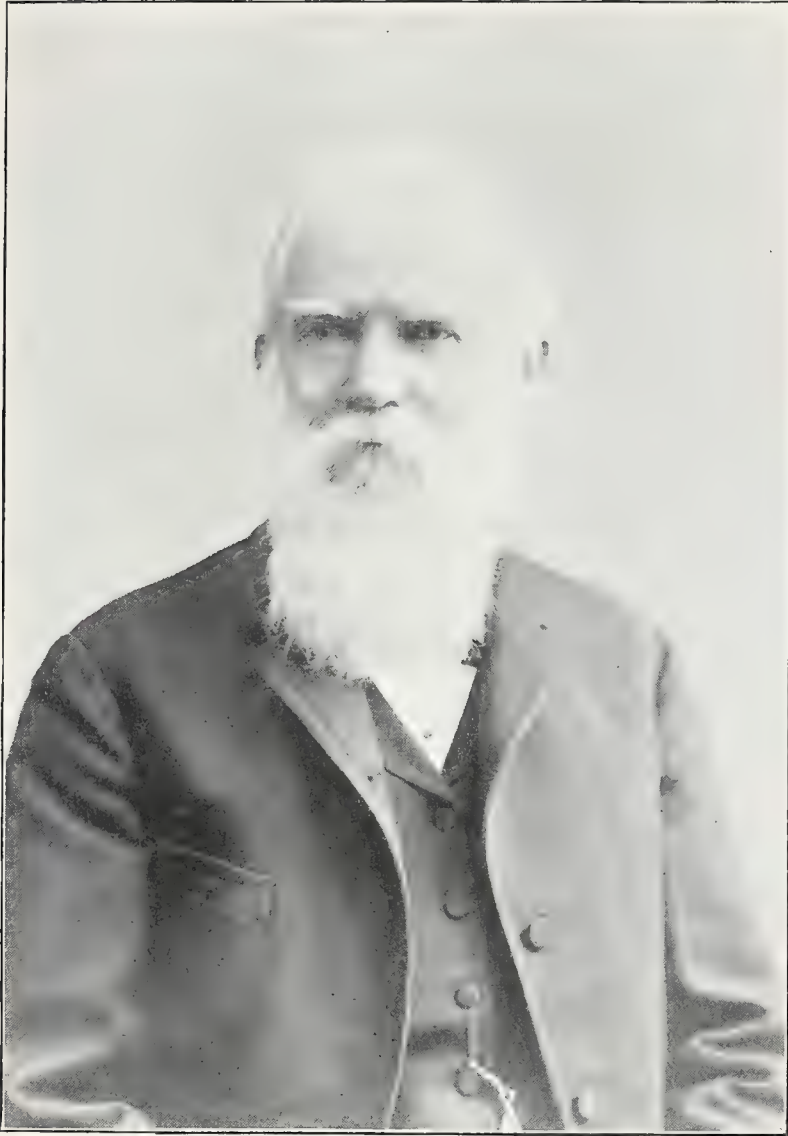
Respectfully,

LOUIS ROEDER,
AUGUST SCHMIDT,
GEO. W. HAZARD,
Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

SAMUEL CALVERT FOY.

Samuel Calvert Foy died in Los Angeles, California, April 24th, 1901. He was born September 23rd, 1830, in Washington, D. C. His father, Capt. John Foy, was born in the county of Roscommon, Province of Connaught, Ireland, about 1783, and emigrated to America when a young man, and settled in the city of Washington. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and was a civil engineer. He laid out and superintended the grounds of the White House and the Capitol, and for many years had charge of the botanical gardens. Much of his work there still remains as a monument to his taste and skill. He died in Washington, July 23rd, 1833. He was the sixteenth child of his parents. He was married about 1817 to Miss Mary Calvert, of Lexington, Kentucky, daughter of Christopher and Eliza Calvert, nee Cox, both of whom were natives of Virginia. The Calverts of Virginia were of the Maryland Calverts, well known in the history of those States. Capt. John Foy and wife spent all of their married life in Washington, where their children were born. After his death his widow, with her three little boys, returned to her people in Kentucky, where she married Mr. Rich of Covington. Mrs. Foy was a



SAMUEL CALVERT FOY

woman of much force of character, and she took great pride in the education of her children, training them for the proper pursuits of life.

Mr. Samuel C. Foy, the subject of our sketch, was educated at the Burlington Academy, Kentucky. Among his teachers were Prof. Ray, the author of Ray's Arithmetic; and Prof. McGuffey, author of McGuffey's Readers and Spelling Books. After completing his education, he learned the harness trade with Mr. Perkins of Cincinnati, who established the Perkins-Campbell firm of Cincinnati, which firm is still in existence, and Mr. Foy continued to order goods from them until his death. After completing his trade, Mr. Foy went to Natchez, Miss., and worked at harness making. Like many others of his day, he was "stricken with the California gold fever," and left for California by way of Panama, and arrived in San Francisco about January, 1852. He immediately left for the gold mines in Calaveras county, where he joined his brothers, John and James, who had preceded him. Not being very successful in the mines, he concluded to return to his trade. In 1854 he purchased a stock of goods in San Francisco and came to Los Angeles and started the harness business. Later his brother John came to Los Angeles, and they formed a co-partnership, which continued until 1865. During this period they also engaged in cattle raising, which business was managed by Mr. Samuel C. Foy, having headquarters at San Juan, San Benito county, and Stockton, San Joaquin county. The partnership was dissolved in 1865, John M. Foy going to San Bernardino, and S. C. Foy continuing the business at No. 315 North Los Angeles street, where they had established themselves in 1861.

Mr. S. C. Foy was married to Lucinda Macy, daughter of Dr. Obed Macy, in Los Angeles, by Rev. Wm. E. Boardman, on October 7th, 1860. She came with her parents to California in 1850, arriving at the Palomares Rancho, where North Pomona now stands, on New Year's Day, 1851. Dr. Macy settled one-fourth mile east of the present town of El Monte, where they lived until 1853, when he moved to Los Angeles, and bought the Bella Union Hotel, now known as the St. Charles. His death occurred in 1856. Mrs. Macy was a granddaughter of Charles Polk and Delilah Polk, nee Tyler, related respectively to Presidents Polk and Tyler.

Mr. and Mrs. Foy had ten children—four sons and six daughters—of whom one son, James Calvert, and five daughters—Mary E., Cora, Edna, Alma and Florence—are living.

James Calvert married Adell, daughter of the late H. K. S. O'Melveny, and they live in this city. Alma married Thomas Lee Woolwine, formerly of Nashville, Tenn., now of this city. The other daughters are unmarried, and reside with their mother at the old home on Figueroa street. The son for many years assisted his father in the management of his business interests, and he is well known throughout this State, being a prominent member of the Native Sons. Mary has long been identified with the educational interests of our city, and is at present a teacher in the English department of the High School. Cora is a reader of no mean ability. Edna is a violinist, whose education was supplemented by three years' study in London. Florence is a student in the senior class of the High School.

Mr. Foy was for many years a member of the Masonic order. He took no active part in politics, although always a strong Democrat. He was a careful business man, and the fever of speculation never attacked him. His investments were made with care, and the competency he left to his family was the result of industry, economy and the natural increase in values of real estate. Mr. Foy was a man of exceptionally good habits, and was devoted to his home and family. He enjoyed the fullest respect and confidence of all his business associates. His long residence in Los Angeles and his straight forward, genial manner brought around him many friends, who regret his death, and will long cherish his memory. His fellow pioneers of Los Angeles county extend to his bereaved family their warmest friendship and deepest sympathy.

Respectfully,

M. F. QUINN,

J. M. GUINN,

J. M. STEWART,

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES BRODE.

Charles Brode was born at Boreck, province of Posen, Prussia, February 6, 1836. At the age of 19 he left his native land for Australia, where he engaged in mining for seven years. At the age of 26 he came to the United States, engaging in various kinds of business in the territories of Montana, Idaho and Utah.

In 1868 he came to Los Angeles and engaged in grocery

business, which he followed for nearly twenty years. His store was located on South Spring street, adjoining the Hollenbeck Hotel. He acquired some other valuable property on Spring street in early days, which he recently disposed of. His real estate investments gave him a comfortable income. In 1890 he retired from the grocery business. He was a director of the German-American Savings Bank at the time of his death. He was a member of the Odd Fellows and the Turnverein Germania.

Charles Brode was one of the sterling, enterprising German pioneers who formed so large an element of the early business community of Los Angeles.

He was intelligent, progressive, public-spirited and possessed a high sense of justice which made him respected and esteemed by his fellow citizens.

He died at his home in this city August, 13, 1901. He is survived by a widow and six children—Mrs. Emma Friese, Mrs. Louisa Bruning, A. C. Brode, W. C. Brode, Mrs. Oscar Lawler and Leopold Brode. For 33 years he has lived among us and has been identified with the city's growth and prosperity. A man without reproach, honest and honorable in every trust that he has held.

Respectfully,

JOHN OSBORNE,

J. D. YOUNG,

JOHN SHAFFER,

Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANK A. GIBSON.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 30, 1901.

To the Honorable Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

Brothers and Sisters: We, the committee by you appointed to submit a tribute to the memory of our late brother, F. A. Gibson, respectfully present the following:

Mr. Gibson was born November 23, 1851, in Pittsburgh, Iowa, and died in this city October 13, 1901, aged 49 years 10 months 28 days, leaving in the home a widow and son, with whom we deeply sympathize, and to whom we would say, look for strength to the Father of all, who has spared us all so long on life's toilsome road.

In the year 1866, the Rev. Hugh Gibson, a Methodist clergyman, with his family—among them our late brother, Francis Asbury Gibson—came to the San Joaquin Valley, California. The father was appointed agent of the Round Valley Indian reservation, and the son served as his clerk. The father was a man of impressive presence, noted for his integrity; the mother, a model matron, noted for her active charity. In his varied career in this city, where he arrived in 1872, Frank showed these traits strongly in his daily life—his helpfulness of others drawing not alone on his purse, but on his strength of brain and body, and the time needed for rest was unselfishly given, till at last, tired nature could do no more, and he fell in the harness—died at an age that should have been his prime. The death of his father in 1873 saw him the head and support of the family, and his active talent led him through important undertakings to a high position where his word and judgment were sought for.

His blessed mother went long years ago to her rest, where the parents await the son. To use a pioneer expression, our brother “over-drove” himself. True, he willingly did all, but we lament the sacrifice.

His team outspanned and gone,
His camp deserted—lone;
Our brother Pioneer
Has reached the last frontier—
And that is Heaven.

Frank A. Gibson died in this city, October 11, 1901.

Respectfully,

A. H. JUDSON

J. W. GILLETTE,

GEO. W. HAZARD,

Committee.

In Memoriam.

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

James J. Ayres Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster Died January 27, 1898.
Horace Hiller Died May 23, 1898.
John Strother Griffin Died August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La Dow Died January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael Died April 19, 1899.
Francis Baker Died May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott..... Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichi Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Town Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreur Died January 17, 1900.
Daniel Shieck Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell Died January 28, 1901.
Thomas E. Rowan Died March 25, 1901.
Mary Ulyard Died April 5, 1901.
George Gephard Died April 12, 1901.
William Frederick Grosser Died April 23, 1901.
Samuel Calvert Foy Died April 24, 1901.
Joseph Stoltenberg Died June 25, 1901.
Charles Brode Died August 13, 1901.
Joseph W. Junkins Died August, 1901.
Laura Gibson Abernethy..... Died May 16, 1901.
Elizabeth Langley Ensign Died September 20, 1901.
Frank A. Gibson Died October 11, 1901.
Godfrey Hargitt Died November 14, 1901.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.
Austin, Henry C	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa
Anderson, John C.	Ohio	Builder	May 29, '73	Monrovia
Alvarez, Ferdinand	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, '72	647 S. Sichel
Barclay, John H.	Can.	Carpenter	Aug., '71	Fernando
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon
Barrows, James A	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth
Bent, Henry K. W.	Mass.	Retired	Oct. '98	Claremont
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington
Bush, Charles H	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main
Burns, James F	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 Wright
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Los Angeles
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn
Blanchard, James H.	Mich.	Attorney	April, '72	919 W. Second
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	2502 E. First
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	160 Hewitt
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena
Buffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth
Barham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	811 San Fernando
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles
Cohn, Kaspere	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand
Coronel, Mrs. M. W.	De. Texas	Housewife	Feb., '59	701 Central avenue
Crimmins, John	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March, '69	127 W. Twenty-fifth
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
rier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
rk, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
rtter, N. C.	Mass.	Farmer	Nov., '71	Sierra Madre	1871
anner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—
apman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
mmings, Geo.	Aus.	Stockman	March, '53	First street	1853
ningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
rke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
npton, Go. D	Va.	Retired	May, '67	828 W. Jefferson	—
van, D. W. C.	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, '68	824 W. Tenth	1849
ter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
rke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
apbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
le, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
ver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
ton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
is, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
ner. P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
is, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
ter, John C.	Germ.	Merchant	June 20, '59	608 Temple	1859
mond, D	Ire.	Merchant	Sept. 2, '69	937 S. Hill	1868
mond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
ikelberger, I. R.	Pa.	Retired	anu., '66	1218 W. Ninth	1866
lap, J. D.	N. H.	Miner	Nov., '59	Silverado	1850
den, Wm.	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
fee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	1855
is, Emily W	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	1856
is, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, 1872	518 San Julian	1872
is, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., 1852	518 San Julian	1852
ano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	1850
is, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	1863
on, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
nger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
ott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	Alhambra	1870
rts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	1852
lman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
ar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 E. Washington	1865
guson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
rey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug. '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
ch, Loring W.	Ind.	Dentist	Oct., '68	837 Alvarado	1863
aklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
ett, Charles R.	Miss	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860
er, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
ch, Cas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '71	141 1-2 N. Broadway	1869
d, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
e, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
ks, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
y, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
ey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
, Henry T	N. Y.	Gov. State	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
tte, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
tte, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
d, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872

NAME	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale
Green, Morris M.	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., '69	3017 Kingsley
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth
Guinn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	115 S. Grand avenue
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	Bell Station
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando
Gard, George E.	Ohio	Detc. agency	'66	488 San Joaquin
Geller, Margaret F.	Mo.	Housekeeper	Ncv., '60	Figueroa
Greenbaum, Ephriam	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry
Glidden, Edward C.	N. H.	Mfgr. agent	Feb., '70	756 Avenue 22
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove
Grosser, Eleanore	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '74	662 S. Spring
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchrant	May, '68	Laurel
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill
Heinzeman, C. F.	Germ.	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand avenue
Horgan, T.	Ire.	Plasterer	Sept. 18, '70	320 Jackson
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.	Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway
Huber, C. E.	Ky.	Agent	July, '59	836 S. Broadway
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	729 Wall
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove
Hass, Sarepta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive
Houghton, Sherman O.,	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug. '56	Florence
Hunter, Asa	Ill.	Farmer	'52	Los Angeles
Hunter, Jesse	Ia	Farmer	'52	Rivera
Illich, Jerry	Aust.	Restaurateur	Dec., '74	1018 Hill
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave.
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee
Johnson, Charles R.	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles

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NAME	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Ankins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Johnson, Micajah D.	Ohio.	Miner	May 31, '76	236 N. Griffin avenue	1876
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Jones, Charles G.	Vt.	Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Reimer M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	754 Hope	1850
Reimer. Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	Sept., '54	745 Hope	1853
Ruhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Rurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Rysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Rutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	117 S. Soto	1874
Ruhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, 1863	107 W. First	1862
Ring, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Rockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Richtgen, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first st.	1849
Rieffer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Rearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Rambourn, Fred	„Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Runkershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Rizard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Rueb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 S. Hope	1866
Ruck, Henry Vender	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Rumbecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Ryvy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Ryon, Lewis H.	Maine	Bookkeeper	Oct., '68	Newhall	1868
Riehler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858
Renz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	—
Ring, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
Rockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1872
Rockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal Merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
Rockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
Riehler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Rosmore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	—
Royhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Racy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Rappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search, Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Rercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Resmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
Resser, K.	Germany	Retired	Feb., '54	226 Jackson	1851
Reyer, Samuel	Germany	Merchant	April, '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Relzer, Louis	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Figueroa	1868
Ritchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Rore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869
Rullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retied	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
RcLain, Geo. P.	Va.	Merchant	Jan. 2, '68	446 N. Grand ave.	1867
RcLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
RcMullin. W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
Rulton, Elijah	Canada	Retired	May 12, '45	Los Angeles	1845
RcComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Rott, Thomas D.	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Rellus, Jas. J.	Mass.	Ins.	'53	157 W. Adams	1853
Reller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Rarxson, Dora	Germany	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. 17th	1873
Rcade, John	Ireland	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. 18th	1869
Roran. Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873

NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. N. ST. R.
Melville, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1 4
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. 28th	1 6
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1 3
Merz, Henry	Germany	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter,	Jan. 9, '66	25 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.	—	1866	1467 E. 20th	—
Morgan, Octavins	England	Architect	May, '74	1819 West Lake avenue	1 4
Moore, Alfred	England	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1 4
Morton, A. J.	Ireland	Machinist	1874	315 New High	—
Morris, Moritz	Germany	Retired	1853	336 S. Broadway	1 3
McArthur, John	Canada	Miner	1869	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	1872	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Canada	Real Estate Agt.	April 5, '75	220½ S. Spring	1 5
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. 20th street	1 3
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1 9
Newmark, Harris	Germany	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1 3
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1 3
Newell, J. G.	Canada	Laborer	July 14, '58	2417 W. 9th	1 0
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	Co. Auditor	'58	221 W. 31st	1 8
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. 9th	1 4
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Canada	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1 4
Orme, Henry S.	Ga.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1 8
Osborne, John	England	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. 30th	1 4
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. 12th	1 3
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1 9
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	1 0
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1 8
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. 12th	1 0
Peschke, William	Germany	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1 2
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1 0
Peck, Geo. H.	Vt.	Farmer	Dec., '68	El Monte	1 0
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1 7
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1 4
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '54	Los Angeles	1 4
Proctor, A. A.	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec. 22, '72	1501 Maple avenue	1 2
Pilkington, W. M.	England	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1 7
Proffitt, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., 1887	1512 W. 12th	1 3
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, 1875	1723 Iowa	1 7
Peschke, Emil	Germany	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	—
Pye, Thomas	England	Farmer	1877	Pasadena	1 4
Quinn, Richard	Ireland.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1 9
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1 9
Raab, David M.	Germany	Dairyman	May 12, '69	South Pasadena	1 9
Raynes, Frank	England	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1 7
Reichard, Daniel	Ohio	Livery	July, '68	459 Beaudry	1 3
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1 3
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1 9
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1 9
Roeder, Louis	Germany	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1 7
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1 9
Roberts, Henry C.	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1 0

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NAME	BIRTH-PLACE	OCCUPATION	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germany	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	England	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Ershkine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Rolston, Wm.	Ill.	Farmer	1872	El Monte	—
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germany	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	200 Boyle avenue	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. 30th	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	England	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Sintous, Jean	France	Retired	April, '56	545 S. Grand avenue	1856
Stearner, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Laughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germany	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Stammer, C. A.	England	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ill.	Housewife	Sept., '72	Temple street	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	Tex.	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germany	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Stelton, John	Tex.	Farmer	Sept. 28, '54	Azusa	1854
Stisbury, J. C.	N. Y.	Retired	May, '74	1311 S. Hill	1874
Stence, Mrs. E. F.	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Starp, Robert L.	England	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Staffer, Cornelia R	Holland	Housewife	April, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1853
Laughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1874
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Sterman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Sted, Mathew	England	Carpenter	Jan., '63	513 California	1854
Stom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. 3rd	1849
Stift, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Stomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Sturman, S. D.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Stuman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 23d street	1866
Sterner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Stayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. 25th	1874
Stell, Joseph C.	Vt.	Attorney	'60	St. George Hotel	1850
Stenolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Stenoble, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Stent, Henry	Germany	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Stenter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Stenter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875

NAME	BIRTH- PLACE	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. STA
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	18
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	18
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	18
Williamson, Geo. W.	Ill.	Capitalist	'71	Los Angeles	18
Weyse, Rudolph G.	Cal.	Bookkeeper	Jan. 29, '60	Thompson street	18
Weyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	Santa Monica	18
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	18
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	18
Weid, Ivar A.	Denmark	Landlord	'72	741 S Main	18
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	18
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	England	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
White, Caleb E.	Mass.	Horticulturist	Dec. 24, '68	Pomona	18
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	18
Wartenberg, Louis	Germany	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	18
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	18
Worm, August W.	Germany	Retired	'85	910 W. 11th	18
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	18
Wohlfarth, August	Germany	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	18
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-Borer	May, '70	989 E. 55th	18
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. 1st	18
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	18
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. 1st	18

Organized November 1, 1883

PART III.

Incorporated February 13, 1891

VOL. V

ANNUAL PUBLICATION
OF THE
Historical Society
OF
Southern California
AND OF THE
Pioneers
OF
Los Angeles County

1902

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Geo. Rice & Sons

1903

Organized November 1, 1883
PART III.

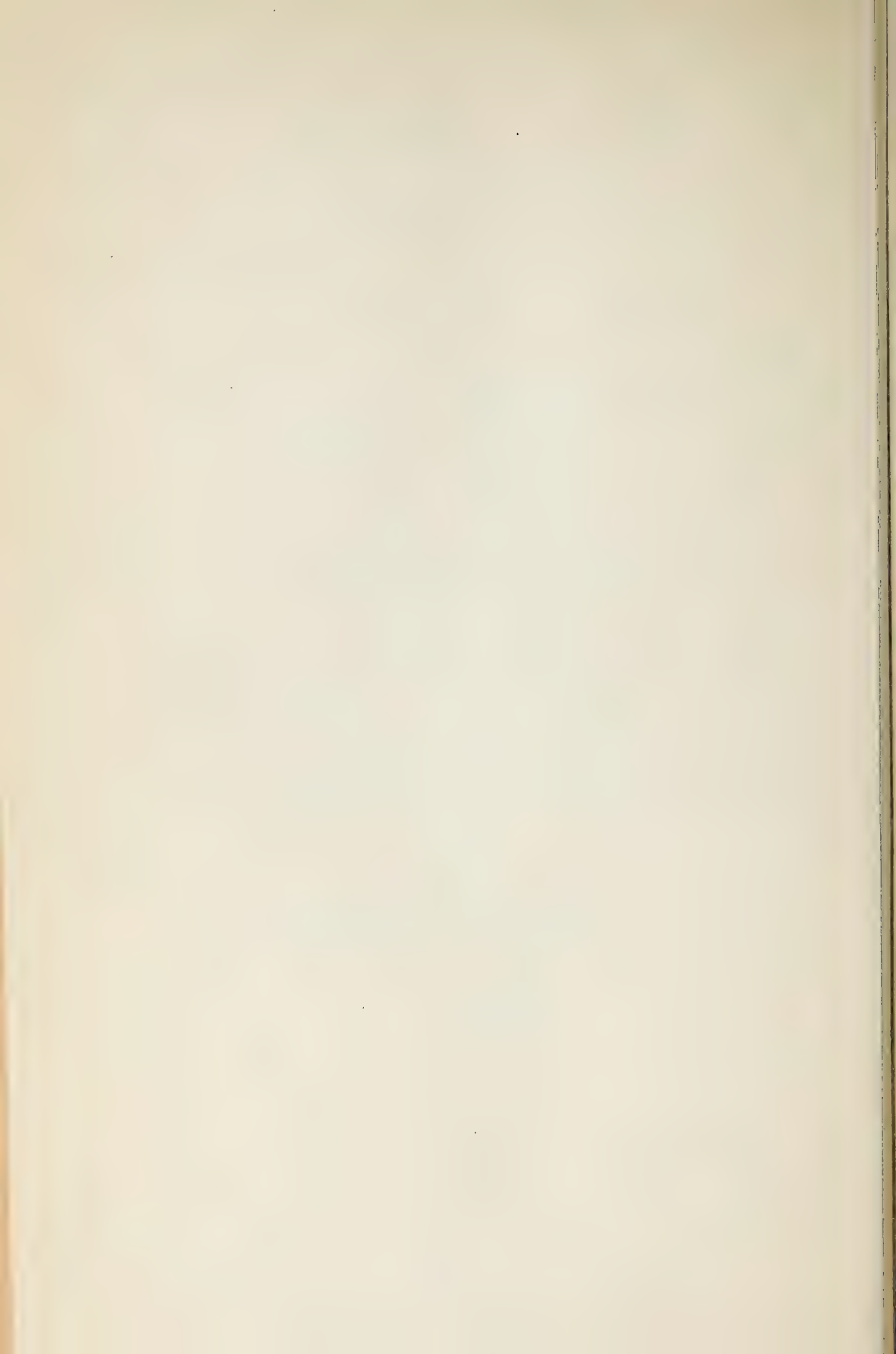
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Historical Society

— OF —

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1902

EARLY ART IN CALIFORNIA

BY W. L. JUDSON.

In the early art of California, when carefully examined, we find evidences of a crude and primitive yet genuine art impulse which must have been a measurable factor in the happiness of bygone generations.

It is not necessary to go back to the barbaric hieroglyphs of the Santa Catalina caves, or to retrace the theoretic voyages of ancient South American peoples, whose frequent rock pictures repeat the familiar outlines of Sugar Loaf rock in Avalon bay. Theories point to an early international commerce and an Aztec or Peruvian origin of the latent art talent of the coast tribes. In the Santa Barbara cave pictures there is unmistakable evidence that a certain graphic talent did exist, whatever its origin may have been. And in some of the native tribes of today, notably with the Pimas, this pictorial and artistic instinct is well illustrated in their basketry, which displays a degree of aesthetic discernment far above that of the ordinary savage.

The crude work of some Indians of early mission times, both in carving and painting, is very interesting. They strove with inadequate materials, poor tools and awkward hands to imitate what had doubtless impressed them deeply in the paintings and architectural designs which had been brought out from Spain by the mission fathers.

In the lumber room of the old Plaza church lie fourteen pictures covered with dust and broken furniture. They are evidently considered of no value, for they receive no care, except

the shelter of a roof, and yet they bear the potential of a very great value in the future.

Considered as fine art, from the modern standpoint, they are worthless, but as relics of the most interesting period in the development of Southern California they become endowed with great interest.

Who painted them? An Indian evidently. What was his name? No one remembers it. When were they painted? Probably in the days of mission building, when it was impossible to obtain originals or even decent copies of originals without delays of many months, perhaps years. They are painted on a coarse linen cloth similar to that we know as butcher's linen, glued in the orthodox way to preserve the fiber of the cloth, heavily covered with oil paint as a ground and executed with common earth pigments, probably ground by hand and with a base of common white house paint.

There is something intensely pathetic in the work, which was surely a labor of love. The sweetness and sincerity which are evident, coupled with the unconscious simplicity, makes even such crude and imperfect work worth while.

There is no attempt at shading and very little at perspective in these pictures, the drawing is childish and the execution as rough and crude as can be imagined, and yet they tell the story of the *via crucis* in a vivid and startling manner.

There are some remains of primitive frescoes at Pala mission and in the remaining half dome at San Juan Capistrano, which ten years ago had some charm of color and story, but they are rapidly fading out of existence.

There are also some evidences remaining that the pastoral period of California life had its art. There were wandering artists, portrait painters, who seem to have wandered from one great estate to another, painting the dons and their ladies and an occasional altar piece for the private chapel. In the Coronel collection of relics of this picturesque period there is shown the work of at least two of these early artists, but their names have been lost. Primitive as the work may be, it still shows an admirable sense of both beauty and character.

THE POETRY OF THE ARGONAUTS

BY J. M. GUINN.

Never before in the world history has there been a migration similar to that which peopled California after the discovery of gold. There have been greater outflows of population but they have been slow-moving. The Aryan migration into Europe went on for centuries. The Children of Israel wandered forty years in the wilderness before they reached the promised land. An Argonaut of '49 would have made the journey in forty days with an ox team.

In the year 1849, it is estimated that 100,000 people found their way into the land of gold. They came from almost every country on the globe—from Europe, Asia, Africa, America and the islands of the sea—all grades, castes and conditions of men came—the good and the bad, the virtuous and the vicious—the industrious, the idle and the profligate. Australia and Tasmania sent their ex-convicts and ticket-of-leave men; Mexico its vicious peones; Polynesia its reckless gamblers and the Flowery Kingdom its "Heathen Chinees." They came by every known means of conveyance and by every possible route—around Cape Horn storm tossed and scurvy racked in floating charnel houses—across the isthmus of Panama scourged by miasmatic fevers and decimated by cholera—by the isthmus of Tehautepec—around the Cape of Good Hope and across the broad Pacific. Those who came by land traveled the unpeopled and almost unknown expanse between the Missouri and the Sierras by a dozen routes unheard of before. They lost themselves by taking mythical cut-offs and in their wanderings they penetrated mountain fastnesses and floated down unknown rivers. Ignorant of their danger, they strayed into waterless deserts and perished alone, unconfined and unknelled. Lured by the treacherous mirage they entered valleys of death and lay down to die on their burning sands haunted by visions of green fields and babbling brooks. They climbed up into the eternal snows of the Sierras seeking a gateway into the land of sunshine and perished of cold and hunger on the very verge of warmth and plenty. Stricken by that dread plague cholera, five thousand graves by the wayside marked the line of their march from the Missouri to the Sacramento.

The one bait that lured them all was Gold! Gold! Gold! Their pilgrimage in the land of gold brought out the noblest qualities and the meanest. It made and unmade men. There they wore no masks. The inherent character of the man came to the surface. The accretions that social standing at home had thrown around a nature base born and sordid, gilding it into respectability and high standing were often rudely torn away by the rough life of the mines and the individual was shown up in all his inherent baseness. The wild free life of the mines was the crucible of character, separating the dross from the pure gold.

There was enough of the heroic, enough of adventure in the search of these modern Argonauts for the "Golden Fleece" to have furnished material for an epic grander and more fascinating than the *Odyssey* of Homer but it has never been written. There were poets among the Argonauts, but it was seldom they sang. Life was too strenuous and the battle for existence too fierce for them to tune the lyre. Their occupation was not conducive to wooing the muses. Gold digging, in early days, was a socialistic leveler. The standard of merit was a man's capacity to perform so much physical labor. The unlettered hind might surpass the finished scholar. The ex-convict might labor beside the judge who had sentenced him and be classed as the better man. It was an anomolous condition of society. Under such conditions and amid such surroundings it was not strange that the bards but rarely tuned their harps, and when they did sing it was not of California in

"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49."

"They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie."

Unlike the soldiers of the Crimea on the eve of battle it was not "Annie Laurie" the miners sang, but when they did sing of home, like the soldiers before the "dark Redan,"

"Each heart recalled a different name."

There was one song of purely Argonautic composition that has been sung around miners' camp fires from the Arctic circle to the jungles of Panama; sung amid the eternal snows of the

Sierras and on the burning sands of the Colorado. Although in composition it was somewhat crude and homely, and its theme an oft-told story, there was a sentiment in it that touched a responsive chord in the breast of many a miner. The ballad I refer to bore the inexpressive title, "Joe Bowers of Pike." The sentiment that made it popular among the Argonauts in the early '50's you may possibly detect in the stanzas I quote:

"My name is Joe Bowers, I've got a brother Ike,
I came from Old Missouri, yes all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left thar, and how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy so far away from home.

I used to court a girl thar, her name was Sally Black.
I axed her if she'd marry me, she said it was a whack,
But then says she, "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life
You ought to get a little home to keep yer little wife."

Oh Sally, dearest Sally! Oh Sally for your sake
I'll go to California and try to raise a stake.
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers, you'r the man to win;
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," and she hove a dozen in.

* * * * *

Right soon I went to the mines, put in my biggest licks,
Came down on the boulders jest like a thousand o' bricks.
I worked both late and early, in sun, in rain, in snow.
I was workin' for my Sally—'twas all the same to Joe."

Joe continues to work in the mines, but he doesn't raise a stake. Time passes and the denouement comes to Joe's little romance in a letter from brother Ike which said "Sally has wed a butcher whose hair is red." The bell rings, the curtain drops, Joe's life drama is played out. From this point in the song the singer was at liberty to improvise any continuation to the story he pleased or rather that would please his auditors. One, that I recollect, was that the auburn haired vendor of steaks and prime roasts dies, Joe makes a raise in California, returns and marries the widow and they live happily ever afterward. Who was the author of the ballad? I do not know. It may not have had an author, but, like Topsy, "just grewed."

The Argonauts of California, and particularly those who crossed the plains, were nearly all young men. Many of these, like Mr. Joseph Bowers, had left girls behind them, whom they had promised to marry. Each hoped to pick up gold enough in a few months, or a year at most, to get "a little home to keep his little wife." In the language of a song popular in the days of '49,

"I soon shall be in Frisco
And then I'll look all round,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick 'em off the ground;
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket full of rocks bring home;
O! Susanna, don't you cry."

But the miner soon found gold was not be picked up in lumps. Like Joe, he put in his biggest licks, he dammed creeks and turned rivers, tunneled into mountains and ground-sluiced hills away, joined in a wild rush to Gold Lake, to Silver Mountain, searched for the Lost Cabin, the Padres Mine, the Wagon Tire Diggings and other *ignes fatui* that have deluded honest miners, and came back from his chase after phantoms rich in experience but poor in gold. Meanwhile time was passing, and it kept doing so with great regularity. He was growing old and Susanna, who had ceased to cry, was growing impatient. Then the denouement comes in a letter from home—Susanna has wed a man who had not learned to roam but who had a little home. Another romance is ended. The miner curses his luck—perhaps he gets drunk. He ceases to write home, he becomes driftwood on the current of fate. In the homely ballad of Joe Bowers many a miner has beheld his own life drama portrayed. Hence its olden time popularity in the mines.

The earliest poem printed in a California periodical appeared in the issue of the Californian of October 3, 1846, and is entitled "On Leaving the United States for California." This was followed in the next issue of the paper by a poetical effusion entitled "On Leaving California for the United States." Both are anonymous. They were probably written by the same author. In the Californian of October 31st, 1846, is a poem bearing the title, "To My Mother." It is signed A. D. F. R. All these mentioned are sentimental and have but little local coloring. In the Californian of November 14, 1846, is a poem on the conquest of Los Angeles. Commodore Stockton and Captain John C. Fremont, with their united forces—Stockton advancing from San Pedro and Fremont from San Diego—entered Los Angeles, August 13, 1846. Governor Pio Pico and General José Castro had fled to Mexico at the approach of the American troops, and the Californian soldiers disbanded and returned to their homes. The gringo army under Stockton took possession of the city without firing a shot. The "sounds of woe," "the blood-stained earth," "the murd'rous arms" and "haggard eyes" in the poem

are figments of the poet's imagination. Evidently his muse was fooled with a fake report of the conquest.

In the first conquest of Los Angeles nobody was hurt, not a hostile shot was fired. It was during the second, in January, 1847, that the battles of Paso de Bartolo and La Mesa were fought. The poem is entitled "Angeles," and is signed W. G. I give it in full.

ANGELES.

Soft o'er the vale of Angeles
The gale of peace was wont to blow
Till discord raised her direful horn
And filled the vale with sounds of woe.

The blood stained earth, the warlike bands,
The trembling natives saw with dread,
Dejected labor left her toil,
And summer's blithe enjoyments fled.

But soon the avenging sword was sheathed,
And mercy's voice by "Stockton" heard
How pleasant were the days which saw
Security and peace restored.

Ah think not yet your trials o'er;
From yonder mountain's hollow side,
The fierce banditti issue forth,
When darkness spreads her curtains wide.

With murd'rous arms, and haggard eyes,
The social joys away they fright;
Sad expectation clouds the day,
And sleep forsakes the fearful night.

Now martial troops protect the robbed,
At distance prowl the ruffian band;
Oh confidence! that dearer guard,
Why hast thou left this luckless land.

We droop and mourn o'er many a joy,
O'er some dear friend to dust consigned,
But every comfort is not fled,
Behold another friend we find.

Lo "Stockton" comes to grace the plan,
And friendship claims the precious prize;
He grants the claims nor does his heart
The children of the vale despise.

W. G.

In my researches, the earliest poem that I have found which has a local coloring, is one entitled "Blowing Up the Wind." It was written by Edward C. Kemble, editor of the California Star, and published in that paper April 24, 1847. Kemble came to the coast in 1846 and became editor of Sam Brannan's paper,

the California Star, in April, 1847. The Star was the first paper published in San Francisco, or Yerba Buena, as the town was then called. (The Californian was established at Monterey and afterwards removed to San Francisco.) Kemble was an Argonaut of the Argonauts. He visited the gold diggings shortly after their discovery in 1848—pronounced them a fake and advised people to stay at home. His subscribers all went to the mines. He followed them, made a hundred dollars a day for a few weeks, then came back and resurrected his newspaper. Any one who, in early times before the streets of San Francisco were paved, has wandered over its sand hills and had his face rasped and his eyes blinded by the flying sand will appreciate the blowing up that Kemble gives the winds of 'Frisco.

BLOWING UP THE WIND.

"Ever blowing, colder growing, sweeping madly through the town,
 Never ceasing, ever teasing, never pleasing, never down;
 Day or night, dark or light,
 Sand a-flying, clapboards sighing,
 Groaning, moaning, whistling shrill,
 Shrieking wild and never still.

In September, in November, or December, ever so,
 Even in August, will the raw gust, flying fine dust, roughly blow.
 Doors are slamming, gates a-banging,
 Shingles shivering, casements quivering,
 Roaring, pouring, madly yelling,
 Tales of storm and shipwreck telling.

In our bay, too, vessels lay to, but find
 No shelter from the blast,
 Whitecaps clashing, bright spray splashing,
 Light foam flashing, dashing past.
 Yards are creaking, blocks a squeaking,
 Rudder rattling, ropes all clattering,
 Lugging, tugging at the anchor,
 Groaning spars and restless spanker.

Now the sun gleams, bright the day seems,
 Hark! he comes is heard the roar;
 Haste to dwelling, dread impelling, heap the fire,
 Close the door.
 Onward coming, humming, drumming,
 Groaning, moaning, sighing, crying,
 Shrieking, squeaking, (reader, 'tis so).
 Thus bloweth the wind at 'Frisco."

Kemble's "Crow," a parody on Poe's "Raven," is another pioneer poem antedating the discovery of gold. The city council of San Francisco had passed an ordinance forbidding any one from killing the carrion fowl that frequented the streets of

the city. The crows were the scavengers that removed the garbage. One of these birds of ill omen flies into Kemble's house and perched beneath the ceiling proceeds to help himself from a side of bacon. The poet raises his gun to shoot, when his eyes fall on the ordinance. I quote the closing stanzas:

"Then the thrilling and revealing of that crow still neath my ceiling,
Perching, pecking on that bacon which never may he devour
And that paper open spreading and that flashing Pica heading
Of that ordinance forbidding, ah I must deplore,
And my eyes from off that ordinance frowning, rustling on the floor
Shall be lifted nevermore.

And I reached me down my gun, charged with slugs half a score;
Croaked he hoarsely, No, Señor."

The following poem, which Samuel C. Upham in his "Scenes in El Dorado—1849-50," says was the earliest poem written and published in California, appeared in the *Pacific News* of March 22, 1850. Mr. Upham, although good authority on the days of '49, is in error when he claims that it was the earliest. I have shown that there were several published over three years before this one. The poem in the *News* is anonymous. It is entitled "A Rallying Song for the Gold Diggers." It consists of eight stanzas and a repeat of the first. I omit two which seem to be defective:

To the mines! to the mines! away to the mines,
Where the virgin gold in the crevice shines!
Where the shale and the slate and the quartz enfold,
In their stony arms the glittering gold.

'Tis in vain that ye seek any longer to hide
Your treasures of gold in your rivers so wide,
In your gulches so deep, or your wild cañon home,
For the Anglo-American race is come.

And the noise that ye hear is the sound of the spade,
The pick, the bar, and the bright shining spade,
Of the knife and the shovel, the cradle and pan,
Brave adjuncts of toil to the laboring man!

Far up in the mountains, all rugged and steep,
Far down in the cañon, all foaming and deep,
In the bars of the river, the small mountain plains,
Lies the wealth that ye seek for, in numberless grains.

Turn the stream from its bed—search the bottom with care,
The largest, the richest, the finest is there;
Dig deep in the gulches, nor stop till the stone
Reveals there it's treasures, or tell there's none.

Nor be thou disheartened, dismayed nor cast down,
 If success should decline thy first efforts to crown;
 Go ahead! Go ahead! Since Creation began,
 "No wealth without toil" is the record to man.

* * * *

To the mines! to the mines! away to the mines!
 Where the virgin gold in the crevice shines!
 Where the shale and the slate and the quartz enfold,
 In their stony arms the glittering gold.

Of the anonymous poetical gems of Argonautic days this one describing the inflowing human tide to the golden shores of California is among the best:

From the sunny Southern Islands, from the Asiatic coast,
 The Orient and the Occident are mingled in the host,
 The glowing star of Empire has forever stayed its way,
 And its western limb is resting o'er San Francisco Bay.

A hundred sails already swell to catch the willing breeze,
 A hundred keels are cleaving through the blue Atlantic seas,
 Full many a thousand leagues behind their tardy courses borne
 For a hundred masts already strain beyond the stormy Horn.

Soon from the channel of St. George and from the Levant shore,
 To swell the emigrating tide, another host shall pour
 To that far land beyond the west where labor lords the soil,
 And thankless tasks shall ne'er be done by unrequited toil.

To banks of distant rivers whose flashing waves have rolled
 For long and countless centuries above neglected gold,
 Where nature holds a double gift within her lavish hand,
 And teeming fields of yellow grain strike root in golden sand.

No state in its infancy could boast of so many talented men as California. Among these there were none more gifted than Col. Edward D. Baker. As an orator he had no superior; as a statesman he towered above his compeers; as a warrior he won fame on the bloody fields of Cerro Gordo and Buena Vista. He was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff. After his death the following beautiful poem from his pen was published. It was written about 1850. It is entitled

TO A WAVE.

Dost thou seek a star, with thy swelling crest
 O, wave, that lavest thy mother's breast?
 Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
 In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
 Or art thou seeking some distant land
 To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of pearl-lit deep,
 Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
 Can'st thou speak of navies that sank in pride
 Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
 What trophies, what banners, are floating free
 In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, thou rollest afar,
 Of banner, or mariner, ship or star;
 It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
 Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
 Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free,
 How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;
 I, too, am a wanderer, driven like thee;
 I, too, am seeking a distant land
 To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand.
 For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
 And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

Among the versatile writers of California in the early '50's few rank higher than William H. Rhodes, better known by his nom de plume, "Caxton." One of his best efforts is a short poem on the death of James King of William.

In 1855-56 the criminal element of San Francisco had virtually obtained control of the city. The officials were either too weak or too corrupt to enforce the law. Many of them had secured their offices through ballot box stuffing and violence, and the thieves, incendiaries and murderers who had helped them into office went unwhipt of justice. King, through his paper, the *Bulletin*, exposed the prevailing corruption and poured out invective on the corrupt officials. He was shot down on Montgomery street by James P. Casey, a supervisor of the Twelfth ward, whose state's prison record King had exposed. Casey and Cora, another murderer, were hanged by the Vigilance Committee while the bells were tolling King's funeral. Caxton's poem is entitled

"HE FELL AT HIS POST DOING DUTY."

The patriot sleeps in the land of his choice,
 In the robe of a martyr, all gory,
 And heeds not the tones of the world-waking voice,
 That cover his ashes with glory.
 What reck he of riches? What cares he for fame,
 Or the world decked in grandeur or beauty?
 If the marble shall speak that records his proud name,
 "He died at his post, doing duty!"

The pilot that stood at the helm of our bark,
 Unmoved by the tempest's commotion,
 Was swept from the deck in the storm and the dark,

And sank in the depths of the ocean.
 But little he'll grieve for the life it has cost,
 If our banner shall still float in beauty,
 And emblaze on its fold, of the pilot we lost,
 "He died at his post, doing duty!"

The warrior-chieftain has sunk to his rest—
 The sod of Lone Mountain his pillow;
 For his bed, California has opened her breast;
 His dirge, the Pacific's sad billow!
 As long as the ocean-wave weeps on our shore,
 And our valleys bloom out in their beauty,
 So long will our country her hero deplore,
 Who fell at his post doing duty!

The Argonauts in their long voyages to California by way of Cape Horn, which lasted all the way from six to ten months, were put to their wits' ends to devise amusements to while away the monotony of the voyage. One means quite popular was to publish a newspaper aboard the vessel. These papers were written out by hand (for this was long before the days of typewriters) and often illustrated by pen and ink sketches of scenes and incidents on board. The paper was read once a week and furnished a source of amusement. It was my good fortune several years since to secure for the Historical Society several copies of the "Petrel," a paper published on the ship Duxbury, which sailed from Boston via Cape Horn for San Francisco in 1849. From its numerous poetical effusions I quote one entitled "Skinning the Duff." Duff, as you know, is a kind of pudding popular with sailors. It is made of flour, tallow, raisins and other ingredients and boiled in a bag. Skinning the duff consisted in removing the cloth bag in which the pudding was boiled.

SKINNING THE DUFF.

Oh, 'tis pleasant to sail
 Before the gale
 As the wind pipes loud and free
 And we dash away
 Amid foam and spray
 Across the dark blue sea,
 And we feel the wrath
 Of the tempest's breath,
 As it fills our spreading sail,
 And we shout with glee
 As the foaming sea
 Dashes high o'er the Duxbury's rail.
 But a pleasanter sight
 Than the tempest's night
 As it roars in tones so gruff
 Is to see e'er the larboard watch is called
 The Steward skinning the duff.

And 'tis pleasant to ride
O'er the swelling tide,
On the breast of the open sea,
To the waves' soft chime
In their low, sweet melody,
And 'tis pleasant to gaze
On the moon's mild rays,
Reflected wide o'er the deep,
While the evening star
Her vigils of love to keep.
But it is pleasanter far
Than moon or star,
Or wind so smooth or rough,
To see e'er the larboard watch is called
The Steward skinning the duff.

And 'tis pleasant at night
When day's rich light
Has faded away and gone;
And the crowd collects
Between the decks
To listen to story or song;
And the full heart swells
And the eyes will fill,
As we talk of friends afar.
And our pulses bound
As the toast goes round,
God bless them wherever they are;
But a pleasanter sight
Than day's rich light
Or music or any such stuff
Is to see e'er the larboard watch is called
The Steward skinning the duff.

ETHICAL VALUE OF SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

Social organizations have their rise in the social instinct. And it will be my purpose this evening to sketch very briefly the origin and development of this instinct, as well as to prove the value of social organizations. By these terms I do not include the purely social clubs, the rendezvous for eating, smoking and lounging; nor any of the various secret societies. Strictly speaking, a social organization would not come under the classification of a club formed for philanthropy, reform, or study along social lines, although the social element is often so closely allied with clubs organized for work of some kind that a strict line of demarcation is difficult, unless the object of the club is kept in mind.

What is its object? Has a social organization any ethical value?

Before attempting to answer these questions it will be necessary to study the genesis of the social instinct and also the intellectual development that has given rise to social organizations. We know the social instinct is inherent and can be traced back through gradations of animal life. Not in the form which we mean when we allude to social feelings, but in the more primitive segregation of species into colonies, schools, flocks and herds of animals. In invertebrate life the gregarious masses are due to the immense quantities that are generated in certain localities, and these only represent a part of the germs that fail to survive. This gregariousness was illustrated in the little pelagic, microscopic peridiniums which were so abundant on our coast at one time, summer before last. A vial filled with sea water was seen to be alive with peridiniums. Not scattered in haphazard fashion in the vial, but these tiny brown specks were seen following each other in two moving streams, as a flock of birds flying, some leading, others following. We cannot, strictly speaking, call this a social instinct, yet in these gregarious masses we might see the germs of a more advanced segregation of animals. A tiny, one-celled animal cannot represent much more than a possibility. The social instinct to be recognized as such, must be evolved from a more complicated system

of nerve tissue than is found in any invertebrate represented by a jelly fish, or an oyster. But in an insect, a bird or an animal, scientists tell us the structural units or microscopical cells and fibers are more or less similar, and that "mind has a physical basis in the functions of the nervous system and that every mental process has a corresponding equivalent in some neural process."* With the evolution of the nervous system the social instinct evolves.

Social instincts not only are shown in animals of the same genera and species, but animals both wild and domesticated have formed friendships. In domestic life the friendship of birds, cats, dogs and horses for their owners or keepers is of common occurrence. "Cats often like to associate with horses, and in some cases with dogs, birds and rats." Anecdotes of this social instinct are numerous. A pet minorca chicken raised by our family showed a decided preference for one member of the household. Dade knew his name and would run to his mistress whenever she called him. Often he would perch for the half hour on the arm of her chair if she were in the garden. For a short time he had two or three hens under his supervision. He always called them to eat first and would wait until they, the greedy ones, had satisfied themselves before he would swallow a mouthful, although he would pick up a grain of corn, then place it in front of a hen. In going into the chicken yard of evening it was always noticed that Dade called the hens, then when they were in front of the gate, he would stand on one side with as much grace as a cultured human, then pass in after the hens.

In Romanes' "Mental Evolution in Animals" he gives an illustration of a dog's attachment for his mistress. The anecdote was told by the author to show that dogs have an imagination, but it also adds another illustration of a dog's fondness for human society. "I have," he says, "known a case in which a terrier of my own household, on the sudden removal of his mistress, refused all food for a number of days, so that it was thought he must certainly die, and his life was only saved by forcing him to eat raw eggs. Yet all his surroundings remained unchanged, and every one was as kind to him as they always had been. And that the cause of his pining was wholly due to the absence of his beloved mistress was proved by the fact that he remained permanently outside of her bedroom door (although he knew that she was not inside), and could only be

*Romanes.

induced to go to sleep by giving him a dress of hers to sleep upon."

The author just quoted from not only enumerates the social feelings as one of the products of the emotional development of animal life, but he lists among the products of the intellectual development communication of ideas and what he calls "indefinite morality." That is, the morality that, in a psychogenetic scale, would be equal to an infant of 15 months. Under this category he lists dogs and anthropoid apes.

What is the impulse that has been the original source and stimulus of organic activity? The struggle for existence, or, in other words, the craving for food, the nutritive impulse. Evans says: "Every expression of feeling, every exercise of the will, every exhibition of intelligence in the lower animals and in man can be traced to hunger as its fountain head. From the pressure of hunger and the desire to prevent its occurrence spring the love of acquisition, the systematic accumulation of wealth, the idea of ownership in things, or the general conception of personal property, which is the strongest element of social and domestic life, codes of laws and system of morals, discoveries, inventions, industrial and commercial enterprises, scientific researches, and the highest achievement of culture and civilization."

He further says: "It is true that as man arises in the scale of intelligence, other and nobler incentives to activity come into operation and act even more powerfully than the primal nutritive impulse. The latter, however, always assert and insists upon the priority of its claims, and not until these have been satisfied and the stress of hunger relieved, and in some way permanently guarded against, does the individual think of devoting his energies to higher pursuits."

This has been illustrated in the struggle for existence of pioneer life. Plowing, and hunting, for food, and a rude habitation, were necessities. From the rough cabin, or shack, to the palace, there is represented the evolution of man from primitive labor to that of large commercial and industrial enterprises where many men labor together in the interest of one man. He rears a palace to adequately meet his social requirements that must follow along the line and keep pace with his monetary interests. Society, in its restricted sense, could only be possible when the struggle for existence was not the dominant idea. The social code, the particular attention to forms and the frequent and punctilious occasions of social intercourse have no

meaning to the man who is daily haunted with the impulse of nutrition for himself and his family.

We have seen that with the social instinct inherent there must still be certain conditions to influence the growth and progress of social development.

It is my aim to show that social organizations are due to the growth of both mental and social development. Not either alone, but together. The intellectual modified and influenced by social customs and the social elevated by seeking pleasure in a more rational manner than mere recreation as an excuse for passing time. Living in a world of activity, yet trying to kill time. This is the abuse of the social instinct.

It may be urged that the intellectual status represents the highest intelligence, or capacity for the function of the intellect, then how can it be modified and influenced by society?

I would not be misunderstood; there is nothing that should be more valued than the intellect, the power to understand, but if the intellectual person fails to adjust himself to his social environment, if his own personality is at war with the social judgments of his times, his influence is circumscribed, his intellectual attainments are not valued. He must care for the rights and privileges of his fellow men.

Whatever faults or failings may be laid at the door of polite society, it, in its best sense, is polite, seeking for the happiness of individual members of it. In social relations the ethical must necessarily be the groundwork of such relationships. The "ought" and ought not of the individual in his relation to society is ever present. Without this regard for the happiness of others there could be no such thing as ethical culture, which is only another name for refined altruism. Take, for instance, a company of what we term ladies and gentlemen; what is their characteristic in their relation to others? Politeness. No one must be made unhappy; self must be secondary to the feelings of others, and although this is often abused into a form of untruth, known as "white lies" or "fibbing," the exaggeration often has its root in the desire to do, and say, things that give pleasure. Politeness is not only the sesame to good society but is a strong factor in making life easier in every avenue of life.

A lady was once trying to give her little grandchild a lesson in politeness when the application of the lesson came home to her in a way she had not anticipated. "G——," said she to the child, who was visiting her, "if you want any one to do anything for you, you must be polite, you must say 'please.'" A

little while after that the child had made some paste in a tin-cup and was busy on the floor pasting bits of paper together. The grandmother after a while became tired of the litter and said: "G——, you have played with that paste long enough; take the cup out into the kitchen." The little five-year-old arose, straightened herself erect, and said with much indignation, "Where is your polite?"

James Mark Baldwin, in a study in social Psychology, entitled, "Social and Ethical Interpretations," lays much stress upon the ability of a person to conform to the social community. We know there must be variation if there is growth, but he says that, "The limits of individual variation must lie inside the possible attainment of the social heritage by each person. In the actual attainment of this ideal, any society finds itself embarrassed by refractory individuals."

He further says: "It is the duty of each individual to be born a man of social tendencies which his communal tradition a man, then, as far as his variation goes, he is liable to be found requires of him; if he persist in being born a different sort of a criminal before the bar of public conscience and law, and to be suppressed in an asylum or a reformatory, in Siberia or in the Potter's field."

This refers, of course, to society in general, not to social organizations, for in these there is a selection of the fittest, the unfit is seldom invited or is soon socially suppressed. Not of course by drastic measures such as general society advocates, but merely ignoring his personality—not rudely, but silently, yet none the less effectively. For social organizations must be composed, for the most part, of individuals whose judgments are in unison with the social judgments of the club. A man or woman to be eligible to membership must be a clubable person. By this is meant a person who respects the rights of others. One whose attitude is aggressive, who is unmindful of others' rights, would certainly be unsuitable to a social club.

Receptions to notable persons and monthly banquets or luncheons, or cosy teas, combine two inherent instincts in life. The instinct of nutrition, as has been said, is the first organic emotion, and it is still a dominant factor in friendly intercourse. Even the "Man of Sorrows" gathered his chosen twelve around the social board when he broke the bread and drank the fruit of the vine while he foretold the saddening future.

If social organizations have introduced more hospitable relations between the members than was practicable in a club formed

for work, they are also fine mediums for educating women towards greater simplicity in entertaining. This question cannot be discussed in society functions where discussion is strictly tabooed, but is a legitimate topic at the club, where anything that is carried to extreme may be criticised in a general way. Articles written upon such topics by persons who are conversant with social abuses have, and do, popularize simplicity and grace, rather than display that borders upon vulgarity. If there is one trait of character that is the ruling passion in America, not of women only, it is that of imitation. In business, if one man branches out in a new line, he runs the risk of becoming bankrupt by competition in this new line. Women imitate in dress, furnishings, and style of living and entertaining—with the desire, however, to do a little more, or add more elaborate features of display. The social instinct would impel the victim even to the verge of bankruptcy in money and nerve! Intellectual culture would seek the happy medium. The social club, in this respect, can be a potent factor.

In the intellectual activity of such a club, the discussion of topics of general interest covers a wide field. The best talent, both outside and inside of the club membership, is at its service. Specialists along various lines readily use their talents for the good of such a club.

This is, of itself, of great ethical value to the members. Science is presented in a popular form; philosophy is given in terms less didactic; the best fiction is reviewed; music is interpreted by professionals; art is made more realistic, and educational methods are presented. All this is inspiring, uplifting and helpful as social steps in the advance in life.

I would not be misunderstood—mental growth does not depend upon clubs, nor, we may say, colleges, alone. With books and free libraries for their dissemination, there is no lack of educational aids. But such clubs are useful to persons who are by nature students. When one reads and studies alone, he sees only one side of the author's meaning or intent. This may be correct, and yet it is helpful to learn how other minds receive the same information. Social expression of ideas is an adjunct to mental growth. Growth is an ethical factor. When we think of degeneration, we immediately form an image of something that has been dwarfed for want of nutrition. This argument also holds good in a study club, but in such a club the tendency is to specialize; consequently there is not so much diversity in the range of topics discussed before the same persons.

There is an inspiration in associating in club life with men and women who have a broader insight into life, a finer conception of relative values, a more comprehensive vision of humanity than one possesses.

The social club is a help in breaking down imaginary social boundaries.

Genius is often the child of penury, and brains have been rocked in a pine cradle. But when genius and brains come to the front, social distinctions vanish.

Social organizations for women are often connecting links between the mother and society. A club represents individual home factors, held together by a common interest, yet diversified by hereditary gifts and home environments. The social club supplies a human want in the life of the mother. She may have no time to study, with her young family clamoring for her attention; but she may possess her soul in peace for an occasional half day in the club. The club demands less of her than society would. It gives her ideal thinking for a time which is a refreshing change from purely domestic, economic details. Surely it needs no argument to prove that such a mother would be happier because of her glimpse of the world outside her narrow horizon; nor that her home would also be benefited. As happiness is the desideratum, if not the ultimatum, of human desires, any club that tends towards the happiness of its members and of society at large is of value.

The social organization is a medium through which reforms can be disseminated. For a progressive club must discuss some of the issues of the day. Clubs for philanthropy or reform have taken their rise from such a club. As an instance, some years ago a member of the Friday morning Club was in favor of having a cooking school for girls in one of our poorer districts. A graduate of a Boston cooking school was asked to present this subject to the club. The need of such a school was discussed, and the result was the formation—outside of the club—of such a school. Through the liberality of another member an industrial department was added, and the Stimson-Lafayette Industrial Association was incorporated, and is now in a flourishing condition.

While furnishing the impetus to organized activity, the ideal social club commits itself to no restricted line of labor. In this respect it shows its strength, for it is able to educate and send out workers in many lines. Its sympathies are as broad as human wants.

In such clubs there must be neutrality in religious beliefs, and, it naturally follows that this religious liberty cannot do otherwise than have a reflex influence in general society. Without the social elements in clubs and societies do you believe that the Jewish women of our country could have been recognized and given a place at the Jewish Congress during the World's Fair?

It was said that never before in the history of Judaism had a body of Jewish women come together for the purpose of presenting their views, nor for any purpose but that of charity or mutual aid; never in the representation of Judaism. The club formed for social improvement draws no line between Jew and Christian, Theosophist and Agnostic.

Is this too broad a platform? It may be for narrow sectarianism, but not for a belief in the brotherhood of man! Not for Christian ethics.

Social organizations, or clubs, are not usually organized for the good of the public, but for the pleasure of its individual members; but that does not invalidate the claim that such organizations are of ethical value.

In answer to a letter of inquiry regarding the Sunset Club, which meets once a month, Mr. Charles Dwight Willard says:

"Usually about forty attend. The papers are on all classes of subjects; and there is usually one principal paper, about twenty minutes' long, and two short ones of five minutes each, after which, in the discussion, five to twelve men usually participate. Literary topics are infrequent, and economics occur most often. I have generally found that sociological subjects are most satisfactory to the general club membership."

A club like the Sunset Club, composed of a number of representative men of the city, men who are identified with various lines of activity as doctors, lawyers, ministers, bankers, architects, authors, merchants and men in other special fields of industry, must tend towards the ethical growth of the individual members, and consequently influence society at large. If the tendency is to "broaden those who are participants in the discussions," then certainly the community is benefited. Public opinion is something that changes; it never remains the same. Every lecture, every public discussion, has some share in the growth of ideas. The masses are led by the few. The discussion of sociological subjects, questions that deal with the phenomena of society, of the right relations of man to man, which include questions of "rightness" and "oughtness," might not seem to the sixty members of any great benefit to persons outside of the club, but

no body of intellectual men could meet monthly to think and talk over topics that are bound up in society at large without, in some way, affecting the general public.

No life stands all alone, and it is the problem of social psychology to ascertain to what extent the development of the individual mind applies to the evolution of society and how far society influences the individual.

No thought is useful to society while it remains merely in the mind of the individual. Social organizations are excellent mediums for the expression of ideas. Thoughts must have publicity; they cannot have any general value until they find expression and are available; then they become alive, a part of the general mind. If social organizations, composed of men or women of intellectual abilities and culture, did nothing more than require that all members should be persons who are known for their moral character, persons whose influence is in an ethical direction, who would say that such a club was not of ethical value. In chemistry we know by analysis the character of any substance, and in the same way we judge of a society by its units, or individuals composing its membership. Moral growth must be greater when societies are composed of individuals who aim to act ethically, and who are indulging in ideal thinking. The moral nature develops when the individual aspires to reach, in himself, an ideal status. A combination of such individuals is the ideal social organization.

SOME OF THE MEDICINAL AND EDIBLE PLANTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Three or four days succeeding the first rains of the season there comes over the face of nature in Southern California a marked and magical change—from a dry and apparently barren landscape, the sweet-scented “Pelio” with its musky odor covers the earth with a mantle of vivid green. The early inhabitants of this country, living very near to nature and believing that the spicy perfume of the fresh and tender grass was invigorating and rejuvenating to the old and infirm, brought them into the sunlight on their respective rawhide beds and left them to doze and dream the day long. From the first rains and through all the seasons of the year until the last dry days of fall and early winter can be gathered herbs and plants, of varieties too numerous to mention in this brief paper, for edible and medicinal purposes. Their range is from the mountain tops to the seashore. I say from the mountain tops, because the melting snows of winter and the cloudbursts of spring and summer wash the seeds down the cañons’ sides into the valleys below.

Seventy years or more ago, when physicians were like angels’ visits, “few and far between,” each mother of a family constituted herself the adviser of her family and friends, and in every small village or “pueblo” there was the “Vieja,” whom every one respected and consulted, and who dispensed with a lavish hand her various herbs, which she had gathered, dried and put into safe-keeping for future use. A call from a fever patient hastened her with a package of “sauco,” which she made into tea and administered at stated intervals, until relief came in the shape of a profuse perspiration. If her patient became too weak or debilitated she administered “Paleo” as a tonic. For cancer she made a poultice of the pounded leaves of “Totoache,” which removed cancerous growths if applied in time. For inducing an appetite a decoction of “Concha L’agua” was given until the patient was able to eat his accustomed allowance of broiled beef and “Atole.” If in the annual “rodeo” a vaquero

was thrown from his horse or otherwise bruised, he was removed to his home and "Yerba del Golpe" applied to his contusions. Then a bath of "Ramero" to rejuvenate his discolored flesh was used and soon the rider was at work again among his cattle. Week and inflamed eyes were cured by a wash made of "Rosa de Castilla." A pomade of the same was used for tenderness or chafing of the skin. "Yerba del Manso" and "Yerba del Pasma" were favorite remedies and used for almost every form of disease.

There is a sweet smelling little flower of pure white called "Selama," whose root of crimson furnished the young Indian girls a paint to improve their complexions, which, unlike the cosmetics of latter days, left no bad effects, remaining the same day after day.

In the early morning when the dew was on the grass, the old women gathered "Lanten" for boils and inflamed swellings. The large leaves bruised and soaked in olive oil served to concentrate the inflammation. The leaves of the "Tunra" were used for the same purpose. We all know how deliciously refreshing the fruit of the Tuna is on a hot summer day, and it formed one of the principal items of an Indian's winter store—Tunas, ground acorns, "Piñones," roasted "Mescal" and "Chia" made the Indian wax fat and happy.

When a washerwoman wished her black clothes to look bright and new, she sought the "Campo" for "Yerba" or "Amole," which, pounded and soaked over night in water, made a beautiful and cleansing suds. "Cichiquelite," a small seed for edible purposes, was also beneficial as a gargle for sore throats. "Petata" is a root eaten by the Indians before the introduction of the potato—in fact, served the same purpose. In the "zanjas" and pools along the rivers grows a plant which makes a salad highly prized by the native Californians, called "Flor del Aqua." It possesses a slightly bitter flavor, which is very appetizing. There is another with the small name "Benó" also relished for salads by "Paisanos."

- Hair tonics and hair washes grow everywhere in both spring and summer, "Caria" being one of the many. And every Californian knows of the medicinal virtues of the different "Malvas," both black and white being used for congestions, and as a wash for "Yedra" (or poison oak) it is healing and soothing. "Cardo" and "Yuelite" are spring greens and may be eaten also as salads, and hundreds of persons can speak of the "Mostassa," the best spring vegetable of all.

Then there is the San Lucas plant for rheumatism and many others, whose names are difficult to pronounce on account of their Indian origin. Some of these medicinal herbs may be found in various pharmacies under botanical names—these are the native Californian and Indian names given here. But in the surrounding country, where live Indians and natives, the old women still administer their herbs under the well-known, homely and suggestive names given in this paper. The early physicians of Los Angeles could vouch for the efficacy of numerous herbs used by them in their practice among the residents if they were here to tell.

This has been written to show that the laziness of the Californian is in a measure excusable. For what use had he for work when everything grew at his hand—his food, his medicine, his shelter. If his "adobe" house or "Ramada" required sweeping, he had but to gather his "Escobita" or "Tules," tie them in broom shape and sweep when necessary. Disinfectants in the form of lovely flowers grew on the hills and on the plains. A hundred pages could be written of the herbs, edible and medicinal, that are "born to bloom and blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air."

In continuation, I should say that there were many plants used by the Indians in wicked incantations, herbs used in conjuring decoctions so powerful, that a small quantity administered, crippled or blinded a subject for life. It could not have been that his mind was wrought upon, for these herbs were given unbeknown to the sufferer, and therefore affected him through their poisonous influences. Except the few plants which the native Californian has discovered for himself, the knowledge of the medicinal and edible plants of Southern California has been handed down to him through his Indian ancestors, who subsisted on the roots and seeds of this country, gathering some in the mountains and others in the valleys below, but always busy in the different seasons of their growth and ripening.

After the founding of the missions the Indians had their corn, beans and different edibles for consumption which were introduced by the "padres," and under their subjection ceased to gather seeds and herbs, but now and then there would be an old woman who still clung to tradition and believed that there was nothing better than the old way of living, and consequently lived and suffered under the "sobriquet" of "Chisera," or witch, who was only visited in secret by the jealous husband, or sought for love potions by the Indian maiden in the "dark of the moon."

These old women crept about with packs upon their backs filled with dried fruit, seeds and countless small and mysterious packages, which were the awe of the uninitiated. They lived in small jacales or huts made of "tules" on the outskirts of the mission and died of old age, true to their convictions.

There are also plants deleterious to animals, one in particular—"Ramaloco"—which when eaten by horses causes them to become dangerously mad, and while under its influence to endanger the lives of human beings as well as other animals. There is also "Bledo Cimaron," which when dry seems to have an affinity for others, thus forming into immense rolling mounds and skipping before the winds, terrorized and stampeded the countless herds of cattle and horses that roamed the plains. There is a weed which is deadly poison to sheep. In a little wayside plant not unlike a tiny apple in looks and odor, called "Mansanilla," we have a strong purgative, used to reduce the temperature in fever. If you walk or ride with an old native woman she will pick flowers and plants by the wayside and expound their virtues to you until you are convinced that you are walking over untold treasures. Indeed, every creeping plant in California has a meaning and a history.

ANDREW A. BOYLE

BY H. D. BARROWS.

In learning the life-story of many of the early English-speaking settlers of Los Angeles, as recounted to me by themselves, I have been struck with the infinite variety of adventures and dangers which they went through.

Many of the older members of this society, or those who lived here in the sixties or fifties, or before (of these latter, however, very few remain), well remember Andrew A. Boyle, that early Pioneer, after whom "Boyle Heights" was named. But not all of you, I presume, are aware of the fact that Mr. Boyle was one of the three or four men of Col. Fanning's unfortunate band of more than 400 Texas soldiers who escaped slaughter in the terrible tragedy at Goliad, Texas, in 1836.

Mr. Boyle was born in Ireland, county of Mayo, in 1818, eighty-two years ago. At the age of 14 years he came to New York. Two years later, he with his brothers and sisters went to Texas with a colony, which settled at San Patricio, on the Nueces river.

On the breaking out of the revolution, Texas then being a province of Mexico, Mr. Boyle enlisted January 7, 1836, in Westover's artillery of the Texan army, and his command was ordered to Goliad, where it was incorporated with the forces of Col. Fanning, and after sundry engagements with greatly superior numbers, the Texans were compelled to surrender. Mr. Boyle, who had been wounded, expected to be shot, as nearly all his comrades were, to the number of almost 400 men, notwithstanding the fact that by the terms of their capitulation they were guaranteed their lives. Mr. Boyle, who understood Spanish, learned that this was to be their fate, but before their execution an officer asked in English if there was any one among their number named Boyle, to which he answered at once that that was his name. He was immediately taken to the officers' hospital to have his wound attended to, where he was kindly treated by the officers.

A Mr. Brooks, aid to Col. Fanning, who was there at the time with his thigh badly shattered, knew nothing of what had

happened, or what was to be their fate, and upon being informed, he remarked, "I suppose it will be our turn next." In less than five minutes, four Mexican soldiers carried him out, cot and all, placed him in the street, not fifteen feet from the door, where Mr. Boyle could not help seeing him, and there shot him. His body was instantly rifled of a gold watch, stripped and thrown into a pit at the side of the street.

A few hours after the murder of Mr. Brooks, the officer who had previously inquired for Mr. Boyle, came into the hospital, and, addressing him in English, said: "Make your mind easy, sir; your life is spared."

Mr. Boyle responded, "May I inquire the name of the person to whom I am indebted for my life?"

"Certainly; my name is General Francisco Garay, second in command of General Urrea's division."

It seems that when Gen. Garay's forces had occupied San Patricio that officer had been quartered at the house of the Boyle family, and had been hospitably entertained. Mr. Boyle's brother and sister had refused all remuneration from him, only asking that if their younger brother, then in the Texan army, should ever fall into his hands he would treat him kindly. Afterward, by order of Gen. Garay, Mr. Boyle obtained a passport, and went to San Patricio, where he remained.

After the battle of San Jacinto and the capture of Gen. Santa Ana and the retreat of the Mexican forces, Gen. Garay, in passing through San Patricio, called to see Mr. Boyle, who, at the General's request, accompanied the latter to Matamoras. The General also invited Mr. Boyle to accompany him to the city of Mexico, but this invitation he was compelled to decline; and so he set out on foot for Brazos, Santiago, where he took passage on a brig for New Orleans. Being out of money and in rags on arriving at New Orleans, he engaged at \$2.50 a day in painting St. Mary's market. Working long enough to buy some clothes, he availed himself of the Texan Consul's offer of a free passage to the mouth of the Brazos river, where Gen. Burnett, the first President of the Republic of Texas, gave him a letter to Gen. Rusk, at that time in command of the army on the river Guadalupe.

Mr. Boyle walked to Gen. Rusk's camp, a distance of 150 miles. Gen. Rusk gave Mr. Boyle his discharge on account of impaired health. After recovering from a severe sickness, he went to Columbia, the seat of government of Texas, where he obtained a passport for New Orleans.

After his return to the latter city and the re-establishment of his health, he engaged in merchandizing on the Red river till about the year 1842.

In 1846 Mr. Boyle was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Christie at New Orleans. Miss Christie was a native of British Guiana; from whence, in 1838, her father brought his family to New Orleans. One daughter was born to this marriage, who is now the wife of Ex-Mayor William H. Workman. Mrs. Boyle died in New Orleans, October 20, 1849. This daughter (Mrs. Workman) was cared for and brought up by her great aunt, Charlotte Christie, who, at the age of over 80 years, died recently in this city, at the home of her foster-daughter.

Returning from the Red river, Mr. Boyle went to Mexico, where he engaged successfully in business till 1849, when he set out for the United States with about \$20,000 in Mexican silver dollars, which he had packed in a claret box. At the mouth of the Rio Grande, in passing a sidewheel steamer in a small skiff, his frail boat was upset, and his treasure sank to the bottom, and was a total loss, and he himself came near losing his life.

Mr. Boyle finally returned to his home in New Orleans, to find that his wife, who was in delicate health, had died two weeks before, from nervous shock and brain fever, caused by hearing that he had been lost at the mouth of the Rio Grande. From that time on, all his interest centered in his infant daughter, then a year and a half old.

The next year the family started for California via the isthmus, arriving in San Francisco in the early part of 1851. Here Mr. Boyle engaged in the boot and shoe business, but he was burned out by both of the fires that occurred that year.

In company with a Mr. Hobart, he then went into the wholesale boot and shoe business, and they built up a very large trade, which extended to Los Angeles and other coast towns. Among their customers in those years (1851-58) were Mr. Kremer, the late Mr. Polaski and others.

Mr. Boyle made the acquaintance of Don Mateo Keller in Texas and at Vera Cruz, Mexico, whither both went on trading expeditions in the early 40's. It was through the influence of Mr. Keller that Mr. Boyle was induced to sell out his interests in San Francisco and come to Los Angeles, which he did in 1858. Here he bought a vineyard (planted in 1835 by José Rubio) on the east side of the river, under the bluffs. Here he made his home, and in 1862 or '63 he commenced making

wine, and dug a cellar in which to store it, just under the edge of the bluff. Prior to 1862 he shipped his grapes to San Francisco, as did many other vineyardists here at that period, grapes then bringing high prices in that market. In the '50's and earlier, and before vineyards had been generally planted in the upper country, and during the flush mining era, grapes and other fruit commanded, at times, fabulous prices. Those who had bearing vineyards in Los Angeles at that period had a better thing than a gold mine or than oil wells.

Mr. Boyle was a valuable member of the City Council several years during the '60's. Mr. Boyle and Mr. George Dalton were the only members who, on the final vote, cast their ballots against the thirty years lease of the city's domestic water system to a private company. Mr. Boyle made a strong minority committee report against said lease, which we can now see, as we look back, was a prophetic document. If the city had followed Mr. Boyle's advice it would have saved millions of dollars and no end of vexatious and costly litigation.

Mr. Boyle was of a very genial, social nature, and all who visited his hospitable home were cordially received and entertained. I have only pleasant memories of my visits to the Boyle mansion during the lifetime of its former owner—as so many others in later years have of their visits to the present hospitable owners.

Down to the time of the death of Mr. Boyle, there were but few houses on the east side of the river, either in that beautiful suburb now known as "Boyle Heights" or in "East Los Angeles." Mr. Clemente lived on the flat near the river; the old John Behn place was south of Mr. Boyle, and the Bors mill and the Julian Chaves and Elijah Moulton places were further up the river, on the east side.

Perhaps I should add that General Garay, the savior of Mr. Boyle's life at Goliad, had been educated in the United States and that he spoke English perfectly, and that he keenly regretted the barbarous butchery of the disarmed Texans at Goliad, which, as he afterward told Mr. Boyle, would ever be looked upon as a blot and a disgrace on the Mexican name.

EL CANON PERDIDO

BY J. M. GUINN.

The stranger strolling through the city of Santa Barbara will be forcibly impressed by the Spanish nomenclature of its streets. The famous men of the Spanish and Mexican eras of California's history have been remembered in the naming of the highways and byways of the channel city. Sola, Victoria, Figueroa, Ortega, Carrillo, de La Guerra and many others have their streets. Nor alone have the famous men, but also famous and infamous deeds, too, have been immortalized in choice Castilian on the guide boards. Sandwiched in among the calles named for bygone heroes the stroller will find one street name that, if he is not up in his Spanish, will impress him with the unpleasant sensation as he reads its name,—Cañon Perdido,"—that he has entered upon the broad road that leads down to perdition cañon; and he will be on the qui vive for some tradition of the days of the padres or the story of uncanny orgies held in some lonely cañon by the Indian worshipper of Chupu, the channel god. If he should ask some Barbareño what the street's name means, he will be informed that its name in English is "Lost Cannon street"—for cañon is California Spanish for a gun or a gulch, and perdido may mean in Castilian simply "lost" or intensified—doomed to eternal perdition. Of the deed, the legend or the tradition that gave the calle its queer appellation, unless your informant is an old-timer, you will learn but little and that little perhaps may be incorrect.

The episode that the street name commemorates occurred away back in the closing years of the first half of the nineteenth century. In the winter of 1847-48, the American brig Elizabeth was wrecked on the Santa Barbara coast. Among the flotsam of the wreck was a brass cannon of uncertain caliber—it might have been a six, a nine or a twelve-pounder. The capacity of its bore is unknown. Nor is it pertinent to my story for the gun unloaded made more commotion in Santa Barbara than it ever did when it belched forth shot and shell in battle.

The gun, after its rescue from a watery grave, lay for some time on the beach devoid of a carriage and useless apparently for offense or defense.

One dark night in the ides of March a little squad of native Californians, possessed of a caretta and armed with riatas, stole down to the beach and loaded the gun on the cart, and dragging it to the estero, hid it in the sands. What their purpose was in stealing the gun no one knows. Perhaps they did not know themselves. It might come handy in a revolution. Or maybe they only intended to play a joke on the gringos. Whatever their object, the outcome of their prank must have astonished them. The flag of our country had been bobbing around in California for a year or more, but the constitution had not yet arrived. The laws of the land were military regulations, Mexican bandos and the Recopilacion de Indias. This conglomerate jurisprudence was administered by American martinets, Mexican alcaldes and native California ayuntamientos.

There was a company of Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers stationed at Santa Barbara under the command of a Captain Lippitt. Lippitt was a fussy, meddling martinet. He belonged to that class of men who always lose their heads in an emergency and make trouble for themselves and others. In the theft of the cannon he thought he had discovered a California revolution in its incipient stages and determined to crush it in its infancy. He sent post haste, at a cost of \$400 to the government, couriers bearing dispatches to Governor Mason at Monterey, informing him of the prospective uprising of the natives and the possible destruction of the troops at Santa Barbara by the terrible gun that the enemy had stolen.

It was Lippitt's duty to have reported the theft to Col. Stevenson at Los Angeles, to whose regiment he belonged. But he hoped by reporting direct to the military governor of the territory to obtain greater credit for his display of military genius and promptitude in suppressing insurrections.

Col. Mason, relying on Captain Lippitt's report, and determining to give the natives a lesson that would teach them not to meddle with guns or revolutions, issued the following order:

Order No. 36.

Headquarters of the 10th Military Department,
Monterey, California, May 31, 1848.

A gun belonging to the wreck of the Elisabeth has been stolen from the beach at Santa Barbara, and ample time having been allowed for its citizens to discover and produce said gun, it is ordered that the town be laid under a contribution of \$500, assessed in the following manner:

First, a capitation tax of \$2.00 on all males over 20 years of age; the balance to be paid by the heads of families and property holders in the proportion of the value of their respective real and personal estate in the town of Santa Barbara and vicinity.

Second, Col. J. D. Stevenson, commander of the Southern Military District, will direct the appraisement of property and the assessment of the contribution, and will repair to Santa Barbara on or before the 25th of June next, when, if the missing gun is not produced, he will cause said contribution to be paid before July 1st. When the whole is collected he will turn it over to the acting Assistant Quartermaster of the post to be held for further orders.

Third, Should any person fail to pay his capitation, enough of his property will be seized and sold at public auction to realize the amount of the contribution due by him and the cost of sale.

By order of Colonel R. B. Mason.

WM. T. SHERMAN,
First. Lieut. 3rd Art. & A. A. Adj.-General.

The order was translated into Spanish and promulgated in Santa Barbara.

Then there was indignation in the old pueblo, and curses, not loud, but deep and withering in their bitterness, against the perfidious gringos. To be taxed for a cannon used in their own subjugation was bad enough, but to be charged with stealing it was an insult too grievous to be borne, and the loudest in their wail were the old-time American born residents of the town. Had not their New England ancestors gone to war with the mother country because of "taxation without representation?" and put British tea to steep in Boston harbor without the consent of its owners? And here on the western side of the continent they were confronted with that odious principle. Why should they be taxed? They had not a single representative among the cannon thieves.

Col. Stevenson ordered Lippitt to make out a roll of those subject to assessment. This order was issued June 15, and the Colonel left Los Angeles for Santa Barbara, arriving there June 23d. Immediately on his arrival he held an interview with Don Pablo de La Guerra, one of the most distinguished citizens of Santa Barbara, and a man highly respected by both the natives and the Americans.

Colonel Stevenson expressed his regret at the ridiculous course of Captain Lippitt. Don Pablo was very indignant at

the treatment of the citizens and expressed his fear that the enforcement of the assessment might result in an outbreak. After talking the matter over with Col. Stevenson, he became somewhat mollified, and asked the Colonel to make Santa Barbara his headquarters. He inquired about the brass band at Colonel Stevenson's headquarters and suggested that the Californians were very fond of music. Stevenson took the hint and sent for his band. The band arrived at Carpinteria on the afternoon of the 3d of July. The 4th had been fixed upon as the day for the payment of the fines, doubtless with the idea of giving the Californians a lesson in American patriotism and fair dealing. Colonel Stevenson met the leader of the band and arranged with him to serenade Don Pablo and his family with all the Spanish airs in the band's repertoire. The musicians stole quietly into town after night, reached the de La Guerra house and broke the stillness of the night with their best Spanish airs. The effect was magical. The family, who were at supper, rushed out as if a temblor had broken loose. Don Pablo was so delighted that he shed tears and hugged Colonel Stevenson in the most approved California style. The band serenaded all the dons of note in the old pueblo and tooted until long after midnight. Then started in next morning and kept it up until 10 o'clock, the hour set for each man to contribute his dos pesos to the common fund. By that time every hombre on the list was so filled with patriotism, wine and music that the greater portion of the fine was handed over without protest.

Don Pablo insisted that Colonel Stevenson should deliver a Fourth of July oration, all the same as they do in the United States of the North. So Stevenson orated and Stephen C. Foster translated it into Spanish. The day closed with a grand ball. The beauty and chivalry of Santa Barbara danced to the music of a gringo brass band and the brass cannon was forgotten for a time. But the memory of the city's ransom rankled and although an American band played Spanish airs, 'American injustice was still remembered. When the city's survey was made in 1850 the nomenclature of three streets kept the cañon episode green in the memory of the Barbareños,—Cañon Perdido (Lost Cannon street), Quinientos (Five Hundred street), and Mason street. It is needless to say that this last was not a favorite thoroughfare nor a very prominent one.

When the pueblo by legislative act blossomed into a ciudad, it became necessary to have a city seal. The municipal fathers pondered long over a design, and finally evolved this strange

device. In the center a cannon emblazoned, encircled with these word "Vale Qui-ni-entos Pesos"—"worth five hundred dollars." Or if you choose to give a Latin twist to the vale on the seal, it might mean, "Good-bye; five hundred dollars," which is the better interpretation, as the sequel to the story will show.

This seal was used from the incorporation of the city in 1850 to 1860, when another design was chosen.

After peace was declared, Colonel Mason sent the five hundred dollars to the Prefect of Santa Barbara, with instructions to use it in building a city jail. And although there was pressing need for a jail, no jail was built. The Prefect's needs were pressing, too. The City Council, after a lapse of four or five years, demanded that he should turn the money into the city treasury, but he replied that the money had been entrusted to him for a specific purpose, and he would trust no city treasury with it. Then the City Council instructed the District Attorney to begin legal proceedings against the ex-Prefect to recover the money. As the Judge of Santa Barbara was a relative of the ex-Prefect, the suit was transferred to San Francisco. The papers in the case were unaccountably lost and the trustee of the fund died insolvent. No new suit was ever begun, so it was indeed, Vale (farewell), five hundred dollars.

Ten years passed and the episode of the lost cannon was but the dimly remembered story of the olden time. The old gun reposed peacefully in its grave of sand, and those who had buried it there had forgotten the place of its interment. They had not dared to reveal the place where it was hid at the time when Mason stood up the city and compelled it to deliver, lest the gringo comandante in his wrath should stand them up before an adobe wall and shoot them full of holes. When peace came and the constitution had arrived to keep company with the flag, the shifting of the sands had so changed the contour of the beach that they could not locate the hidden gun.

One stormy night in December, 1858, the estero cut a new channel to the ocean. In the morning as some Barbareños were surveying the changes caused by the flood they saw the muzzle of a large gun protruding from the cut in the bank. They unearthed it, cleaned off the sand and discovered that it was El Cañon Perdido—the lost cannon. They loaded it on a cart and hauled it up State street to de La Guerra, where they mounted it on an improvised gun carriage and held a jubilation over it. But the sight of it was a reminder to the Barbareños of an unpleasant incident, and as the finders, claiming to be keepers, de-

manded the gun, it was adjudged to belong to them. They sold it to a merchant for \$80. He shipped it to San Francisco and sold it at a handsome profit for old brass. And then it was Vale (farewell) Cañon Perdido!

The names of the five men who buried the gun were José Garcia, José Antonio de La Guerra, José Lugo, José Dolores Garcia and Pacifico Cota.

It was currently reported that the Prefect, believing that Santa Barbara deserved a handsomer and more commodious jail than \$500 would build, risked the whole amount of the military contribution on a card in a game of monte, hoping to double it and thus benefit the city, but luck was against him, and the dealer, with no patriotism in his soul, refusing to return it, raked the coin into his coffers; and the municipality had to worry along several years without a jail.

Such is the true story of how Calle del Cañon Perdido—the Street of the Lost Cannon—came by its queer name.

SOME OLD LETTERS

The first letter published below was written by Dr. John Marsh, a native of Massachusetts, the first American physician to locate in Los Angeles. Dr. Marsh was a graduate of Harvard College and also of its medical school. He came to California in 1835 from Santa Fé, where he had lived several years. He petitioned the Ayuntamiento to be allowed to practice medicine. He was given permission. The proceedings of the Illustrious Ayuntamiento for February 25, 1836, read: "The Illustrious Body decided to give Juan Marchet (Marsh) permission to practice medicine, as he has submitted for inspection his diploma, which was found to be correct; and also for the reason that he would be very useful to the community."

He entered upon the practice of his profession, but as money was an almost unknown quantity in the old pueblo, he had to take his fees in horses, cattle and hides, a currency exceedingly inconvenient to carry around. So early in 1837 he abandoned the practice of medicine, quitted Los Angeles and went up north to find a cattle range. Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, at the time the letter was written contained two houses. He located on the Rancho Los Médanos, near Monte Diablo, where he lived until he was murdered by a Mexican in 1856. A letter written by him descriptive of California, and published in a Missouri paper in 1840, was instrumental in causing the organization in the spring of 1841 of the first immigrant train that crossed the plains to California.

J. M. GUINN.

YERBA BUENA, March 27, 1837.

Dear Sir:—I have been wandering about the country for several weeks and gradually becoming acquainted both with it and its inhabitants. This is the best part of the country, as you very well know, and is in fact the only part that is at all adapted to agriculturists from our country. Nothing more is wanted but just and equal laws and a government—yes, any government that can be permanent and combine the confidence and good will of those who think. I have good hope, but not unmixed with doubt and apprehension. News has just arrived that an army from Sonora is on its march for the conquest and plunder of California. Its force is variously stated from two to 600 men. This, of course, keeps everything in a foment.

I have had a choice of two districts of land offered to me, and in a few days I shall take one or the other. A brig of the H. B. Co. (Hudson Bay Co.) is here from the Columbia with Capt. Young (who has come to buy cattle) and other gentlemen of the company. I have been at the head waters of the Sacramento and met with near a hundred people from the Columbia; in fact, they and the people here regard each other as neighbors. Indeed, a kinder spirit exists here and less of prejudice and distrust to foreigners than in the purlieus of the City of Angels.

It is my intention to undergo the ceremony of baptism in a few days, and shall shortly need the certificate of my application for letters of naturalization. My application was made to the Most Illustrious Council of the City of Angeles, I think in the month of January last year (1836). I wish you would do me the favor to obtain a certificate in the requisite form and direct it to me at Monterey to the care of Mr. Spence. Mr. Spear is about to remove to this place. Capt. Steele's ship has been damaged and is undergoing repairs which will soon be completed. His barque is also here. I expect to be in the Angelic City some time in May.

Please give my respects to Messrs. Warner and William M. Prior and all "enquiring friends."

Very respectfully,

Your ob't. servant,

JOHN MARSH.

A. Stearns, Esq., Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, September 29, 1849.

To His Excellency, B. Riley, Brig.-Gen., U. S. A., Governor of California, Monterey—

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your appointment of myself as Prefect of the District of Los Angeles, dated Sept. 1, 1849. While thankful for confidence reposed in me, I trust my poor services may prove acceptable to all concerned.

As Prefect of said District of Los Angeles I beg leave to state that this district is particularly exposed to the depredations of Indian horse thieves—and other evil disposed persons, and at present the inhabitants are badly armed and powder cannot be obtained at any price. Under these circumstances I would respectfully request that you place at my disposal for the defense of the lives and property of the citizens of said district, subject

to such conditions as you may deem proper, the following arms and ammunition, viz.:

One hundred flint lock muskets with corresponding accoutrements; ten thousand flint lock ball and buckshot cartridges; five hundred musket flints.

Respectfully your ob't, serv't.,

STEPHEN C. FOSTER,
Prefect, Los Angeles.

THE PALOMARES FAMILY OF CALIFORNIA

BY H. D. BARROWS.

The ancestor of all the Palomares of Alta California was Cristobal Palomares, a native of Spain, who came to Alamo, Mexico, with his father. From there Cristobal came as a soldier to Monterey in the early part of this century.

A daughter of this patriarch, the venerable Doña Josefa Palomares de Arenas, now 85 years of age, is still (March, 1900) a resident of this city. From her I have lately obtained interesting data relating to the family, which is numerous, under the same and other names, both here and in Santa Clara county; and also concerning her somewhat romantic life.

Cristobal Palomares was married in Monterey to Benedita Sainz. Afterwards he moved to Santa Barbara, and later to Los Angeles, where he resided till his death.

The following is a list of the children of Cristobal Palomares, and of the persons to whom they were married, as given me by Doña Josefa: (1) Barbara, married P. Alvarado; (2) Concepcion married Antonio Lopez; (3) Rosaria, married Bernardo Higueria; (4) Dolores, married Jose Ramirez; (5) Estefana, married Yg. Machado; (6) Josefa (still living), married first to José M. Abila, and second to Luis Arenas; (7) Pilar, died young; (8) Maria de Jesus, married F. Figueroa; (9) Ygnacio, married Concepcion Lopes; (10) Francisco, married Margarita Pacheco; (11) Luis; (12) Cristobal, born 1836.

Ygnacio, who lived many years on his rancho, San José, which included the site of the present town of Pomona, and who died there in '82, was one of Doña Josefa's brothers. He was also grantee of Azusa rancho.

Doña Josefa, who is a native of Los Angeles, was born in 1815. She was married when 15 years of age to José Maria Abila (who in 1825 was Alcalde of Los Angeles), the chivalrous young Californian whom Prof. Polley has not inaptly called a modern "Alcibiades," and who was killed in the encounter between the forces of San Diego and Los Angeles with Gov. Victoria at Cahuenga in 1831, when, at the same time, Captain Romualdo Pacheco (father of Gov. Romualdo Pacheco), was also

killed, both good and valuable citizens. The people of this part of the territory, feeling that they had abundant cause to resist the oppressive acts of Victoria, had risen in rebellion; and, as a result of the hostile meeting at Cahuenga, Gov. Victoria was driven out of the country.

Señora Palomares de Arenas retains a very vivid remembrance of the exciting events of that day, nearly 70 years ago, when she, then only 16 years of age, lost within a few hours, both her dashing, chivalrous husband, and her aged father; for her father was at the time very ill, and the shock he received from hearing, of the tragic end of his son-in-law, caused his own death the same day.

Shortly, or two or three months after their death, the bereaved young widow gave birth to a posthumous child.

Gov. Victoria was seriously wounded at Cahuenga and he retired to San Gabriel, where he voluntarily resigned his office and left the country, and his tyrannical administration of the affairs of the territory came to an end; and thus, the revolution was successful, Pio Pico becoming Victoria's successor.

Four years after the death of Señora Abila's first husband, she married Luis Arenas.

The children of this second marriage are: Josefa, married to J. M. Miller; Amparo, married to L. Schiappa Pietra; Luisa, married to L. Stanchfield; Amelia, married to Charles Ross.

Although Mrs. Abila-Arenas from advanced age is quite infirm, as is natural, she is still a fine looking woman. She retains the clear use of her mental faculties; her reminiscences of the olden times of fifty, sixty and seventy years ago are exceedingly interesting.

SISTER SCHOLASTICA

BY W. H. WORKMAN.

I am to speak you tonight of Sister Scholastica Logsdon, a pioneer of Los Angeles, who, at the age of 88, died, at the Los Angeles Orphan Asylum, on September 3rd of this year. Of her long life, Sister Scholastica had spent 47 years in the city of Los Angeles.

The life of Sister Scholastica was a retired one, but her days and nights were filled with a noble devotion to the cause of humanity. Her name did not appear in public periodicals, her deeds were unrecorded, she cared not for worldly fame, but the good work she did, so quietly and unostentatiously is living to-day in the lives of countless women of Southern California and radiating from their lives to the lives of their children and their children's children. It is just, and it is good, that some one who knew her, speak of her now that she is gone, for the lives of noble men and women have a mighty influence on the lives of all. In our age of selfishness it is good to dwell upon the life of one who labored always for others, who, without material recompense or even a desire for such reward, gave freely and lovingly of her best effort for the cause of the orphan and the helpless, and for the education of the young.

Sister Scholastica was born in Maryland in the March of 1814. In her girlhood she was associated with the family of our late honored Pioneer, Hon. J. De Barth Shorb. In August of 1839, she became a member of the great order of Sisters of Charity, who in every part of the civilized and uncivilized world, carry on the work of devotion to the helpless, so characteristic of their society. Well did Sister Scholastica exemplify in her life the ideals of her order. She labored first in Mississippi, was called thence to important offices of trust in the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, Maryland, and was in 1855 named leader of a band of six Sisters who were appointed to carry their gentle ministrations to far distant and newly inhabited California.

It required a brave and faithful spirit to undertake this work, and Sister Scholastica, Sister Ann and their associates were well

chosen. Every Pioneer knows how far away California seemed in those days when no railway stretched connecting bands of steel across the great American continent; when one heard strange and vague reports of the primitive life of the far West; when "Prairie Schooners" led one through the terrors of Indian attack "across the plains," or a long voyage by steamer brought one a wearisome journey via the Isthmus of Panama. I repeat, it required a staunch heart to venture into this unknown world, and, above all, it required a courage inspired by the faith of Sister Scholastica, for women to undertake this journey that they might minister to those in need. All honor to the noble women Pioneers of California!

Sister Scholastica and her companions reached San Francisco on the steamer *Sea Bird* in January, 1856. By January 6th, they had arrived at San Pedro. General Banning's celebrated stage conveyed them to Los Angeles, the scene of their future life work. Don Ignacio Del Valle, father of our Senator Del Valle, with characteristic hospitality, gave the Sisters shelter until a home had been secured for them at the corner of Alameda and Macy streets. In this home the Sisters lived for many years. The property, on which was a small frame house, was bought from Hon. B. D. Wilson. The house, familiar to all of you, had been brought in sections from New York via Cape Horn. The sections were all marked to facilitate reconstruction, but alas! there was no one in Los Angeles who could be engaged by Mr. Wilson to join together that which had been put asunder, for in those days, adobes were more popular than frame buildings. A carpenter was brought from the East and the house at last completed. As I said, it was this house which afterward became the home of the Sisters. Soon the Sisters gathered about them the orphans who have always been their special care. In connection with their Asylum, they had a school for children and young ladies and in this school it was that so many of the prominent and worthy mothers and grandmothers of Southern California received their education.

The people of Los Angeles welcomed the Sisters, and, regardless of religious differences, gave them cordial assistance. Gentle Sister Scholastica and genial Sister Ann were everybody's friends and to this day are not forgotten, even by those who have not seen them for many years. To need their help was the only ticket of admission to their sympathy; color, race, or creed did not enter at all into the consideration.

They always delighted to tell of how generous the people were when they held their Fairs in the old Perry and Woodworth building or in the old Stearns' hall in the Arcadia block, and how they received most valuable aid from Jewish and Protestant, as well as from Catholic women. There were important considerations to decide the date of a Fair. It could not be held except on "Steamer day," as there was no ice save that which came from San Francisco, and it could not be held except at the right time of moon as no one cared to grope about the streets in Egyptian darkness. In spite of all, the generous women of Los Angeles aided the Sisters in their work, and the Sisters of Charity do not forget their friends.

In 1889, on the 50th anniversary of Sister Scholastica's life as a Sister of Charity, many of her friends gave her, as a substantial tribute of their esteem and love, the gift of a purse of \$3,000, which she at once devoted to the building fund for the erection of a new and more commodious home for the rapidly increasing number of orphans. On the 9th of February, 1890, was laid the corner stone of the magnificent Orphanage now overlooking the city. When the home was completed, the Sisters moved thither, and here it was, surrounded by a family of nearly four hundred orphans, that Sister Scholastica, whose life was all gentleness and peace even in the midst of trials, folded her willing hands in her last long sleep. She had labored long and with steadfast purpose, each day found her the same, faithful in all things, ever kind, ever courageous. When her body failed through age, she, whose life had been so pure and undeviating, knew no physical ailment. She was just tired, she said, and uncomplainingly bore the gradual ebbing of her strength. Of the band whose leader she was, but two survive her, Sister Ann, now at Emmitsburg, and Sisters Angelita, at present in El Paso, Texas.

Sister Scholastica's eulogy I cannot pronounce, for that can be justly given only where she now receives her "hundred fold."

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

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PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and to perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the country ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion

of Alta California, to wit: the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

BY-LAWS

MEMBERSHIP.

[Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901.]

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birth-place, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until the next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect any member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he

shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be

held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. Special meetings may be called by the president or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

Reading minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of new members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addressés, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.

REMINISCENCES: MY FIRST PROCESSION IN LOS ANGELES, MARCH 16, 1847

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Read before Historical Society, 1887. Read before Pioneer Society, 1902.)

The writer has witnessed forty celebrations of the 4th of July in this city, commencing with 1847, when he read the Declaration of Independence on Fort Hill, in Spanish, for the information of our newly-made fellow-citizens, who spoke only the Castilian tongue. As I marched in the procession the other day (July 4, 1887), I recalled the appearance of the city when I first knew it, so widely different from the present.

The outbreak of the Mexican War (May, 1846) found the writer at Oposura, Sonora, which place he reached December, 1845 on his way to California, by the way of Santa Fe and El Paso, from Missouri. The first news we had of the war was of the capture of Capt. Thornton's command of U. S. Dragoons by the Mexican cavalry, on the Rio Grande, and the people rang the bells for joy. But shortly after, we got the news of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and they did not ring the bells then.

In June, 1846, arrived at Oposura, a small party of Americans headed by James Kennedy, a machinist from Lowell, Mass., who with his wife had come around Cape Horn, three years before, to the cotton manufactory at Horcasitas, Sonora; the husband to superintend the machinery, and the wife to teach the Mexican girls the management of the looms and spindles. As there was no chance to leave by sea, Kennedy had made up a party to see him safe through the Apache range to Santa Fe, where he expected to secure passage in the traders' wagons across the plains to Missouri, and I accompanied him; and after a hard, hot trip, we reached Santa Fe safely in July.

'August 18, 1846, I witnessed the entry of the American army, under General Kearney, into Santa Fe.

In 1845, the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo, Ill., and, under the leadership of Brigham Young, took up their march

westwardly. Their first intention was to reach California, then occupied by a sparse Mexican population and a few hundred American emigrants. They stopped one season at Council Bluffs, to raise a crop and procure means for further progress. When the call was made for volunteers in Missouri, for service in New Mexico and California, none were willing to enlist as infantry, to make such long marches afoot, and Capt. James Allen, of the First U. S. Dragoons, was sent to Council Bluffs to try and raise a battalion of infantry, enlisted for twelve months, to be discharged in California. The order was given by Brigham, and within forty-eight hours five full companies (500 men) were raised and on their march to Fort Leavenworth. The conditions were, that they were to choose their company officers, but were to be commanded by an officer of the regular army, and were to receive army clothing at Fort Leavenworth. The Missouri troops furnished their own clothing, for which the Government paid each man \$29.50 a year.

So they started on their long march with their poorest clothing. When they reached the Fort they learned that the steamboat bringing their clothing and percussion muskets had been snagged in the Missouri, and everything was lost. Their commander, Capt. Allen, was taken sick and died. He had their confidence, and they objected to serving under another commander, and to start for California without the promised clothing; but the order was imperative to march, and the clothing could not be replaced in less than a month. So they sent to Brigham for advice, and he ordered them to push on, even if they had to reach California barefooted and in their shirt-tails. So, flint-lock muskets, of the pattern of 1820, were furnished them, and they reached Santa Fe under the command of Lieut. A. J. Smith, of the First Dragoons—the Maj. Gen. A. J. Smith of the Civil War. On their arrival at Santa Fe, Gen. Kearney ordered Capt. Cooke, of the 1st Dragoons, to command them, and Lieut. Smith went with them to California, to rejoin his company which had started a month before with Gen. Kearney. Lieut. (now Gov.) Stoneman, who had just graduated at West Point, also went with them.

Gen. Kearney had started with six companies of dragoons, but on the Rio Grande he met Kit Carson with dispatches for Washington, from Com. Stockton, announcing that California had been taken possession of, without resistance. So Kearney only took two companies, mounted on mules, with pack mules to convey their provisions, by way of the Gila River.

At Santa Fe mules were scarce, and money scarcer with the quartermaster, who also had to provide transportation for the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Doniphan, then starting on their famous march through Northern Mexico to Camargo, where their period of enlistment expired. But seventeen 6-mule teams, hauling sixty days' rations, could be spared for Cooke's command, and no wagon had ever crossed from the Rio Grande to California; so, a road had to be found and made as they went, after leaving the Rio Grande.

Kit Carson had accompanied Kearney as guide, and Pauline Weaver, the pioneer of Arizona, who had come with Carson from California, awaited Cooke. Five new Mexican guides were hired, all under command of Joaquin Leroux, an old trapper, who had trapped on every stream from the Yellowstone to the Gila.

I was then clerking in a store, waiting for something to turn up, when I was informed that an interpreter was wanted to accompany Cooke to California, and I went to Capt. McCusick, the quartermaster, with my recommendations. Enoch Barnes, who was killed in a drunken brawl at the Ballona, in this county, some twenty years ago, who drove a wagon across the plains in 1845, in the same caravan as myself, was also an applicant. McCusick was a prompt, stern man, and the competitive examination of the Yale graduate and the Missouri mule-whacker was short, and turned on transportation and money. I had a good mule, rifle and blanket, and as to money, I could wait until Uncle Sam was able to pay me, as long as my wages were running on and I got my rations. Barnes was just off a spree, in which he had drank and gambled off all his money, and pawned his rifle, and it would have cost \$100 to fit him out. So I won the appointment, and the contract was quickly drawn, that for \$75 a month and rations I was to serve as interpreter to California, furnish my own animal, clothing and arms. The contract was made October, 1846, and I served under it until May 17th, 1849, when the people of Los Angeles selected their Ayuntamiento, and the garrison evacuated the place, and the last seventeen months of my term I also acted as 1st Alcalde of the district of Los Angeles, without any extra compensation. On leaving the Rio Grande, I volunteered to join the guides, as there was nothing for me to do in camp, and we did not expect to pass through any Mexican settlements until we reached the Pima villages, on the Gila. Leroux's party, ten in number, started ahead, with six days' rations, on our riding animals, to

find a practicable route for wagons, and wood, and water, at such intervals as infantry could march—fifteen to twenty miles a day, in one case forty miles, between camps; one man to be sent back from each watering place to guide the command until our rations were expended, and then all to return to the command. We thus found our way by the Guadalupe Canyon and San Pedro River to Tucson, from which place there was a trail to the Pima villages, and from there to California. Weaver had just come over the road, and there was no difficulty in finding our way. We ate our last flour, bacon, sugar and coffee by January 14th, 1847, on the desert, between the Colorado and Warner's Pass. A supply of beef cattle met us at Carrizo Creek, on the west side of the desert, and we lived on beef alone until April, 1847, when supplies, brought from New York on the ships that brought Col. Stevenson's regiment, reached us at Los Angeles. At Gila Bend, we met two Mexicans, who told us of the outbreak that took place in Los Angeles, September, 1846; and at Indian Wells, on the desert, we met Leroux, who, with most of the guides, had been sent ahead from Gila Bend, to get assistance from the San Luis Indians, who had declared for the Americans, and held all the *ranchos* on the frontier; and he brought the news that Stockton and Kearney had marched from San Diego to retake Los Angeles. We pushed on by forced marches toward Los Angeles, and at Temecula received a letter, stating that Los Angeles was taken, that Kearney and Stockton had quarrelled about who was to command, and that Kearney had returned with his dragoons to San Diego, to which place we were ordered to proceed. Arriving there, together with the dragoons, we were ordered to San Luis Rey, where, from the Rancho of Santa Margarita, we procured beef, soap and candles, the only articles of rations the country could furnish. In a few days, fifty of the men were attacked with dysentery, and the surgeon said breadstuff of any kind would be of more use to check the disease than all his medicine. So the commissary and myself were ordered to Los Angeles, to try and get some flour. We found the town garrisoned by Fremont's Battalion, about 400 strong. They, too, had nothing but beef served out to them, but as the people had corn and beans for their own use, and by happening around at the houses about meal-time, they could occasionally get a square meal of tortillas y frijoles. Here we met Louis Roubideau, of the Jurupa Ranch, who said he could spare us some 2,000 or 3,000 pounds of wheat, which we could grind at a little mill he had

on the Santa Ana River. So, on our return, two wagons were sent to Jurupa, and they brought 1,700 pounds of unbolted wheat flour and two sacks of beans, a small supply for 400 men. I then messed with one of the captains, and we all agreed that it was the sweetest bread we ever tasted.

March 12th, 1847, we received important news in six weeks from Washington, overland. Stockton and Kearney had been relieved, and ordered East, and Com. Shubrick and Col. R. B. Mason were to take their places, and the military to command on land, and what was of far more interest to us, that Stevenson's ships were daily expected at San Francisco, and that we should soon have bread, sugar and coffee again, and we were ordered to Los Angeles to relieve Fremont's Battalion. So, with beautiful weather, and in the best of spirits, we began our march to the city of the Angels. Our last day's march was only ten miles, and we camped on the San Gabriel, at the Pico crossing, early, and all hands were soon busy preparing for the grand entree on the morrow. Those who had a shirt—and they were a minority—could be seen washing them, some bathing, some mending their ragged clothes, and as there was plenty of sand, all scouring their muskets till they shone again. We made an early start the next morning, and when we forded the Los Angeles River, at Old Aliso, now Macey street, there was not a single straggler behind. The order of march was, the dragoons in front. They had left Missouri before receiving their annual supply of clothing, and they presented a most dilapidated appearance, but their tattered caps and jackets gave them a somewhat soldierly appearance. They had burned their saddles and bridles after the fight at San Pascual, but a full supply of horses to remount them had been purchased of the late Don Juan Forster, and all the Mexican saddlers and blacksmiths in the country had been kept busy making saddles, bridles and spurs for them. Their officers were Capt. A. J. Smith, 1st Lieut. J. B. Davidson, 2nd Lieut. George Stoneman; then came four companies of the Iowa Infantry, Company B having been left to garrison San Diego. In all we numbered 300 muskets and 80 sabres. The line of march was by Aliso and Arcadia streets, to Main, and down Main to the Government House, where the St. Charles now stands, where the dragoons dismounted and took up their quarters. The infantry turned out of Main street past the house of John Temple, now Downey Block, and pitched their tents in the rear, where they remained until they were mustered out, June, 1847.

I have described the appearance of the dragoons, but cannot do justice to the infantry, only by saying it was Falstaff's ragged company multiplied by ten. The officers had managed to have each a decent suit of clothes, but they brought out in stronger contrast the rags of the rank and file. On Los Angeles street were some 300 or 400 Indians, the laborers in the vineyards, who had taken a holiday to witness our entry, while a group of about 100 women, with their heads covered by their rebosos, who had met at the funeral of the mother of the late Don Tomas Sanchez, ex-Sheriff of the county, stood looking at the ragged gringos as they marched by. On Main street were some thirty or forty Californians, well dressed in their short jackets and breeches with silver buttons, open at the sides showing the snow-white linen beneath. I noticed they looked with most interest at the dragoons, so many of whose comrades had fallen before their lances at San Pascual that cold December morning, and lay buried in that long grave, or lay groaning in the hospital at San Diego. We had no waving flags, but waving rags, and many a one; nor brass bands, only a solitary snare drum and fife, played by a tall Vermont fifer, and a stout, rosy-cheeked English drummer; and they struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" as we passed the Government House, and kept it up until orders were given to break ranks and stack arms. And then came a loud hurrah from all that ragged soldiery. Their long and weary march over mountains, plain and desert, of 2,200 miles, was over.

I will now describe two individuals who marched in that procession. One is the writer. 'Tis nearly forty years ago, and I was a younger and a better-looking man than I am now. I had left Santa Fe with only the clothes on my back, and a single change of under-clothing. I had been paid off at San Lus Rey, and had \$200 in my pocket, and I tried to find some clothing in Los Angeles on my first visit, but could find none. So, I rode to San Diego, and through the kindness of a friendly man-of-war's man I got a sailor's blue blouse, a pair of marine's pants and brogans, for which I paid \$20. My place in the column, as interpreter, was with the colonel, at the head, and I rode with my rifle slung across the saddle, powder-horn and bullet-pouch slung about my shoulders. My beard rivaled in length that of the old colonel by whose side I rode, but mine was as black as the raven's wing, and his was as grey as mine is now. But if I was not the best-looking, nor the best-dressed man, I was the best-mounted man on Main street that day.

When the horses were delivered for the dragoons, a young man named Ortega, a nephew of Don Pio Pico, rode an iron grey horse, with flowing mane and tail, and splendid action. I tried to buy him for the colonel, but he would not sell him. The day we left San Luis, I had mounted my mule, and was chatting with Ortega, admiring his horse, when he offered to sell him, and I could fix the price. I gave him \$25. The dragoon horses cost \$20 each. A few days after my arrival in this city, Lieut. Stoneman was ordered to scout with a party of dragoons towards San Bernardino, to look out for Indian horse thieves, and I sold the horse to him; and well the Governor remembers the gallant grey that bore him on many a long and weary scout.

I have thus described my appearance at my first public entry into this city, from no spirit of egotism, but only to give my fellow-citizens some idea of the appearance of the former Alcalde, Prefect, Mayor and Senator of Los Angeles.

But the most conspicuous man on Main street that day was of a different type. On our march, December, 1846, we were moving from the Black Water, just south of the present Mexican line, towards the San Pedro River. The snow was falling steadily, but it was not very cold. Our order of march was, with an advance guard of twenty men, and twenty pioneers with pick-axe and shovel, commanded by Capt. A. J. Smith, to remove any obstruction to our wagons. I was riding that day, with the colonel and surgeon, when we overtook the advance guard. The pioneers had been cutting down some mesquite trees that obstructed our way, and had just finished as we overtook them. Their officer gave the order "fall in, shoulder arms," and they formed in ranks of four, so that for about fifty yards we could not turn out to pass them. The right-hand man in the rear rank was at least six and a quarter feet tall. The crown of his hat was gone, and a shock of sandy hair, powdered by the falling snow, stuck out above the dilapidated rim, while a huge beard of the same color swept his breast. His upper garment had been a citizen's swallow-tailed coat, buttoned by a single button over his naked chest, but one of the tails had been cut off and sttched to his waistband, where it would do the most good, for decency's sake, and an old pair of No. 12 brogans, encased with rawhide, protected his feet. The right sleeve of the coat was gone, and his arm was bare from wrist to elbow, and, by way of uniform, the left leg of the pants was gone, leaving the leg bare from knee to ankle. His

underclothing had long since disappeared. But the way he marched and shouldered his musket, showed the drilled and veteran soldier. That ragged scarecrow had seen fifteen years' service in the British army, from the snows of Canada to the jungles of Burmah. The contrast between the soldierly bearing of the man and his dilapidated dress brought a smile to every face. After we had passed, the colonel pulled his long grey mustache, and said, "I never thought, when I left West Point, that I should ever command such a set of ragamuffins as these. But, poor fellows, it is not their fault; and better material for soldiers I never commanded." And that day, when I sat on my horse, where Ducommun's Block now rears its tall front, to see my old comrades march by, in the front rank of Company A, with cadenced step and martial mien, as he had marched in his younger days to the martial music of the regimental band, dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British grenadier, strode the old ragged veteran.

SOME ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS OF EARLY LOS ANGELES

BY J. M. GUINN.

The early years in the history of the new towns of the West were productive of eccentric characters—men who drifted in from older civilizations and made a name for themselves or rather, as it frequently happened, had a name made for them by their fellow men.

These local celebrities gained notoriety in their new homes by their oddities, by their fads, their crankiness, or some other characteristic that made them the subject of remark. With some the eccentricity was natural; with others it was cultivated, and yet again with others force of circumstances or some event not of their own choosing made them cranks or oddities, and gave them nick-names that stuck to them closer than a brother.

No country in the world was more productive of quaint characters and odd geniuses than the mining camps of early California. A man's history began with his advent in the camp. His past was wiped out—was ancient history, not worth making a note of. What is he now? What is he good for? were the vital questions. Even his name was sometimes wiped out, and he was re-christened—given some cognomen entirely foreign to his well-known characteristics. It was the Irony of Fate that stood sponsor at his baptism. "Pious Pete" was the most profane man in the camp, and Pete was not his front name. His profanity was so profuse, so impressive, that it seemed an invocation, almost a prayer.

Deacon Sturgis was a professional gambler of malodorous reputation, but of such a solemn face and dignified mien that he often deceived the very elect. Sometimes these nick-names were utilized in advertising. I recollect a sign over a livery stable in the early mining days of Idaho, which informed the public that the Pioneer Stables were kept by Jews Harp Jack and Web-Foot Haley. On one corner of the sign was painted an immense jews-harp; on another corner was a massive foot with webs between the toes. Haley came from Oregon, and

as the legend goes, on account of the incessant rains in the big Willamette Valley the inhabitants there, from paddling around in the water, grow webs between their toes. Haley brought his nick-name and his webs with him. How Jews Harp Jack picked up his name I do not know. In a residence of several years there I never heard any other name for the man.

My first mining partner was known as Friday. Not one in fifty of his acquaintance knew that his real name was William Geddes. Years before in California he had owned in a claim with a man named Robinson. Robinson was a man of many expedients and make-shifts. Geddes was an imitator or echo of his partner. The miners dubbed the first "Robinson Crusoe" and the other "My Man Friday," a name that followed him through a dozen mining camps, and over two thousand miles of territory. If he is still living I doubt whether he has outlived that nick-name.

Bret Harte, in his "Outcasts of Poker Flat," has, in John Oakhurst, pictured the refined and intelligent gambler. There were very few of that class in the mines, and none that carried around such an elegant and aristocratic name as Oakhurst. In the Idaho mines, where I was initiated into placer mining, the professionals of the pasteboard fraternity, who were mostly old Californians, had all been re-christened by their constituents or patrons, and the new cognomen given each was usually more expressive than elegant. Vinegar Bill, Cross Roads Jack, Snapping Andy and Short-Card Pete are short-cut names of real characters, who passed in their checks years ago; i. e., died with their boots on. Each nick-name recalls some eccentricity not complimentary to the bearer, but which he had to bear without wincing. It was one way in which their victimized patrons tried to get even on the deal.

There was another class of eccentricities in the cities and towns of California where life was less strenuous than in the mining camps. These were men with whims or fads sometimes sensible, sometimes half-insane, to which they devoted themselves until they became noted as notorious cranks.

San Francisco had its Philosopher Pickett, its Emperor Norton and a host of others of like ilk. Los Angeles had representatives of this class in its early days, but unfortunately the memory of but few of them has been salted down in the brine of history.

In delving recently among the rubbish of the past for scraps of history, I came across a review of the first book printed in

Los Angeles—the name of the book, its author and its publisher. But for that review, these would have been lost to fame.

It is not probable that a copy of the book exists, and possibly no reader of that book is alive today—not that the book was fatal to its readers; it had very few—but the readers were fatal to the book; they did not preserve it. That book was the product of an eccentric character. Some of you knew him. His name was William Money, but he preferred to have the accent placed on the last syllable, and was known as Money'. Bancroft says of him: "A Scotchman, the date and manner of whose coming are not known, was at Los Angeles in 1843." I find from the old archives he was here as early as 1841. In the winter of 1841-42 he made repairs on the Plaza Church to the amount of \$126.00. Bancroft, in his Pioneer Register, states: "He is said to have come as the servant of a scientific man, whose methods and ideas he adopted. His wife was a handsome Sonoreña. In '46 the couple started for Sonora with Coronel, and were captured by Kearny's force. They returned from the Colorado with the Mormon battalion. Money became an eccentric doctor, artist and philosopher at San Gabriel, where his house, in 1880, was filled with ponderous tomes of his writings, and on the simple condition of buying \$1,000 worth of these I was offered his pioneer reminiscences. He died a few years later. His wife, long divorced from him, married a Frenchman. She was also living at Los Angeles in '80. It was her daughter who killed Chico Forster."

Bancroft fails to enumerate all of Money's titles. He was variously called Professor Money, Dr. Money and Bishop Money. He was a self-constituted doctor, and a self-anointed bishop. He aspired to found a great religious sect. He made his own creed and ordained himself Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Reformed New Testament Church of the Faith of Jesus Christ. Dr. Money had the inherent love of a Scotchman for theological discussion. He was always ready to attack a religious dogma or assail a creed. When not discussing theological questions or practicing medicines, he dabbled in science and made discoveries.

In Book II of Miscellaneous Records of Los Angeles County, is a map or picture of a globe labeled, Wm. Money's Discovery of the Ocean. Around the North Pole are a number of convolving lines which purport to represent a "whirling ocean." Passing down from the north pole to the south, like

the vertebrae of a great fish, is a subterranean ocean. Beyond this on each side are the exhaustless fiery regions, and outside of this a rocky mountain chain that evidently keeps the earth from bursting. At the South Pole gush out two currents a mile wide marked the Kuro Siwo. There is no explanation of the discovery and no statement of which ocean, the whirling or the subterranean, that Dr. Money claimed to have discovered. The record was made no doubt on the principle of protecting his discovery by a sort of patent right on the ocean he found swirling around in the interior of the earth. The theory of his discovery can only be inferred from the drawing. Evidently a hole at the North Pole sucks in the waters of the whirling ocean, which pass down through the subterranean ocean and are heated by the exhaustless fiery regions which border that ocean; then these heated waters are spurted out into space at the South Pole. What becomes of them afterwards the records do not show. From some cause Dr. Money disliked the people of San Francisco. In his scientific researches he made the discovery that that part of the earth's crust on which that city stands was almost burnt through, and he prophesied that the crust would soon break and the City of the Bay would drop down into the exhaustless fiery regions and be wiped out like Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

The review of Dr. Money's book, which I have mentioned, was written by the genial Col. John O. Wheeler, then editor of the Southern Californian, a paper that died and was buried in the journalistic graveyard of unfelt wants, forty-eight years ago. Colonel Wheeler was a walking library of local history. He could tell a story well and had a fund of humorous ones, but I could never persuade him to write out his reminiscences for publication. He died, and his stories of the olden times died with him, just as so many of the old pioneers will do, die and leave no record behind them.

Dr. Money's book was written and published in 1854. Colonel Wheeler's review is quite lengthy, filling nearly two columns of the Californian. I omit a considerable portion of it. The review says: "We are in luck this week, having been the recipients of a very interesting literary production entitled, Reform of the New Testament Church, by Wm. Money, Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith of Jesus Christ.

"The volume by Professor Money comes to us bound in the beautiful coloring so much admired by the Woman in Scarlet

who sits upon seven hills, and is finely gotten up and executed at the Star office in this city. Its title denotes the general objects of the work which have been followed out in the peculiar style of the well-known author, and in the emphatic language of the Council General, Upper California, City of Los Angeles. "We pronounce it a work worthy of all dignified admiration, a reform which ecclesiastics and civil authorities have not been able to comply with yet."

The work opens with an original letter from the aforesaid Council General, which met August the 7th, 1854, near the main zanja in this city; said letter was indited, signed, sealed "by supplication of the small flock of Jesus Christ" represented by Ramon Tirado, president, and Francis Contreras, secretary, and directed with many tears to the great defender of the new faith, who, amid the quiet retreats with which the rural districts abound, had pensively dwelt on the noble objects of his mission, and, in fastings and prayer, concocted, this great work of his life."

"The venerable prelate, in an elaborate prefix to his work, informs the public that he was born, to the best of his recollection, about the year 1807, from which time up to the anniversary of his seventh year, his mother brought him up by hand. He says, by a singular circumstance (the particular circumstance is not mentioned), I was born with four teeth, and with the likeness of a rainbow in my right eye."

It would seem that his early youth was marked by more than ordinary capacity, as we find him at seven entering upon the study of natural history; how far he proceeded, or if he proceeded at all, is left for his readers to determine. At the age of twelve, poverty compelled him to "bind himself to a paper factory." Next year, being then thirteen years of age, having made a raise, he commenced the studies of philosophy, civil law, medicine, relation of cause and effect, philosophy of sound in a conch shell, peculiar habits of the muskrat, and the component parts of Swain's vermifuge. Thirsting for still further knowledge, four years afterwards we find him entering upon the study of theology; and as he says, "In this year (1829) I commenced my travels in foreign countries," and the succeeding year found him upon the shores of the United States, indefatigable in body and mind; the closing of the same year found him in Mexico, still following the sciences above mentioned, but theology in particular.

About this time he commenced those powerful discussions with the Romish clergy in which our author launched forth against the Old Church those terrible denunciations as effective as they were unanswerable, and which for thirty years he has been hurling against her.

Perhaps the most memorable of all his efforts was the occasion of the last arguments had with the Roman clergy concerning abuses which came off in the Council of Pitaquitos, a small town in Sonora, commencing on the 20th of October, 1835, and which continued to May 1st, 1840, a period of five years. This convocation had consumed much time in its preparation, and the clergy, aware of the powerful foe with whom they had to deal, and probable great length of time which would elapse, selected their most mighty champions; men, who in addition to a glib tongue and subtle imagination, were celebrated for their wonderful powers of endurance. There were seven skilled disputants arrayed against Money, but he vanquished them single-handed.

"The discussion opened on the following propositions: The Bishop of Culiacan and he of Durango disputed that Wm. Money believed that the Virgin Mary was the mother of Jesus, but not the mother of Christ. William Money makes his application to God, but not to the Virgin Mary."

These and other learned propositions were discussed and re-discussed constantly for five years, during which writing paper arose to such an enormous price that special enactments were made, withdrawing the duties thereon. Time would not admit of detailing the shadow of what transpired during the session.

Suffice it to say that through the indomitable faith and energy of Mr. Money, his seven opponents were entirely overcome; one sickened early in the second year and was constrained to take a voyage by sea; two others died of hemorrhage of the lungs; one went crazy; two became converted and left the council in the year 1838 and were found by Mr. Money on the breaking up of the council to have entered into connubial bonds, and were in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. The other two strenuously held out to the year 1840, when, exhausted, sick and dismayed, the council, in the language of the author, was broken up by offering me money to give up my sword, the Word of God, but I protested, saying, "God keep me from such treacherous men, and from becoming a traitor to my God."

"Thus ended this famous disputation of which history furnishes no parallel. From the foregoing our readers can form an idea of this great work. It forms a volume of twenty-two pages, printed in English and Spanish, with notes, etc.; price not yet determined. We would advise all to procure a copy, as there being no stereotype edition, the present few numbers will end the supply."

This strenuous review brought forth a vigorous protest from Dr. Money, and in the *Star*, over his many titles—Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith—he challenged the editor to a discussion, but, warned by the fate of the friars at Pitaquitos, the genial Colonel declined the combat.

Dr. Money seems to have considered his call to preach paramount to his call to practice. In a card to the public, published in the *Star* of November 3, 1855, he says: "I am sorry to inform the public that since the Reformed New Testament church has unanimously conferred on me the office of Bishop, Deacon and Defender of the Faith of said apostolic church, it is at present inconvenient for me any longer to practice my physical system. My California Family Medical Instructor is now ready for the press, containing my three physical systems, in about 200 pages and 50 plates of the human body. It will likewise contain a list of about five thousand patients that I have had under my physical treatment in the course of fifteen years' practice, from the port of San Diego to that of San Francisco. Out of this large number only four, to my knowledge, have died while under my treatment. I do not publish this for the purpose of getting into practice, but only to get out of it."

His Family Medical Instructor was probably the second book written in Los Angeles, but whether it was ever published I cannot say. Some twenty-five years ago, when the Public Library was in the old Downey Block, he had on file in it a set of plates of the human body. They long since have disappeared. He removed to San Gabriel, where he lived in a curiously constructed adobe house. He died in 1890, at San Gabriel. His books and papers were lost.

Another eccentric character of early days was Professor Cain. Cain was a gentleman of color, aged and white-haired. He towered up in the air at least six and a half feet, and by taking thought had added at least half a cubit to his height in the shape of a tall narrow-brimmed stove-pipe hat of the vintage of the fall of '49 or spring of '50.

Cain was a philosopher, and had original and rather startling theories which he propounded from the steps of the old Court House whenever he could get an audience.

A colored preacher, the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., made himself famous by a sermon that he was accustomed to deliver from the text, "The sun do move." In that sermon he demolished the theory that the earth moved around the sun. "The sun does the movin', not the yearth. The good book says that once, when Joshuar had a big killing of Anak-elites on hand; he says 'sun stand still' till I get through with the killin', and she stopped and stood still." Now, said the Rev. Jasper, how could a thing stop if it wasn't going? How, indeed! And the Rev. Jasper removed that theological stumbling block that has tripped over theologians for centuries.

Professor Cain's theory was more original and more startling than Jasper's. It was that the original color of the human race was black. Adam was the first Sambo, and Eve the primitive Dinah. The white race were bleached-out blacks.

Cain's proof was conclusive, if you admit his premises. "The good book, says Adam, was created out of the dust of the yearth. Whar did the Lord get that dust? Cain was accustomed to ask. "In the Garden of Eden. The soil of the garden was a black soil, because it was rich and produced all manner of yarbs and trees. Now, if Adam was made from black dust his color was black, wa'n't it? And Eve being made from Adam's rib, the rib were black, and consequently Eve was black, too."

As long as Adam's descendants remained in warm countries they retained their primitive color, but after a time some of them wandered off to cold countries and lived in the shade of the woods, where the sun could not get at them. Then they began to fade, just as a plant grown in the shade loses its original color and turns white. Consequently, the Professor would say, as he clinched his argument, "The white man is only a faded-out niggah."

Some practical jokers induced the old philosopher to deliver a lecture on his favorite theme. He secured the old Merced Theater, which still stands up near the Pico House. He was to charge an admittance fee, and he acted as his own door-keeper. So popular was his lecture that before he could get through making change with some of the first arrivals the boys had come in a rush and filled the house. He had a full house, but

the receipts were light. In knocking around the world he had picked up a number of big words that he used indiscriminately. He put them in because they sounded well. To give force to his argument he would quote at length from some authority. The quotations were manufactured; the Professor could not read. He would preface a quotation by saying, "Thus says the famous Sock-rats" (meaning Socrates), or "I find this in the writings of the distinguished Hypocrits" (meaning Hippocrates, the father of medicine). The lecture was as amusing as a circus.

The old gentleman was very proud, and quite dignified. In assemblages of the colored brethren, when they did not agree with his views, he was accustomed to berate them as a pa'cel of plantation niggahs. Consequently he was not popular with his colored brethren.

There are some other eccentric characters of early days that might come in for a notice but my paper is already too long.

ANGEL PIONEERS

BY JESSE YARNELL

We are angel pioneers,
As for five-and-twenty years,
With our wives, the pretty dears,
We have had the land of angels for a home;
We came here long ago,
And we like the country so,
That we're going to stay you know,
For we never want to emigrate or roam.

Yes, we're angels without wings,
Without feathers and such things,
And each heart with rapture rings,
Thinking of the glorious country we have found;
With our climate and our soil,
Bringing fruits with little toil,
Let us live without turmoil,
And let joy and peace and jollity abound.

We have seen our city grow,
With a pace that's far from slow,
And the country 'round us, too,
Where fruit and flowers bloom on every hand;
But there's room enough for all,
Rich and poor and great and small,
And may pleasant places fall
To the tender-foot from each and every land.

Let them come, yes let them come—
And, you bet, they're coming some—
Don't you hear the car-wheels hum,
Bringing those who storm and blizzards wish to shun;
We extend a welcome true,
From our hearts we mean it, too,
For there's room for not a few,
To fill the places we leave when we are gone.

We will tell from whence we came—
How we got here, just the same—
And we're surely not to blame,
If we pass some resolutions when we die;
As our hair is turning gray,
We may not have long to stay,
When we have to go away,
Let us hope we'll find as good a place on high.

TRIP TO CALIFORNIA VIA NICARAGUA

BY J. M. STEWART.

[Read before the Los Angeles County Pioneers, Feb., 1902.]

It was on the morning of an October day in 1865, with my wife and daughter, we took passage on the steamer Santiago de Cuba, via the Nicaragua route for San Francisco. The several forts at the entrance of New York harbor present a bold and warlike appearance, as viewed from the deck of a passing steamer. In less than two hours after leaving the dock a call for tickets was made, and among the passengers was a young lady who told her story in this wise: Said she came from Massachusetts, expecting to meet a neighbor of hers, accompanied by his wife, with whom she had previously entrusted her money. But not meeting them at the hotel as she expected, had come on board the ship to look for them. Here she was, without money or friends. The officers of the ship said they would have taken her through and given her letters of recommendation to officers on the Pacific side, if they could have believed her story. Shortly after, our boat stopped to discharge the pilot, and this lady, whether worthy or otherwise, was compelled to enter the small boat with him, when they were conveyed on board a steamer which was in waiting, and taken directly back to New York.

Having now got outside the harbor, our boat glides more rapidly over the smooth surface of the water, and the distant Jersey shore, as it becomes more indistinct, with the high towers of the great city, the broad expanse of waters on either side, together with the approach of a beautiful sunset, render the scene worthy to be transferred to canvas.

Our course was a southwesterly direction, along the westerly coast of Cuba, only a few miles distant. How very different were our feelings now as to safety from what they were a year previous while traveling over these same waters, on our way to New York by the Panama route! Then our beloved country was in the throes of a mighty civil war. Privateers were supposed to be at any point on the Atlantic waters, and

the Panama steamers were known to carry large amounts of treasure (for no overland road was then completed), and it was feared these privateers might attack the steamers returning from California. At any rate, as we were leaving the Caribbean sea on the afternoon of a southern summer day, a steamer was sighted following in our track, and apparently gaining on us rapidly. Our captain gave orders for all steam to be used that could be done with safety, and it was easy to see our good ship was going at a more rapid rate than usual towards her destined port. We had nothing to do but watch the craft, whatever she might be, and speculate on what would be our fate if overtaken. The summing-up of the opinions of the many passengers was numerous and various. Soon as it became dark all the lights above the water line were turned down, the course of the ship changed to nearly a right angle, and the evening spent in utter darkness. The morning sun found us on our regular course with no other ship in sight, and we all felt relieved. Now the cruel war was over, and peace reigned throughout our borders.

Our captain had made the trip to and from Aspinwall many times, but this was his first trip to Greytown. By carefully studying his charts he took us safely into port in eight days. Here we were transferred to a small steamer, which was to take us up the San Juan river to Lake Nicaragua. We were very comfortably housed on the ocean steamer, but when you come to put 600 passengers on a boat less than one-fourth the size of the former, you can make your calculations there was not much vacant space. A portion of the way along this river, which is the outlet for the waters of Lake Nicaragua, is low and marshy, but most of it, if properly cleared, looked like good farming land.

The vegetation and scenery it would be hard to excel anywhere; and the climate is said to be very healthy. It is no more like the Isthmus of Panama than day is like night. Bananas seem to grow spontaneously all along the river, but no doubt would do much better by proper cultivation. Vines of various kinds hang from the tall trees, making an impenetrable thicket, and covered with bright flowers, with every color of the rainbow. During the day some of the passengers amused themselves and others by shooting alligators as they lay sunning themselves in the sand on the banks.

The day passed quickly, for the country was so unlike any-

thing we had ever before seen, it was very interesting. As night came on, inquiry was made about sleeping accommodations, especially for the ladies. But it was self-evident that so small a boat could not accommodate the number of passengers she was carrying, except in an upright position. So a few of us who had become acquainted while on the ocean steamer, got together amidships for a sociol hour, more or less, which finally led into story-telling, on any subject whatever; several gave their experiences of hair-breadth escapes, or told us of some love affair, whether true or false it mattered not, so long as it amused and helped to pass away the time and keep us wide awake.

The few who first gathered there, by 12 o'clock had increased to hundreds, and better order was never observed in any Quaker meeting than during the small hours of that night on the San Juan river. One of these stories I remember in particular, and as it is short I will here relate it. It was told by a middle-aged man, a doctor of medicine, who, with his wife and family, was making his first trip to California. He commenced by saying his story was of ancient origin and would be on the subject of political economy. He went on for several minutes before he got down to the real story, causing us to believe we were to hear something instructive, if not amusing, for he was known to be an educated gentleman. And this was his story:

Jack Spratt could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean;
Between them both they
Licked the platter clean.

Daylight found us still entertaining one another, when it was announced we were nearing the greatest rapids on the river, (the name of which I have forgotten). The company broke up to go and see how the boat could climb the rapid current. A large cable was anchored on shore and attached to the engine. In two hours' time we were in comparatively still water.

Here is where most of the locks will be required when the Nicaragua canal is built, as we all hope it soon will be. After one night and two days on the river we reached Lake Nicaragua, a beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by low rolling hills. Crossed over by daylight on a steamer which accommodated all our passengers without a murmur. Twelve miles by stage took us to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific.

This was a most interesting ride over a good mountain road, or what we in California would call foothills. The native population were numerous at certain points on the road, offering their fruits, wares and curios for sale. Passed many acres of pineapple and bananas, apparently under a good state of cultivation, in rows as straight as our orange orchards in Southern California.

On our arrival at San Juan the connecting steamer had not arrived, but next day she made her appearance, and we were soon on board. On the following day she was ready for her departure north. As is known to many of you, we are in plain view of the coast most of the way up; only at one point are we out of sight of land—while crossing the Gulf of California.

When the ship's doctor was making his daily rounds on the fourth day, he found a very sick man in the steerage, whose disease he at once pronounced to be confluent smallpox. The captain's cow was at once hustled out of her comfortable berth and tied to a stanchion alongside the dining tables of the steerage passengers, and the poor unfortunate fellow placed therein. But it was the safest place for him and the other passengers, to be found on board.

Five days later sometime during the night, he died, and was buried at sea. Everything in the shape of bedding was put into the furnace, and the room thoroughly fumigated. In the morning the cow was back in her former pen, and the number of passengers was one less. Whether any one contracted the disease or not, we never knew. There was also a birth on board—a child was born, whose young life went out in a few hours, when the captain ordered it to be buried, but out of respect for the feelings of the mother, the little body was kept for two days and buried on Mexican soil.

Fourteen days on the Pacific brought us into San Francisco, making twenty-eight from New York.

WILLIAM WOLFSKILL, THE PIONEER

[Read June 23, 1902.]

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Of that notable group of American pioneers who arrived in Los Angeles about the year 1830, and who afterwards became permanent and influential citizens of this then almost exclusively Spanish-speaking province, I have already presented the Historical Society with brief sketches of John Temple, Abel Stearns and J. J. Warner; and I now propose to give some account of William Wolfskill. Mr. Wolfskill was born in Madison county, Kentucky, March 20, 1798, and was reared from the age of eleven to twenty-one, in what is now Howard county, Missouri, but which then was in the heart of the Indian country. The Indians of that region during the War of 1812 were so bad that the settlers had to carry their fire-arms at the plow and to be unceasingly on their guard, night and day.

After the war, in 1815, William went back to Kentucky to attend school. In 1822, at the age of twenty-four, he started out in the world on his own account to seek his fortune, to penetrate still farther into the far West, and to find "a better country" in which to settle.

With a party under a Captain Becknell, he went to Santa Fe, New Mexico. He spent the summer of 1822, at Santa Fe, and in the fall engaged in trapping beaver. He went down the Rio Grande to El Paso del Norte in January, 1823.

He was accompanied on this trip by a single companion, a New Mexican, who had trapped beaver with him the fall before. They caught what beaver they could as they proceeded down the river. The weather was cold, the ground being covered with snow; and to protect themselves from the cold they built a small brush house

Within this, with a fire in front, they could lie down and keep warm. One night (the 27th of January, 1823) Mr. Wolfskill waked up and saw that the New Mexican had built a big fire at the door; but he thought nothing of it, and dropped asleep again. But some time after he was aroused to consciousness by receiving a rifle ball in his breast. He jumped

up and rushed outside, where he stumbled and fell, and although it was moonlight he saw no one. He had first reached for his rifle, which had been lying beside him, but that was gone, only the shot-pouch remaining.

Supposing that marauding Indians had shot him and killed his companion, who was missing, he thought it was all over with him. At first he believed himself mortally wounded, which doubtless he would have been had not the ball been retarded by passing through his blankets and also through his right arm and left hand, his arms having been folded across his breast while asleep.

He was able to rise again, and he started back on foot for the nearest Spanish settlement, called Valverde (Green Valley) twenty or twenty-five miles distant, where a small military force was stationed, and where he finally arrived late the next morning, well-nigh exhausted—cold, faint, and weak, from the loss of blood. He went to the Alcalde, who made the matter known to the guard.

Meantime, who should make his appearance but the New Mexican, who reported that he had been attacked by Indians, and that his partner (Mr. Wolfskill) was killed. But he was considerably astonished to learn that Mr. Wolfskill had got in before him.

He was compelled to go back with the soldiers at once (much against his will), and show them where Mr. Wolfskill had been shot.

There they found, in the snow, the footprints of the two trappers, and none others.

The New Mexican had told the soldiers that the Indians shot Mr. Wolfskill and had taken the gun, etc., and that he (the New Mexican) had shot several arrows at them. No signs of Indians were discovered, and of the arrows he had been known to have had beforehand, none were found missing.

They took him back to Valverde bound, and kept him confined several days, where he came near being frozen. He finally promised to go, and did go, and show them where the gun was hidden. He then pretended that he had shot Mr. Wolfskill accidentally, not being used to the hair-trigger of the rifle. He got on his knees, and opening his shirt, bared his breast and asked Mr. Wolfskill to take his life, if he had wronged him, etc.

But the evidence was too strong to be evaded, or to be explained, except by his guilt.

He was examined by the Alcalde, who ordered him to be

sent off to the Governor of New Mexico, at Santa Fe, for trial. But Mexican fashion—is it not sometimes also an American fashion?—his punishment was delayed, and he was kept going back and forward, under escort, between Valverde and Santa Fe; and at last, as Mr. Wolfskill afterwards learned, he was turned loose—a denouement which in similar cases has been known to happen in the United States.

What motive the New Mexican could have had for thus shooting his companion, Mr. Wolfskill never could imagine, unless possibly it was for the sake of the old rifle, for that was about all Mr. Wolfskill had in the world, except a few old beaver traps; and there existed no enmity between them. They had never had any quarrel, or any cause for quarrel.

But an old Mexican—a good-hearted man, with whom they had once stopped, up the river—had warned Mr. Wolfskill to be on his guard against that man, “for,” said he, “he is a bad man.”

For so little cause, or for no cause at all, other than the instincts of a devilish heart, will some men attempt murder.

Mr. Wolfskill was of the opinion that the loss of blood, and his nearly freezing in that long tramp to the settlement, saved his life. The ball did not penetrate his breast-bone, and was soon afterwards extracted. He bore the marks of the wounds on his person to his dying day. In fact, it is a question if they were not the remote origin of the (heart) disease of which he died, although his death occurred many years after those ghastly wounds were received.

If this society could gather the multitudinous and exciting episodes of hair-breadth escapes of each one of the adventurous pioneers who came to this distant land, either overland or by water, the collection would be unique in variety and interest as well as in permanent historical value.

Mr. Wolfskill returned to Santa Fe, and about Christmas he went to Taos. In 1824 he, with others, fitted out a trapping expedition for the head-waters of the Colorado, or the Rio Grande of the West, as it was then called, returning to Taos in June. Soon after, with a Captain Owens and party, he went to Chihuahua to buy horses and mules to take to Louisiana. With many adventures, and with the loss of many of their animals by attacks of hostile Indians, Mr. Wolfskill finally returned by way of the Mexican settlements, to avoid the Indians along the Gulf, and up the Mississippi, to his father's home, where he arrived in ill health, June, 1825. Thus ended his first expedi-

tion westward, he having been gone something over three years, and having penetrated as far as the tributaries of our great Colorado River on the Pacific Slope.

He soon, however, left for Natchitoches, where Belcher had promised to meet him on the Fourth of July of that year, with the mules of Capt. Owens, who had been killed in an attack by the Indians near the Presidio del Norte in November of the previous year. These mules were to be taken East by Mr. Wolfskill and sold for the benefit of Capt. Owens' family. The latter were near neighbors of his father and they had authorized him to act as their agent. Not finding Belcher at Natchitoches at the time agreed upon, he traveled on west to San Felipe, where he found Belcher.

Mr. Wolfskill took charge of the mules, and proceeded with them across Louisiana and Mississippi to Greenborough, Alabama, where he wintered and sold the animals. In March, 1826, he left by way of Mobile and New Orleans and the Mississippi river, for his home in Missouri to make returns to the family of Capt. Owens. Here he found Capt. Young with whom he first went to Santa Fe, in 1822, and with whom he had trapped on the Rio Pecos and the Rio Grande of the West, etc., and engaged with him, after a brief stop at home, to go again to Santa Fe. Arrived there, Young was taken sick, and he hired Mr. Wolfskill to go with a party (Sublette, Peg-Leg Smith, etc., being of the number), that he, Young, had fitted out to trap on the waters of the Rio Gila. The party being only eleven men strong, was attacked by Indians and driven back to Taos. Young soon after started out with about thirty men for the same place, where he chastised the Indians, so that his party were enabled to trap unmolested.

During the winter, 1826-7, in company with Wm. and Robert Carson, Talbot, and others, Mr. Wolfskill made a trip from Santa Fe to Sonora, to buy work-mules, mares, etc., to take back to Missouri. He was at Oposura, Arispe and other towns in the northern part of that State. Talbot and himself gathered about 200 animals and started back with them by way of Taos; but they lost all but twenty-seven of them by the Indians. With these they finally arrived at Independence a little before Christmas. Most of this winter he spent at home, only making a short visit to Kentucky on business for his father.

The next Spring, 1828, he left home finally—never after returning thither. He bought a team and started with goods on his own account for Santa Fe. There were about 100 wagons

(in two companies), which went out at the same time. On arrival at Santa Fe he sold his goods to his old friend, Young, who had returned from his Gila expedition. Some time after, Young, with whom he had formed a co-partnership, made another trip to the Gila, while Mr. Wolfskill went to Paso del Norte after a lot of wines, brandy, panoche, etc., which he brought up to Taos in the spring of 1829. He remained in Taos the balance of this year, waiting the return of Young, who, it seems, had come on into California.

In 1830, as soon as the trading companies from the States got in, which was not till July, Mr. Wolfskill got ready himself for an expedition to California to hunt beaver, expecting to find Young somewhere in the country.

Of the company of twenty-two or twenty-three men, of which Mr. Wolfskill was the leader, which started for California at this time, Messrs. Branch, Burton, Yount, Shields, Ham and Cooper remained west of the Rocky Mountains, whilst the balance, soon after their arrival in California, generally returned to New Mexico or to the United States. Probably not one of this pioneer band is now living. Shields and Ham died soon after arrival in the country, and the others all died now many years ago: Yount in Napa, Branch in San Luis Obispo, Cooper in Santa Barbara, and Young in Oregon.

The party had intended to reach the Tulare and Sacramento valleys to make a winter and spring hunt. For this purpose they obtained a license from the Governor of New Mexico. Winter compelled them to turn south, and they reached Los Angeles in February, 1831. Here the party broke up—being mostly without means. Some members fitted out with what guns, traps, etc., there were left, and went to hunting otter on the coast. Very few of the disbanded party had any intention of stopping in California permanently. But they must do something to enable them to get away.

Mr. Wolfskill with several others went to work and built a schooner at San Pedro, with which to hunt otter among the neighboring islands. The timber was cut in the mountains and hauled a hundred miles or more to San Pedro. The schooner was named the "Refugio," and was larger than some of the fleet of Columbus.

At that time no one was permitted to hunt fine-furred animals within the jurisdiction of Mexico unless he held a license from the Governor of a State or Territory. In New Mexico the provincial name of beaver is nutria (otter). From ignorance,

or more likely carelessness, on the part of the Governor or of his secretary, the license of Mr. Wolfskill to hunt beaver (castor) was written nutria. By this inadvertence of the New Mexican officers, Mr. Wolfskill was possessed of a license to hunt the highly-prized sea otter, which license he could not have obtained from the then Governor of California. A strong objection was made by the officers here against the validity of a license given by the Governor of New Mexico; but through the interposition of Father Sanchez, who was at that time a power in the land, the objections were overcome. With this schooner, the "Refugio," Mr. Wolfskill and his party hunted along the coast of Baja California as far south as Cerros or Cedros Island. They had indifferent luck, and this was about the only trip they made with her; and they afterwards sold her to a Captain Hinkley, who took her to the Sandwich Islands.

Mr. Wolfskill then directed his attention to vineyarding and to general horticulture, which he followed with great success till his death, which occurred October 3, 1866. It was not, however, till some years after his arrival, that he finally made up his mind to settle in the country. He bought and moved onto his homestead vineyard (now known as the Wolfskill Orchard Tract), in March, 1838, with his brother John, who came to California the preceding year. The growth of the city compelled the dividing up of his extensive orchards, situated as they were near the heart of the city, some fourteen years since, and the old house which he built more than sixty years ago, and around which, to so many persons, both living and dead (for he always had a large number of people in his family), so many, many pleasant associations and remembrances have clung, is now being demolished.

Mr. Wolfskill married Magdalena, daughter of Don José Ygnacio Lugo and Doña Rafaela Romero Lugo, of Santa Barbara, in January, 1841, by whom he had six children, three of whom are still living, namely, Joseph W. Wolfskill, Mrs. Francisca W. de Shepherd, and Mrs. Magdalena W. de Sabichi. Of grandchildren there is a goodly number. Mrs. Wolfskill died in 1862, the eldest daughter, Juana, in 1863, and Luis, the youngest son, in 1884.

In the year 1841 Mr. Wolfskill planted an orange orchard, the second in California, the first being planted by the Mission Friars at San Gabriel.

In the same year (1841) he went to the upper country to look for a ranch on the then public domain. He selected lands

lying on both sides of Putah creek (now in Yolo and Solano counties), and the next year he obtained a grant from Governor Alvarado in his own name, of four square leagues. His brother John took up stock to put on the rancho in 1842. The latter lived on the rancho thereafter till his death, receiving one-half of the same. Of the five brothers Wolfskill who as pioneers settled in California, only one, Mr. Milton Wolfskill, is now living in Los Angeles at an advanced age.

After the old Padres, William Wolfskill and Don Louis Vignes may be called the pioneer growers of citrus fruits in California, a business which is now worth many millions of dollars to the people of California, and especially to the people of Southern California.

William Wolfskill, who was of German-Irish ancestry, had a strong physical constitution and an immense amount of vital energy. During his long and useful life he saw a great deal of the world and picked up not a little of hard, sound sense. He was an extensive reader, and being possessed of a wonderfully retentive memory, he gained a store of information on most subjects of practical human interest that would not have shamed those who have had a more liberal education, and who may have passed their lives with books, instead of on the frontier.

He was a man of no mere professions: What he was, he was, without any pretense.

In religion he believed in the teachings of the New Testament, and, at the last, he received the consolations of the Roman Catholic church. But in all things he loved those prime qualities of human character, simplicity and sincerity. He was one of that large number, of whom there are some in all churches, and more in the great church of outsiders, who believe that a loyal, honest heart and a good life, are the best preparation for death. He was disposed, to as great an extent as any man whom I ever knew, to always place a charitable construction on the acts and words and motives of others. He believed (and acted as though he believed) that there is no room in this world for malice.

William Wolfskill was one of the very few Americans or foreigners, who came to California in early times, who never, as I firmly believe, advised the native Californians to their hurt, or took advantage of the lack of knowledge of the latter of American law, or of the English language, to benefit themselves at the expense of the Californians. As a consequence, the names of "Don Guillermo" Wolfskill and a very few other

Americans of the olden time, were almost worshipped by the former generation of "hijos del pais," who spoke only the Spanish language, and who, therefore, in many, many important matters, needed honest and disinterested advice.

Mr. Wolfskill was one of the most sociable of men. In his intercourse with others he was direct, and sometimes blunt and brusque; but in the language of Lamartine, "Bluntness is the etiquette of sincerity."

In reality he had one of the kindest of hearts. Finally, in honesty, and in most of the sterling qualities that are accounted the base of true manhood, he had few superiors.

I should add that most of the above facts of Mr. Wolfskill's life—and especially the account of the building of the first vessel or schooner, the "Refugio," at San Pedro, about which conflicting versions have been promulgated—were derived directly from his own lips in 1866; and therefore they may be depended upon as authentic.

In conclusion I am permitted to quote the following comments, in verse, on the foregoing paper, by Miss Gertrude Darlow, a talented member of the staff of the Los Angeles Public Library:

I.

"It is from sturdy, stalwart sons like this
Our State has reared its splendid edifice;
Men who explored life's hard and dangerous ways,
Who 'scorned delights and lived laborious days.'
The stirring incidents of such careers,
Their toils and struggles, varying hopes and fears,
Tenacious courage, honesty and pride;—
By all of these our past is glorified!

II.

"Now, on the ground their rugged virtues won,
'Tis ours to forward what was well begun.
Cities have risen where they planted trees.
Old land-marks vanish. But the names of these
Brave Pioneers, ah let us not forget:
Time cannot cancel, nor we pay the debt
We owe to lives so simple and sincere,
Whose memories we should cherish and revere."

PIONEERS ADS AND ADVERTISERS

BY J. M. GUINN.

About three thousand years ago, Solomon, King of Israel, remarked that there is nothing new under the sun. Solomon had the reputation of being a wise man. No doubt he was. With 700 wives to keep him posted, he certainly ought to have been "up to date." Our inordinate conceit inclines us to believe Solomon somewhat of a back number and his sayings out of date, just as the Native Sons are inclined to regard the Pioneers as a little slow and their old yarns ancient history.

Self conceit is perhaps the most dominant characteristic of the present age. We pride ourselves on our wonderful achievements and draw invidious comparisons between the progressive present and the benighted past. And yet it may be possible that in the progress of the race for the past five or six thousand years there may have been more arts and inventions lost than we now possess.

Before the Christian era the Phoenicians made maleable glass, yet with all our wonderful discoveries in chemistry we have never yet been able to weld a broken pane. No modern artist has ever been able to make such permanent or so bright colors as the ancient painters used.

It is supposed that the original Argonaut, Jason, came home from Ithica on a steamboat. His vessel had neither oars nor sails to propel it. The remains of a railroad have been found among the ruins of Thebes. The Panama ship canal is just now one of the burning issues before Congress. An Isthmian canal is regarded as such a wonderful undertaking that it has taken the progressive nations of the world fifty years to talk about it before beginning to dig, yet Egypt, 5,000 years ago, dug a canal deeper, broader and longer than the Panama ditch will be when Congress gets through talking about it and some country digs it.

The crime of '73 was perpetrated in Assyria four thousand years before John Sherman or Wm. J. Bryan were born, and the question of the demonitization of silver was fought over during political campaigns in Babylon years before Nebuchadnezer was turned out to grass.

The discoveries that explorers are making among the buried cities of Assyria, Egypt and Greece reveal to us that many of our inventions are only the discovery of lost arts, and that Solomon was about correct when he remarked that there was nothing new under the sun.

It would not surprise me if some delver in Egyptian ruins discovered that that wonderful invention, the telephone, was known and used in the time of the Shepherd kings and that the children of Israel got the start of Pharaoh because the wires were crossed. It may be possible that some antiquarian may find hidden away in an Egyptian sarcophagus the mummy of a hallo girl, and when the mummy cloth has been lifted from her face she will sweetly lisp, "Line's busy; hang up, please."

Now all this may seem a little foreign to my subject, but I have introduced it here to vindicate Solomon. A man who could keep peace in a family as large as his was long enough to write a book of proverbs deserves our respect.

My subject, "Pioneer Ads and Advertisers," relates to the advertisers and advertisements in Los Angeles more than half a century ago. Recently in looking over some copies of the Los Angeles Star of fifty years ago I was amused and interested by the quaint ways the advertisers of that day advertised their wares and other things. Department stores are great advertisers and the pioneer department store of Los Angeles was no exception. Its ad actually filled a half column of the old Star, which was an astonishing display in type for those days. It was not called a department store then, but I doubt whether any of the great stores of Chicago or New York carry on so many lines of business as did that general merchandise store that was kept in the adobe house on the corner of Arcadia and North Main street fifty years ago. The proprietors of that store were our old pioneer friends, Wheeler & Johnson. The announcement of what they had to sell was prefaced by the following philosophical deductions which are as true and as applicable to terrestrial affairs to day as they were half a century ago.

"Old things are passing away," says the ad; "behold all things have become new. Passing events impress us with the mutability of human affairs. The earth and its appurtenances are constantly passing from one phase to another. Change and consequent progress is the manifest law of destiny. The forms and customs of the past are become obsolete and new and enlarged ideas are silently but swiftly moulding terrestrial matters on a scale of enhanced magnificence and utility.

"Perhaps no greater proof of these propositions can be adduced than the evident fact that the old mercantile system heretofore pursued in this community with its 7x9 stores, its exorbitant prices, its immense profits, its miserable assortments of shop-rotten goods that have descended from one defunct establishment to another through a series of years, greeting the beholder at his every turn as if craving his pity by a display of their forlorn, mouldy and dusty appearance. These rendered venerable by age are now considered relics and types of the past.

"The ever expanding mind of the public demands a new state of things. It demands new goods, lower prices, better assortments, and more accommodations. The people ask for a suitable consideration for their money and they shall have the same at the new and magnificent establishment of

"WHEELER & JOHNSON,

"in the House of Don Abel Stearns on Main street, where they have just received \$50,000 worth of the best and most desirable merchandise ever brought to the country."

When the customer had been sufficiently impressed by the foregoing propositions and deductions they proceed to enumerate, and here are a few of the articles:

"Groceries, soap, oil, candles, tobacco, cigars, salt, pipes, powder, shot, lead. Provisions, flour, bread, pork, hams, bacon, sugar, coffee. Dry Goods, broadcloths, cassimeres, blankets, alpacas, cambrics, lawns, gingham, twist, silks, satins, colored velvet, nets, crepe, scarlet bandanas, bonnets, lace, collars, needles, pins.

"Boots, shoes, hats, coats, pants, vests, suits, cravats, gloves, hosiery.

"Furniture, crockery, glassware, mirrors, lamps, chandeliers, agricultural implements, hardware, tools, cutlery, house-furnishing goods, liquors, wines, cigars, wood and willow ware, brushes, trunks, paints, oils, tinware and cooking stoves.

"Our object is to break down monopoly."

Evidently their method of breaking down monopoly was to monopolize the whole business of the town.

When we recall the fact that all of this vast assortment was stored in one room and sold over the same counter we must admire the dexterity of the salesman who could keep bacon and lard from mixing with the silks and satins, or the paints and oils from leaving their impress on the broadcloths and velvets.

Ladies' bonnets were kept in stock. The sales-lady had not yet made her appearance in Los Angeles and the sales gentleman sold bonnets. Imagine him fresh from supplying a purchaser with a side of bacon, fitting a bonnet on the head of a lady customer—giving it the proper tilt and sticking the hat pin into the coil of her hair and not into her cranium. Fortunately for the salesman the bonnets of that day were capacious affairs, modeled after the prairie schooner, and did not need hat pins to hold them on.

The old time department store sales gentleman was a genius in the mercantile line; he could dispose of anything from a lady's lace collar to a caballada of broncos.

Here is the quaint advertisement of our Pioneer barber. The Pioneer barber of Los Angeles was Peter Biggs—a gentleman of color who came to the state as a slave with his master, but attained his freedom shortly after his arrival. He set up a hair cutting and shaving saloon. The price for hair cutting was a dollar—shaving 50 cents. In the *Star* of 1853 he advertises a reduction of 50 per cent. Hair cutting 50 cents, shampooing 50 cents, shaving 25 cents. In addition to his tonsorial services he advertises that he blacks boots, waits on and tends parties, runs errands, takes in clothes to wash, iron and mend; cuts, splits and carries in wood; and in short performs any work, honest and respectable, to earn a genteel living and accommodate his fellow creatures. For character he refers to all the gentlemen in Los Angeles. Think of what a character he must have had.

Among the quaint advertisements in the old *Star* of the early 50s is this one, signed by Stephen C. Foster:

"The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the office of Mayor in the election that will take place on the 25th inst.

"Confident that the motives which caused my resignation are good, as also my conduct afterwards and approved by my fellow citizens, I appeal to their judgment and let them manifest it by their votes."

On its face this advertisement has an innocent and inoffensive look, but between the lines old timers can read the story of a deep tragedy.

The motives which caused Mayor Foster to resign were to take part in a lynching. Two murderers, Brown, a native American, and Alvitre, a native Californian, had been convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Just before the day set for their execution a reprieve came for Brown, but the poor Mexican

was left to his fate. The people were indignant. A mob gathered for the purpose of seeing that either both were reprieved or both hanged. The sheriff proceeded with the execution of Alvitre. The mob threatened to prevent it. The military was called out and a bloody riot was imminent. At this point Mayor Foster harranged the people, advising that they allow the sheriff to proceed with the execution of Alvitre according to the forms of law. And when that was done he would resign the office of Mayor, head the vigilantes and execute Brown. He was as good as his word. The military was dismissed, their arms stacked in the jail, the sheriff's posse discharged. Then it was the vigilantes' chance. The Mayor resigned and joined the lynchers. The jail door was broken down, the arms of the military guards seized, Brown was taken out and hanged from a beam over the gate of a corral on Spring street, opposite where now stands the People's store, within two hours after the legal execution of Alvitre. A special election was called to fill the vacancy in the office of Mayor. So thoroughly and completely did his fellow citizens approve of Foster's course that he had no opposition and was the unanimous choice of the people.

There is often both tragedy and comedy, as well as business, mixed up in advertisements. In the *Star* of forty-eight years ago appears the ad of a great prize lottery or gift enterprise. It was called the Great Southern Distribution of Real Estate and Personal Property, by Henry Dalton. The first prize was an elegant modern-built dwelling house on the Plaza valued at \$11,000. There were 84,000 shares shares in the lottery, valued at \$1.00 each, and 432 first-class prizes to be drawn. Among the prizes were 240 elegant lots in the town of Benton. Who among you Pioneers can locate that lost and long since forgotten metropolis of the Azusa? The City of Benton. For some cause unknown to me the drawing never came off. A distinguished Pioneer whom many of you know sued Dalton for the value of one share that he (the Pioneer) held. The case was carried from one court to another and fought out before one legal tribunal after another with a vigor and a viciousness unwarranted by the trivial amount involved. How it ended I cannot say. I never traced it through the records to a finish.

Old ads are like old tombstones. They recall to us the memory of the "has beens;" they recall to our minds actors who have acted their little part in the comedy or tragedy of life and passed behind the scenes, never again to tread the boards.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

DANIEL DESMOND.

Daniel Desmond, an honored member of this Society of Pioneers, died on the 23rd of January, 1903, in the 70th year of his age.

Mr. Desmond was born in County Cork, Ireland, October 9, 1833. Having begun the trade of a hatter, at the age of 18 he came to Boston, completed his trade, and went into business at Lawrence, Mass., as manager of the firm of Desmond Bros., in the manufacture of hats. The destruction of the factory by fire compelled him to start new, and it was at that period in his life he came to Los Angeles.

Mr. Desmond came to this city October 14, 1868, and has resided here continuously ever since. Immediately upon his arrival he opened an exclusive hat and gentlemen's furnishing store, the first of the kind in the city. He continued in its active management until a few years ago, after it had grown into a large and flourishing establishment, when ill health compelled him to relinquish in favor of his son, C. C. Desmond.

His widow and eight children survive him, all residents of this city, except two married daughters. The children are C. C. Desmond, D. J. Desmond; Misses Nellie, Nora, Kate and Anna Desmond; Mrs. A. M. Shields of San Francisco, and Mrs. C. D. Baker of Arizona.

Mr. Desmond was a man of probity and good repute and a good citizen in all the relations of life. As a quiet, Christian gentleman he commanded the sincere respect of all who knew him. This society extends its heartfelt sympathy to his family in their great bereavement.

H. D. BARROWS,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

This society of Los Angeles Pioneers, in common with all Californians and all Americans, has sincere cause for mourning on the occasion of the death, at the age of 78 years, of Mrs.

General Fremont, which occurred at her home in this city December 27, 1902.

The names of both General and Mrs. Fremont, so intimately and so romantically associated with early California history, will always possess peculiar interest for us and for our children and for our children's children.

Senator Thomas H. Benton, Mrs. Fremont's father, Gen. John C. Fremont, her husband, and Jessie Benton Fremont herself, probably had more to do with the acquisition of Alta California in 1846 by the United States, than any other three persons who took part in the stirring events of that dramatic period.

Jessie Benton Fremont was a noble woman of high intellectuality and culture, and of amiable disposition, who, because of the possession of these admirable qualities, and because of her prominence in our early national and State history, may well be classed, as doubtlessly she will be by the future historian, alongside of Martha Washington and Dollie Madison, as one of the grand dames of the republic.

Inasmuch as the Fremont family made their home in Los Angeles since December, 1887, they, and each of them, seem especially dear to our people; and the warm affection we all feel for the father and mother will be continued with unabated strength to the devoted daughter, whose loving solicitude and care solaced the last years of both her parents, as the infirmities of age undermined their health and strength; wherefore, it is hereby

Resolved, by the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, that the heartfelt sympathies of the members of the Society are respectfully tendered to the children and grandchildren of the deceased in this, their great affliction.

H. D. BARROWS,

K. D. WISE,

Committee.

CALEB E. WHITE.

Caleb E. White, a California Pioneer of 1849, was born at Holbrook, Mass., February 15, 1830. His father, Jonathan White, was the son of a Revolutionary soldier. His mother, Abigail Holbrook, was a descendant of the man after whom the town of Holbrook was named. Caleb received his education in the grammar and high school of his native town. When

nineteen years of age he started to California, being one of a party of fifteen who purchased the brig *Arcadia* which sailed from Boston January 1849 for San Francisco via the Straits of Magellan. After a tedious voyage of two hundred and sixty-three days the vessel passed through the Golden Gate, October 29, 1849.

In 1850 Mr. White embarked in the general mercantile business in Sacramento as a member of the firm of Haskell, White & Co. This firm dissolved in a short time. Subsequently he engaged in farming on a ranch on the American river. For seventeen years he was a member of the firm of White & Hollister in the nursery business. December 24, 1868, he came to Los Angeles and engaged with a partner in the sheep industry. The firm was White & Denman, and the ranch was near Florence. In 1874 he became a member of the Los Angeles Immigration and Land Co-operative Association. This association was incorporated December 10, 1874, with a capital stock of \$250,000. Its first board of directors consisted of the following named Pioneers: Thomas A. Garey, president; Caleb E. White, vice-president; L. M. Holt, secretary; Milton Thomas, manager; R. M. Town, assistant manager; H. G. Crow, treasurer. Only two of these, Garey and Holt, are living. The principal object of the association was the purchase and subdivision of large land holdings and the placing of these on the market in small tracts. The association in 1874 purchased 2,500 acres of the San Jose Rancho, subdivided it and founded the City of Pomona.

In 1880 Mr. White took up his residence at Pomona and engaged in fruit growing. He owned an orchard of sixty acres just east of the city. He was active in advancing the growth of the young city. He served on the board of town trustees several terms. He was one of the organizers and for many years vice-president of the People's Bank of Pomona, and was always active in furthering any measure that would benefit the city and aid in developing the resources of the district in which he lived.

In 1854 Mr. White was married to Miss Rebecca Holship of St. Louis, Mo. Three children were born of this union—Helen M., the wife of Hon. R. F. Del Valle of Los Angeles; Annie C., wife of Charles L. Northcraft, also of Los Angeles, and Harry R. of Pomona.

Mr. White died at his residence in Pomona September 2, 1902, at the age of 72 years. In the language of one of his old

time friends and associates, "Peace be to his ashes and honor to his memory."

W. H. WORKMAN,
J. M. GUINN,
Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

To the Officers and Members of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, Cal.

Your committee on resolutions of respect to the memory of our late Brother John Caleb Salisbury would respectfully report:

That Brother Salisbury was born in Erieville, Madison County, New York, July 6th, 1834, and died in Los Angeles, California, July 10th, 1902. Mr. Salisbury was in business in Chicago at the time of the great fire in 1871, and three years later came to Los Angeles and commenced business near the old Los Angeles and San Pedro Depot, on Commercial street. His fair dealing and business ability drew to him a great company of friends, who appreciated his honesty and integrity. His zeal and fervency in any undertaking, together with his financial ability and broad generosity, insured the success of any enterprise that he was connected with. He was a leading member of the First Presbyterian Church of this city; was for twenty-six years superintendent of the Chinese Sunday School of that church, and for many years was an elder and trustee of that church; also a trustee of Occidental College, and gave of his thousands to the equipment and support of that institution.

He was for many years a trustee of the Boys and Girls' Orphans' Home, and gave liberally to its support. He was as prominent in the quiet, unostentatious work of the Masonic Order as any man in Los Angeles County.

He was a member of Lincoln Park Lodge, No. 611, F. & A. M., Chicago, Illinois. He affiliated with Pentalpha Lodge, 202, of California, Los Angeles, August 21st, 1876, and was its Junior Deacon from 1877 to 1884, and occupied that station for a length of years not often achieved. His brethren of the Mystic tie loved him for his good examples, his boundless charity, and earnest, conscientious work as a man and a Mason.

Brother Salisbury was twice married—first to Miss Smith,

in Illinois, by whom he had one son, Fred A. Salisbury, now residing in this city. He was married to Miss Ellen A. Graves in Merrill Lodge, Order of Good Templars, in this city, in 1876, by whom he had one son, Howard G. Salisbury, also residing in this city.

Brother John C. Salisbury was an honest member of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County, many of whom attended his funeral. He was buried with Masonic rites in Rosedale Cemetery.

Respectfully,
J. M. STEWART,
C. N. WILSON,
J. L. SLAUGHTER,
Committee.

HENRY KIRK WHITE BENT.

Henry Kirk White Bent was born at Weymouth, Mass., October 29, 1831. He was educated at Williston Seminary and Mason Academy, and was ready to enter Amherst when measles prevented by seriously impairing his eyesight. He then engaged in civil engineering on railroad construction in Southern Wisconsin. In 1858 he came to California, worked at mining for a year at French Corral, Nevada County; taught school a year and a half at Downieville; was elected County Surveyor in 1861, and later Public Administrator of Sierra County. During the war he was chairman of the Republican County Committee, and worked as mining engineer until 1866.

His health gave way, and he went to Boston, where he underwent medical treatment for two years. Returning to California in 1868, he located in Los Angeles, as an experiment, with the result that he tarried in this section until his death. Here he recovered his health almost completely, the climate, in his opinion, doing more for him than all the medical treatment he had tried. Soon he engaged in the real estate business, taking the agency of the Santa Gertrudes Land Association, and later he went into the sheep industry. With returning health began his active and successful career in public works, which he continued up to within but a few months ago.

Under Gen. Grant's second administration from 1873 to 1877, he was postmaster of Los Angeles.

In 1878 he was elected to the Los Angeles City Board of Education, and was made president of that body. At this pe-

riod he was an active and powerful factor in many municipal works; was one of the founders of the present Public Library and for a number of years was vice-president and acting head of the Horticultural Society. In the religious field he was a devoted worker for a lifetime. He was a charter member of the First Congregational church of this city, and for many years trustee and superintendent of the Sunday-school; also a charter member of the North Congregational Church of Pasadena, where he was trustee and deacon for the past fourteen years.

To education Mr. Bent devoted the best of his ability and his unselfish record over a period of nearly a score of years, and his work attained marked and lasting success. In 1888 he became one of the original trustees of Pomona College, and remained a member until within the past year, when failing health compelled his retirement. For seven years he was president of the board, often being re-elected when differing in judgment from the majority of the members—a special tribute to his honor and ability. Under his guidance the Claremont institution has passed through many dangerous crises and been placed on an enlarged and permanent foundation.

Mr. Bent was a kind man. After the history of his life work is related, that tells all the rest. Among the pioneers, business, church and political associates he will be mourned by a host. But it is among the student body which has within the past decade gone forth into active life that his passing will be most sincerely lamented. In his work in Los Angeles and at Claremont he exerted a rare influence over the young people striving for learning, and many were assisted to their desired ambition through his kindly interest and substantial aid. Scores of the younger generation in active life throughout Southern California owe their education and success to the encouragement or assistance of Mr. Bent.

During most of his long life deceased combated disease in some form, and for the past several months had been confined to his bed with a lung affliction not at all like tuberculosis, but which baffled cure, and the end has for some time been known to be approaching rapidly and inevitably. He was twice married, and all of his five children and widow survive him. In 1855 he married Miss Crawford of Oakham, Mass., and the children of this union are Mrs. Florence Halstead of Smartsville, Arthur S. and H. Stanley Bent of this city. Mrs. Bent died in 1876, and in 1878 he married Miss Mattie Fairman. There are two sons by this union, Earnest F. and Charles E.

Bent, the latter being city editor of the Pomona Daily Review.

The death of Mr. Bent removes a character that for over thirty years has been a potential influence in the progress of the educational, religious and political life of Southern California.

Mr. Bent died at his home on Marengo avenue, Pasadena, July 29, 1902, aged 70 years and 9 months.

J. M. GUINN,
J. W. GILLETTE,
Committee.

Chamber of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County,

Los Angeles, Cal., April 1, 1902.

John Charles Dotter, a native of Lohr, Germany, was born May 4th, 1837, and immigrated to the United States of America in A. D. 1852, working his way westerly across the continent via the Great Salt Lake route to Los Angeles, California, arriving in 1856, and has ever since made this city his home.

He married Miss Elizabeth Kemy and the issue of said marriage was George C., Corine Frances (the wife of Prof. Milton Carlson), Idella and Charlotte, all of whom survive him.

His home life was exemplary as a loving and kind husband, a devoted and affectionate father, and when freed from business requirements he spent his time with his devoted family and old time friends.

He was a student of political economy and delighted in true progress, advancement and civilization; was a truly assimilated citizen of this republic, patriotic, and devoted to the principles of our country and the cause of freedom.

He never failed to vote according to the dictates of his own conscience and "principles," not men, was his motto.

In his diary under date of February 27, 1902, is found the following: "Very dizzy; wonder what is the matter." On the 28th he remained at home, and the day following he kept his bed. On Sunday, March 2nd, 1902, visited his office and entertained a few friends. On Monday, March 3rd, at about 11:00 a. m., he was attacked with nausea, continuing until 3:00 p. m., when he passed into a quiet and unbroken sleep for three hours. When awakened he complained of pains, which continued until 8:30 p. m., when, from a stroke of apoplexy, he passed to the great beyond.

Therefore, be it resolved by the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County, State of California, in regular session convened, that while we humbly bow to the inevitable, in the removal from our midst of our esteemed and beloved brother, John Charles Dotter, we deplore the loss, and sincerely sympathize with his family and relatives in their bereavement and the irreparable loss of a loving husband, a kind and devoted father of whose life it can be said he was honest and conscientious through all the walks of an upright life.

Quoting his own words when commenting on the death of his numerous Pioneer friends who passed away, "Another good man gone."

LOUIS ROEDER,
J. F. BURNS,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

To the Officers and Members of the Pioneer Society of Los Angeles, California:

We, your committee appointed at your last meeting, September 8th, for the purpose of drafting resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Anderson Rose, would respectfully report that said Anderson Rose was born in Macon County, Mo., February 17th, 1836, and in the year of 1852 he came to California over the plains with an ox team, locating in El Dorado County, where he resided with his parents until about 1867, at which time he came to this county and located near the Ballona, where he purchased large estates, and he has been a resident of this county ever since. Mr. Rose was a frugal, industrious man, always attentive to his business, at the same time mindful of the welfare of his fellow men, courteous to his friends, for they were legion. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and took active part in advancing the interests of this section; was a member of the Masonic Fraternity for thirty-five years. He was married to Miss Annie E. Shirley in 1869. He departed this life August 30th, 1902, leaving a wife, one son and two daughters to mourn his untimely taking off.

And, Whereas, he who rules all things for the best has seen fit to call him from among us, we deeply mourn our loss and point to that particular portion of Scripture as our guiding star, viz.: "Be ye also ready, for in such a time as you think not the Son of man cometh."

And, now therefore, be it resolved, by this society, that we extend to the widow and family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of grief.

And be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family, and that a copy of said resolutions be spread upon our minutes.

J. L. STARR,
J. G. NEWELL,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JOHN C. ANDERSON.

John C. Anderson was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, on June 1st, 1844, and passed his youth and young manhood there. In July, 1863, at the age of 19, he joined the Ohio National Guard, and in May, 1864, in response to the call for one hundred day men, he was mustered into the United States service—143rd Ohio Infantry, from which he was honorably discharged as Corporal, in December of the same year, also receiving a Certificate of Thanks for Honorable Service, signed by Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton.

Mr. Anderson, from early manhood, was a member of the Masonic Fraternity.

He learned the carpenter trade with his father, and worked at it in his native state until 1873, when he came to Los Angeles, California, and has followed his trade in this part of the State ever since, having had charge of the construction of the Nadeau Hotel and other large buildings. In the Fall of 1880 he returned to his old home for a visit, returning to Los Angeles in March, 1881. The following winter he again visited Ohio, and was married to Miss Lizzie Lindersmith; and in March, 1882, brought his wife to Los Angeles to reside. Two sons were born to them, Louis H., in 1883, and George H., in 1886. In the spring of 1887 he moved his family to Monrovia, and ever after he made that city his home till his death.

He was elected and served one term in the Monrovia City Council; was re-elected, but obliged to resign on account of failing health.

In the fall of 1899 his health began to fail, and he had to give up work almost entirely. Being of an active, energetic disposition, it was a great trial for him to keep quiet. He continued with light occupation up to within a few days of his death,

which occurred on the 25th day of January, 1902; and on January 27th he was buried in Live Oak Cemetery, at Monrovia, California, with Masonic honors, assisted by members of the G. A. R.

He leaves his family in comfortable circumstances. He was a good soldier, a loving and devoted husband, a kind and indulgent parent, a good neighbor, and a citizen whom we delighted to honor.

A. H. JOHNSON.

JERRY ILLICH.

Jerry Illich is dead. After lying for many months on a bed of suffering the well-known restaurateur passed away Dec. 5th, at his home, No. 1018 South Hill street. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Masonic Temple.

For twenty-five years the residence of Mr. Illich was in Los Angeles, and during his closing years he was a prominent figure in the life of the city, being a member of various fraternal organizations and owning considerable property in business and residence sections. He is remembered principally for his good fellowship and for his ability to provide good things to eat.

Starting in a modest way with a small chop-house on North Main street in the late '70s, his business expanded until he became proprietor of the largest restaurant in the city. His connection with the old Maison Dorée on North Main street made that resort popular with business and club men, and when he moved into his own building on Third street in 1896 his patronage followed. "Jerry's" was headquarters for political and social banquets, and there's many a man in Los Angeles who still has pleasant memories of the celebrated "paste" and other foreign dishes that were served at midday luncheon.

The ravages of Bright's disease laid Illich low several years ago, causing his retirement from business to seek health in travel and recreation. His demise was expected on many dates, but his constant good cheer buoyed him up, and the end came only when his constitution had become so undermined that his will power was ineffective in retaining the spark of life.

Jerry Illich was born in 1850 in Dalmatia, Austria. From the age of 13 until he was 20 he sailed the seas, finally leaving his vessel at San Francisco and engaging in the restaurant business. A widow and a young son and daughter survive him.—Los Angeles Daily Times.

In Memoriam

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

James J. Ayres Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster Died January 27, 1898.
Horace Hiller Died May 23, 1898.
John Strother Griffin Died August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy... Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La Dow Died January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael Died April 19, 1899.
Francis Baker Died May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichi Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Town Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreur Died January 17, 1901.
Daniel Shieck Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell Died January 28, 1901.
Thomas E. Rowan Died March 25, 1901.
Mary Ulyard Died April 5, 1901.
George Gephard Died April 12, 1901.
William Frederick Grosser Died April 23, 1901.
Samuel Calvert Foy Died April 24, 1901.
Joseph Stoltenberg Died June 25, 1901.
Charles Brode Died August 13, 1901.
Joseph W. Junkins Died August, 1901.
Laura Gibson Abernethy Died May 16, 1901.
Elizabeth Langley Ensign..... Died September 20, 1901.
Frank A. Gibson Died October 11, 1901.
Godfrey Hargitt Died November 14, 1901.
John C. Anderson Died January 25, 1902.
John Charles Dotter Died March 3, 1902.
John Caleb Salisbury Died July 10, 1902.
H. K. W. Bent Died July 29, 1902.
Anderson Rose Died August 30, 1902.
Caleb E. White Died September 2, 1902.
Jerry Illich Died December 5, 1902.
Daniel Desmond Died January 23, 1903.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Alvarez, Ferdinand	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, '72	647 S. Sichel	1872
Adams, Julia A. T.	Ark.	Housewife	July 14, '88	Los Angeles	1843
Barclay, John H.	Can.	Carpenter	Aug., '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 Wright	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Los Angeles	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Blanchard, James H.	Mich.	Attorney	April, '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	2502 E. First	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Ruffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	—
Farham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1849
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Baker, Edward L.	N. Y.	Miner	Dec., '66	101 S. Flower	1866
Baxter, William O.	Eng.	Broker	May, '47	Santa Monica	1847
Brousseau, Julius	N. Y.	Lawyer	Jan. 16, '77	2434 Hoover	1877
Burke, Joseph H.	Tenn.	Farmer	April 23, '53	Rivera	1853
Booth, Edward	Ohio	Salesman	'75	740 W. Seventeenth	1875
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	811 San Fernando	1847

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. I STAT.
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	185
Cohn, Kaspere	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	185
Coronel, Mrs. M. W. De.	Texas	Housewife	Feb., '59	Los Angeles	185
Crimmins, John	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March, '69	127 W. Twenty-fifth	186
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	185
Currier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	186
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	186
Carter, N. C.	Mass.	Farmer	Nov., '71	Sierra Madre	187
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	185
Cummings, Geo.	Aus.	Stockman	March, '53	First street	185
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	187
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	184
Compton, Geo. D.	Va.	Retired	May, '67	828 W. Jefferson	
Cowan, D. W. C.	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, '68	824 W. Tenth	184
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	187
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	185
Campbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	187
Cable, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	186
Culver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	184
Crane, W. H.	N. Y.	Architect	1886	738 W. Seventh	185
Cook, Alonzo G.	Maine	Physician	1874	Long Beach	187
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	185
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	185
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	187
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	185
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	187
Dunkelberger, I. R.	Pa.	Retired	Jan., '66	1218 W. Ninth	186
Dunlap, J. D.	N. H.	Miner	Nov., '59	Silverado	185
Dryden, Wm	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	186
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	185
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	185
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, '72	518 San Julian	187
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., '52	518 San Julian	185
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	185
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	186
Davis, John	N. Y.	Carpenter	April, '72	University	187
Dougherty, Omer R.	Ind.	Retired	March 31, '77	South Pasadena	187
De Turk, Jas G.	Pa.	Farmer	April 14, '75	2418 Edwin street	187
Dilley, Louis	Germ.	Carpenter	Dec., '75	1055 S. Figueroa	187
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. Engineer	'51	433 Sherman	185
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	186
Elliott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	914 W. Twenty-eighth	185
Evarts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	185
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 W. Washington	186
Ellsworth, Daniel	N. Y.	Oil Producer	Sept., '75	629 S. Flower	187
Eisen, Theodore A.	Ohio	Architect	March, '87	2626 S. Figueroa	185
Ferguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	185
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug., '72	1103 Ingraham	186
French, Loring W.	Ind.	Dentist	Oct., '68	837 Alvarado	186
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	185
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	186

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV 'N CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
French, Chas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '7	141½ N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Foulks, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Franck, Adolph	Germ.	Janitor	May, '67	428 Colyton	1852
Frankel, Samuel	Germ.	Farmer	'65	818 S. Hope	1865
Felix, L. Dennis	Can.	Gardener	May, '75	116 S. Grand avenue	1875
Farrey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Farvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
Fage, Henry T.	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Fillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Fillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Fould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1845
Green, Morris M.	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., '69	3017 Kingsley	1869
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	115 S. Grand avenue	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Gard, George E.	Ohio	Detective agency	'66	488 San Joaquin	1859
Geller, Margaret F.	Mo.	Housekeeper	Nov., '60	Figueroa	1860
Greenbaum, Ephraim	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry	1851
Glidden, Edward C.	N. H.	Mfr. agent	Feb., '70	756 Avenue 22	1868
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanore	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '71	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	—
Gordon, John T.	D. C.	Farmer,	'68	Azusa	1868
Grow, G. T.	Vt.	Contractor	'71	718 S. Rampart	1862
Giese, Henry	Iowa	Merchant	'73	1944 Estrella	1873
Gaines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Garris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Garper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Gazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Gazard, Henry T.	Ill.	Attorney	Dec. 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Gellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Geinzeman, C. F.	Germ.	Druggist	June 6, '68	620 S. Grand avenue	1868
Gunter, Jane E.	N. Y.		Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	—
Guber, C. E.	Ky.	Agent	July, '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Gamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Golbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Geimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Gutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Giller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Gerwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	Florence	1853
Gubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. STA.
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	18
Hass, Serepta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth	18
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	18
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	18
Houghton, Sherman O.	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	18
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	18
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	—
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug., '56	Florence	18
Hunter, Asa	Ill.	Farmer	'52	Los Angeles	18
Hunter, Jesse	Iowa	Farmer	'52	Rivera	18
Hauch, Isaac	Germ.	Tailor	April 14, '65	524 Temple	18
Hall, Thomas W.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '73	La Cañada	18
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	Mass.	Farmer	Jan., '73	Long Beach	18
Hewitt, Leslie R.	Wash.	Attorney	March 21, '76	1212 S. Olive	18
Hartnick, August	Germ.	Cooper	Aug., '72	748 Gladys avenue	18
Herrick, John	Mass.	Hackman	Feb. 27, '59	621 Main	18
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	18
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	18
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave	18
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	18
Johnson, Charles R.	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	18
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	18
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	18
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	18
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	18
Johnson, Micajah D.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 31, '76	236 N. Griffin avenue	18
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	18
Johnson, Edward P.	Ind.	Pres. L. A. Furn. Co.	June, '76	947 S. Hope	18
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	County Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	18
Kremer, M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	952 Lake street	18
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	Sept., '54	952 Lake street	18
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	18
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	18
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	18
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	217 S. Soto	18
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '63	107 W. First	18
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	18
Klockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	18
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first	18
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	18
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	18
Kipp, Nicholas	Germ.	Hackman	'75	749 Banning	18
Lynch, Joseph D.	Pa.	Editor and Pub.	Dec., '74	311 New High	18
Lamb, Chas. C.	Ill.	Real Estate agent	'74	Pasadena	18
Lambourn, Fred	Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	18
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	18
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	18
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 Westlake avenue	18
Leck, Henry Vander	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	18
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	18
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	18
Lyon, Lewis H.	Maine	Bookkeeper	Oct., '68	Newhall	18
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	18

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
enz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	—
ing, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
ockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1872
ockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
ockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
echler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
oomore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	—
oyhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
anning, Samuel W.	N. J.	Stair builder	Sept., '86	750 S. Olive	1859
ewis, Wm. Robert	Ala.	Contractor	Sept., '71	Los Angeles	1871
acy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
appa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
ercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
esmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
esser, K.	Germ.	Retired	Feb., '54	226 Jackson	1851
eyer, Samuel	Germ.	Merchant	April, '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
elzer, Louis	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Figueroa	1868
itchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
loore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869
ullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
clain, Geo. P.	Va.	Merchant	Jan. 2, '68	446 N. Grand avenue	1867
clLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
clMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
oulton, Elijah	Canada	Retired	May 12, '45	Los Angeles	1845
comas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
ott, Thomas D.	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
iller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
larxson, Dora	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. Seventeenth	1873
leade, John	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. Eighteenth	1869
loran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873
aiier, Simon	Germ.	Butcher	'76	137 S. Grand	1876
elvill, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
ontague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. Twenty-eghth	1856
cfarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
erz, Henry	Germ.	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
oody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter	Jan. 9, '66	125 Avenue 25	—
oore, Mary E.	N. Y.	'66		1467 E. Twentieth	—
organ, Octavius	Eng.	Architect	May, '74	1819 Westlake avenue	1874
oore, Alfred	Eng.	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
orton, A. J.	Ire.	Machinist	'74	315 New High	—
orris, Moritz	Germ.	Retired	'53	336 S. Broadway	1853
orton, John Jay	Mich.	Farmer	Aug., '67	Compton	1867
cfArthur, John	Can.	Miner	'69	1909 S. Figueroa	—
cfArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	'72	1909 S. Figueroa	—
cfGarvin, Robert	Can.	Real Estate agent	April 5, '75	220½ S. Spring	1875
cfDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. Twentieth	1853
cfCreery, Mary B.	N. Y.	Housewife	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
cfCreery, Rufus K.	Md.	Retired	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
cfIlmoil, John	N. Y.	Capitalist	May 20, '80	Hines	1862
cfCoye, Frank	N. Y.	Broker	May, '76	128 S. Broadway	1876
orton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
ewmark, Harris	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853
ewmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
ewell, J. G.	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	1417 W. Ninth	1850

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AB. STA.
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	County Auditor	'58	221 W. Thirty-first	18
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. Ninth	18
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	18
Nadeau Martha F.	N. H.	Housewife	Sept., '68	1501 Central avenue	18
Nittenger, Edward	Conn.	Real Estate broker	Dec., '74	Fifth street	18
Orme, Henry S.	Go.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	18
Osborne, John	Eng.	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. Thirtieth	18
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. Twelfth	18
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	18
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	18
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	18
Parker, Robert	Pa.	Printer	April 10, '75	230 S. Beaudry	18
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	18
Peschke, William	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	18
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	18
Peck, Geo. H.	Vt.	Farmer	Dec., '68	El Monte	18
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	18
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	18
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '	Los Angeles	18
Proctor, A. A.	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec. 22, '72	1501 Maple avenue	18
Pilkington, W. M.	Eng.	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	18
Proffit, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., '87	1512 W. Twelfth	18
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, '75	1723 Iowa	18
Peschke, Emil	Germ.	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	—
Pye, Thomas	Eng.	Farmer	'77	Pasadena	18
Preston, John E.	Eng.	Merchant	July 7, '76	819 Golding avenue	18
Quinn, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	18
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	18
Raab, David M.	Germ.	Dairyman	May 12, '69	South Pasadena	18
Raynes, Frank	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	18
Reichard, Daniel	Ohio	Livery	July, '68	459 Beaudry	18
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	18
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	18
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	18
Roeder, Louis	Germ.	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	18
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	18
Roberts, Henry C.	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	18
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	18
Rendall, Stephen A.	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	18
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	18
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	18
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	18
Ross, Erskine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	18
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	18
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	18
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	18
Rolston, Wm	Ill.	Farmer	'72	El Monte	—
Read, Jennie Sanderson	N. Y.	Vocal soloist	June 20, '76	1153 Lerdo	18
Roques, A. C.	France	Clerk	Aug. 16, '70	City Hall	—

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

317

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Smidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Smidt, August	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Suffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1849
Storb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. Thirtieth	1850
Stevens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stevens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Stith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Stith, W. J. A.	Eng.	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Stout, Jean	France	Retired	April, '56	545 S. Grand avenue	1856
Stearner, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1854
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Styder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Stughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Stott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Stumner, C. A.	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Stith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ill.	Housewife	Sept., '72	Temple street	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	Texas	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Stamhardt, Frederick	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Stence, Mrs. Annie	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1860
Stith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Starp, Robert L.	Eng.	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Staffer, Cornelia R.	Holland	Housewife	April, '72	200 N. Boyle avenue	1853
Stoughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1874
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Stort, Cornelius R.	Del.	Farmer	Aug. 8, '69	1417 Mission Boulevard	1859
Staples, John F.	Md.	Drover	March, '59	St. Elmo Hotel	1849
Stewart, Melissa A.	N. Y.	Housewife	March, '71	512 W. Thirtieth	1865
Steele, Robert	N. Y.	Retired	March, '75	260 S. Olive	1859
Stebman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Sted, Mathew	Eng.	Carpenter	Jan., '63	513 California	1854
Stom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. Third	1849
Stift, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Stomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Stuman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 Twenty-third	1866
Sturmer, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Stayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. Twenty-fifth	1874
Stibbs, Geo. W.	Vt.	Retired	Oct., '71	1643 Central	1869
Stell, Joseph C.	Vt.	Attorney	'60	St. George Hotel	1850
Stenolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Stenoble, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Stogt, Henry	Germ.	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Stawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Stawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875
Storkman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Storkman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Stise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Steyse, Rudolph G.	Cal.	Bookkeeper	Jan. 29, '60	Thompson street	1860
Steyse, Mrs. A. W. B.	Cal.	Housewife	July 16, '62	822 Westlake avenue	1862
Stright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. STAT.
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	18
Weid, Ivar A.	Denmark	Landlord	'72	741 S. Main	18
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	18
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	Eng.	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	18
Wartenberg, Louis	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	18
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	18
Worm, August W.	Germ.	Retired	'85	910 W. Eleventh	18
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	18
Wohlfarth, August	Germ.	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	18
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-borer	May, '70	989 E. Fifty-fifth	18
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Tex.	Housewife	Sept., '52	Downey	18
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Va.	Farmer	'49	Downey	18
Wolf, George W.	Ind.	Farmer	Oct. 5, '73	4332 Vermont avenue	18
Wolfskill, John	Mo.	Rancher	Dec. 12, '54	1419 S. Grand avenue	18
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. First	18
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	18
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. First	18
Young, Robert A.	Ire.	Miner	'66	Los Angeles	18

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
Historical Society
OF
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Volume VI

(ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS OF 1903-1904-1905)

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



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1903

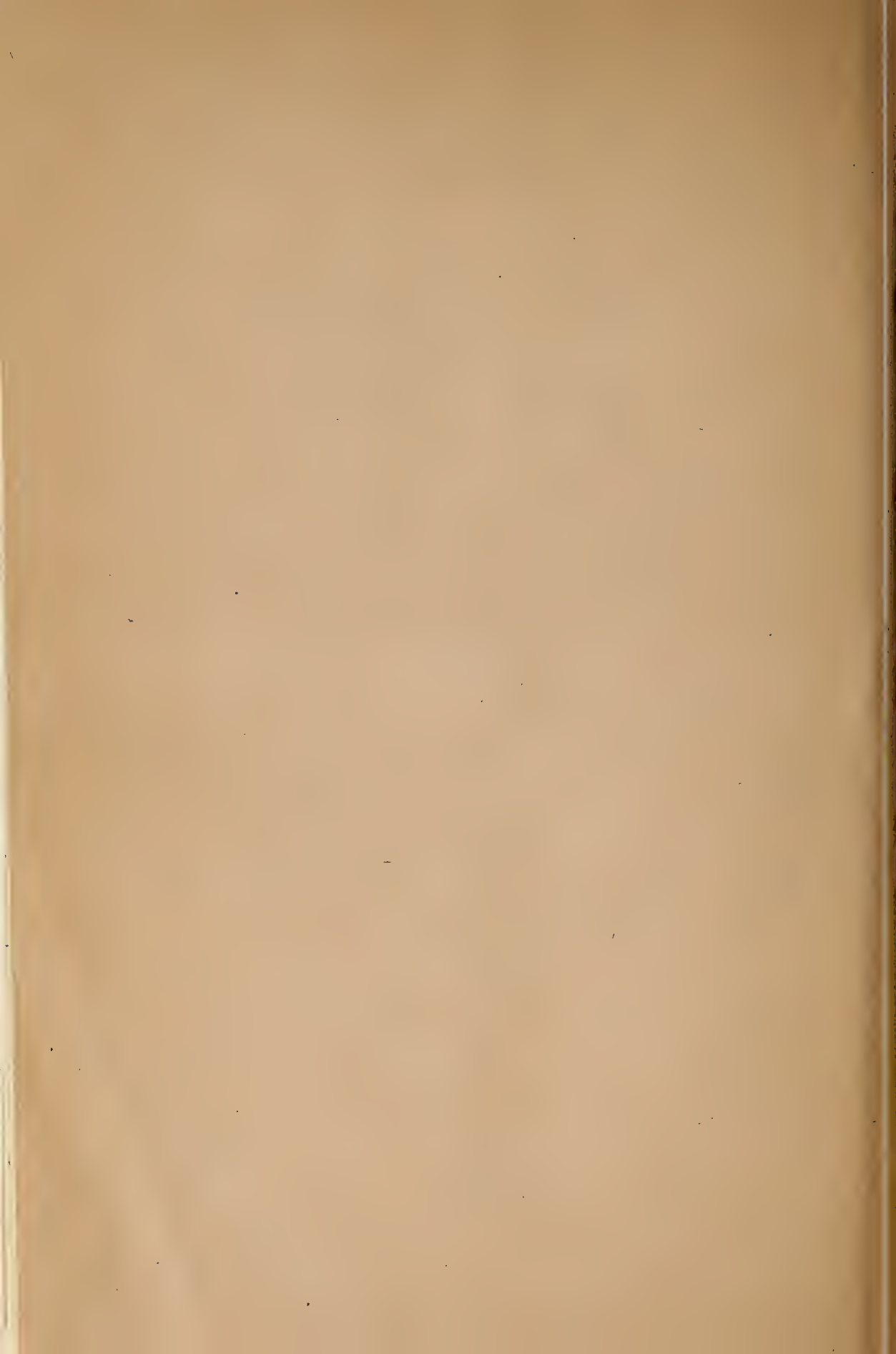
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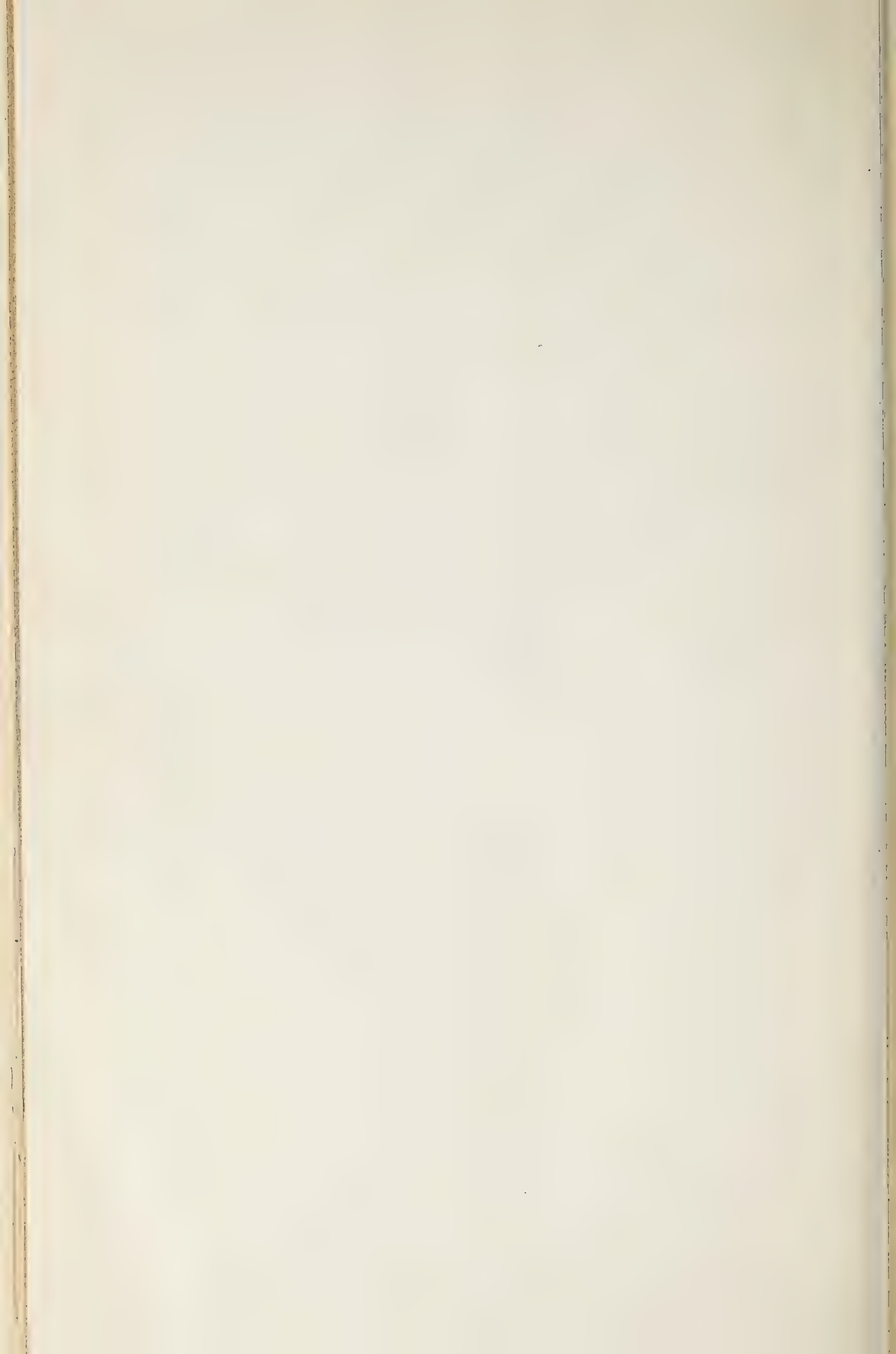
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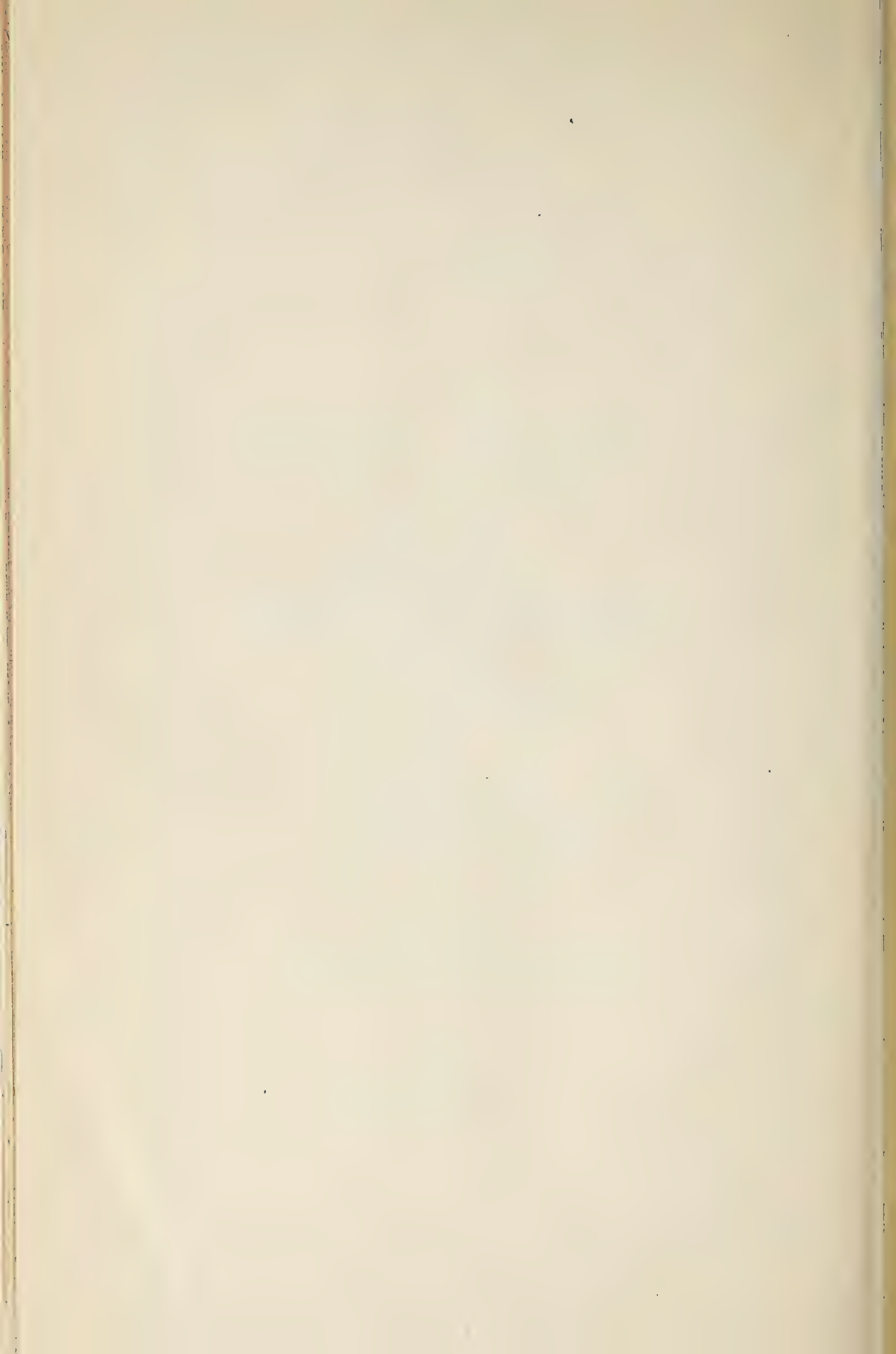
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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1903

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A. C. VROMAN.....	First Vice-President
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EDWIN BAXTER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary and Curator

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CAPT. BENJAMIN DAVIESS MOORE

Historical Society

—OF—

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

1903

A FLAG STAFF AND FLAG FOR FORT MOORE.

(Evening Express Sept. 3, 1903.)

Fort Moore, the first American fort erected in Southern California, is to have a memorial, the Native Sons and Daughters of California, the Pioneer Society, the G. A. R. and the Historical Society having united in the project of erecting a flag pole on the site of the famous fort, on the crest of Fort Hill, at the head of Broadway, just over the Broadway tunnel.

Yesterday the pole arrived in the city. It was procured in Siskiyou County and was brought by water to San Pedro, from where it was hauled by wagon, the stick being too long to be handled by the railway company. It is a magnificent fir tree, 127 feet long, fourteen inches in diameter at the base, eight inches at the tip, and straight as an arrow.

Recently the allied societies applied to the City Council for permission to erect a pole over the Broadway tunnel, and this was granted with the understanding that the work should be done under the supervision of Julius W. Krause, the City Superintendent of Buildings. It is his intention to have the pole set in cement, thus insuring its solidity, for it is expected to remain for many years as a landmark in the city. The flag is to be provided by Stanton Post G. A. R., the Women's Relief Corps, Daughters of the American Revolution and other patriotic organizations.

Several months' time was passed in the search for a pole suitable for the purpose. Thanks are expressed to the E. K. Wood Lumber Company, which aided in securing a spar of such superior quality, there being few like it even on this coast. No date has been set for the flag raising, as the erection of the pole will be a work of considerable care. It is intended to have the formal exercises within a month, and the occasion doubtless will be one that will long be remembered.

THE FLAG RAISING.

(From Los Angeles Times December 19, 1903.)

One hundred yards south of where the American flag was raised in Los Angeles over fifty-six years ago, on the site of Fort Moore, two thousand people assisted yesterday (December 18) in the exercises attending the raising of another flag in commemoration of the olden days when this queen city was in her swaddling clothes.

The flag raising was under the auspices of the Native Sons and Daughters and was preceded by a lengthy programme of music and speeches. Mrs. A. K. Prather, of the Native Daughters, was chairman, and F. A. Stephenson, of the Native Sons, master of ceremonies. The programme, which began at 2 o'clock, was as follows: Music, Seventh Regiment Band; depositing "sacred earth" from famous American battlefields, Mrs. Sade L. Rios; music, band; speech, "Conquest of Los Angeles," Grant Loraine of Los Angeles High School; speech, "The Pioneers," by Mendle Silberberg of Commercial High School; music, band; address, "Building of Fort Moore," by J. M. Guinn, of the Historical Society and Pioneers; music, band; address, John G. Mott, of the Native Sons; music, band; presentation of flag, by Rev. Will A. Knighten, of Stanton Post G. A. R.; unfurling the flag, Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, chairman of Flag Committee, and Mrs. A. K. Prather, chairman of Flag Pole Committee; music, "Star Spangled Banner," by the band; national salute by detail of Co. F, Seventh Regiment, N. G. C.

The exercises were held on a platform surrounding the base of the big flag pole, planted as everyone knows on the hill crowning the southern or city end of the Broadway tunnel. The big flag was presented by the Women's Relief Corps, Stanton Post, G. A. R., Daughters of American Revolution and naval organizations, and was unfurled from a pole 115 feet in

height above the ground and buried fifteen feet in the ground.

A feature of the occasion was the presence on the platform of a son of Capt. Moore (M. J. Moore of Carpinteria), after whom the fort was named, and a daughter of Gen. Fremont, the pathfinder.

Another noteworthy circumstance was the presence of a spectator—Willam Beddome—one of the soldiers who helped build Fort Moore, who lived in it with 400 other soldiers for five months, and who witnessed that other flag raising July 4, 1847. He is a hale, hearty veteran, 74 years old, and has many interesting stories to tell of those old days when the population of Los Angeles was about fifteen hundred. He has lived in this vicinity for twenty years and now conducts a ranch at Garvanza. He is the only known person alive here today who helped build Fort Moore.

FORT MOORE.

BY J. M. GUINN.

Los Angeles was surrendered to Commodore Stockton and General Kearny, January 10, 1847. General Flores' army, which had been defeated by the American troops in the battle of Paso de Bartolo, January 8th, and in the battle of La Mesa, January 9th, were still in the neighborhood of the city. Commodore Stockton decided to erect fortifications not only to resist an attack should one be made by Flores, but also in the event of another revolution, (as Lieutenant Emory puts it) "to enable a small garrison to hold out till aid might come from San Diego, San Francisco or Monterey, places which are destined to become centers of American settlement."

On the 11th, Lieutenant Emory, of General Kearny's staff, was detailed "to select a site and place a fort capable of containing one hundred men." On the 12th, the plan of the fort was marked out and ground broken. Work was continued on it up to the 17th by the marines and soldiers.

In the meantime General Andres Pico, in command of the Mexican troops, surrendered to Colonel Fremont at Cahuenga, and the war was over. Work on the fort ceased. Commodore Stockton and General Kearny having quarreled, Kearny left for San Diego, Stockton and his sailors rejoined their ships at San Pedro, and Lieutenant Emory was sent East via Panama with dispatches. Fremont's battalion, numbering about five hundred men, was left in command of the city.

On the 20th of April, 1847, reports supposed to be reliable reached Los Angeles stating that the Mexican Congress had appropriated \$600,000 for the conquest of California, and that a force of 1500 men under command of General Bustamente was advancing by way of Lower California against Los Angeles. On the 23rd day of April, work was begun on a second fort planned by Lieutenant J. W. Davidson of the First Regiment U. S. Dragoons. Its location was identical with Lieutenant Emory's fort, but it was twice the size of that earthwork. The work on it was done by the Mormon Battalion. This battalion was recruited from the Mormons in the spring of 1846, who were encamped at Council Bluffs, Ia., preparatory to their migration to Salt Lake. The battalion came to California under the command of Colonel Cooke, arriving at Los Angeles March 16, 1847. Its route was by way of Santa Fe, Tucson, Yuma and Warner's Ranch to San Luis Rey, and from there to Los Angeles. The battalion numbered 500 men at starting, but a number gave out on the march and were sent back.

On the 4th of July, 1847, the fort having been completed, the Stars and Stripes were raised to the top of the flag pole, which was 150 feet high. The timber for the flag staff had been brought down from the San Bernardino mountains and consisted of two pine tree trunks, one about eighty and the other seventy feet long. These were spliced together and fashioned into a beautiful pole by the carpenters of the battalion. It was raised in the rear of the fort about where is now the southeast corner of North Broadway and Fort Moore Place.

Col. J. D. Stevenson of the Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers, who had succeeded Colonel Cooke in the command of the Southern Military District, issued an official order for the celebration of the 4th of July and the dedication of the fort.

"At sunrise a Federal salute will be fired from the field work on the hill which commands this town, and for the first time from this point the American standard will be displayed."

The troops, numbering about 700, were formed in a hollow square at the fort and the Declaration of Independence was read in English by Capt. Stuart Taylor and in Spanish by Stephen C. Foster. To Lieutenant Davidson, who had planned the fort and superintended the work on it, was given the honor of raising the flag to the top of the flag pole.

Colonel Stephenson in dedicating the field work paid this high tribute to Capt. Benjamin D. Moore, after whom the fort was named:

"It is the custom of our country to confer on its fortifications the name of some distinguished individual who has rendered important services to his country, either in the councils of the nation or on the battlefield. The Commandant has therefore determined, unless the Department of war shall otherwise direct, to confer upon the field work erected at the post of Los Angeles the name of one who was regarded by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance as a perfect specimen of an American officer, and whose character for every virtue and accomplishment that adorns a gentleman was only equaled by the reputation he had acquired in the field for his gallantry as an officer and soldier, and his life was sacrificed in the conquest of this territory at the battle of San Pasqual. The Commander directs that from and after the 4th inst. it shall bear the name of Moore."

The fort was simply an earthwork with six embrasures for cannon. It was not inclosed in the rear. Two hundred men could have held it against a thousand if the attack had come from the front, but it could have been captured from the rear by a small force. It stood intact for about thirty years. It was demolished when the streets that pass through its site were graded and the lots it crossed were built upon. No trace of it now remains.

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN DAVIESS MOORE.

BY M. J. MOORE.

(Son of Capt. B. D. Moore.)

My father was born at Paris, Kentucky, September 10, 1810. I know little of his boyhood. A few years after his father's death, about 1820, his mother removed to Shelbyville, Illinois, where lived her two sons by a former husband, Captain Matthew Duncan and the Joseph Duncan who was afterward Governor of the State. He received the best education to be had in those days, and at 18 was appointed midshipman in the navy and assigned to duty on board the U. S. ship *Erie*, David Connor commander. The *Erie* was soon afterward ordered on a long cruise, touching at Mediterranean ports, spending some time in the West Indies and in the Caribbean Sea. He was at home on leave in 1832, when the news came of the rising and threatened invasion of Black Hawk. Captain Duncan's company, of which my father was made First Lieutenant by exchange from the navy, was among the first to respond to the call of the Governor, and was soon floundering through the mud and swollen streams of the all-but-submerged country. The campaign was a short one, and the old chief was worsted at the battle of Bad Axe.

In 1833, "The U. S. Regiment of Dragoons"—of which Henry Dodge was Colonel, S. W. Kearny, Lieutenant Colonel, and R. B. Mason, Major—was organized by Congress, with Jefferson Davis as Adjutant, my father being First Lieutenant of Co. C. The regiment became the First Dragoons in '36, when the Second Regiment was raised. In '33 the five companies were sent to Fort Gibson, and in '34 on the "Pawnee Expedition," in which one-fourth of the command died of fever. From '36 to '45 there were numerous Indian expeditions, without serious losses, but much severe service, being interchanges between Forts Leavenworth, Gibson, Wayne and Des Moines. In 1839 my father was married to Martha, a daughter of Judge Matthew Hughes of the then recently negotiated Platte Purchase. My mother died in '43 from exposure the previous winter on the march from Fort Gibson to Leavenworth. In May, 1845, General Kearny, with Companies A,

C, F, G and K, left Leavenworth on an expedition to the South Pass, in the Rocky Mountains. They reached Laramie June 14th and South Pass July 6th, returning by Laramie and Bent's Fort to Fort Leavenworth August 24th, having made a march of 2000 miles in 97 days. The officers and men were complimented on the length of the march, rapidity of the movements and small losses, with "pride and pleasure." June 30, 1846, Colonel Kearny was promoted Brigadier General and placed in command of the "Army of the West." Including five companies of Dragoons, there were about 1800 men under his immediate command. After conquering New Mexico, he started from Santa Fe, September 26th, with the five companies of Dragoons for California. I insert here some extracts from a letter dated Santa Fe, N. M., September 16th, addressed to Judge Hughes—the last that was received:

"My Dear Father:—I am sorry I did not know the Express left so soon, that I might have written you a longer letter, but it leaves for the United States in one hour, so you must excuse a short one. * * * The people so far seem to be well pleased with their new government; how long it will continue, time will show. All the Dragoons leave here the 25th with General Kearny for California. It not being practicable for horses, the General has directed the Quartermaster to purchase mules to mount the whole command. * * * We have a march before us of 1300 or 1400 miles, and almost a desert from the beginning to the end of the journey. From all accounts it is a very severe trip on account of the scarcity of water, grass and game. Some say we will never get through, but I know better. The trip has been performed (though not by so large a party) and we can go where Mexicans or Indians can, and can stand as much fatigue, cold, hunger and thirst as they can. * * * General Kearny told me yesterday that he was going to the United States next summer. * * * I told him that if it was probable that my company was to be stationed there (in California) that I would not stay; I would resign. I told him I would not be separated from my children longer than the war continued; that they were a greater consideration to me than a commission of any grade in the army could be. * * *

Affectionately,

B. D. MOORE."

Near Socorro, New Mexico, October 6th, General Kearny's command met Kit Carson bearing an express from Commodore Stockton to Washington, to the effect that "California had surrendered without a blow and that the American flag floated in every port." This news caused General Kearny to reduce radically the personnel of his force. Major Sumner with 250 Dragoons was ordered to retrace his steps, and General Kearny, taking Carson as his guide, with one hundred Dragoons officered by Captain Moore, Captain Johnston and Lieutenants Hammond and Davidson, proceeded October 15th to the head waters of the Mimbres, a tributary of the Gila, which they soon reached and followed to its junction with the Colorado. With the loss of half their mules, they reached Warner's ranch December 3rd. In answer to a note informing Stockton of his coming, Captain Gillespie with 35 men joined General Kearny on the 5th with a note from Commodore Stockton advising him of the proximity of Pico's Californians and suggesting that he "attack and defeat them."

Judge Pearce of Sonoma County, who was a member of Company C, but had been detached as body guard to General Kearny, in his biography (see "History of Sonoma County"), relates the following facts—not, that I am aware, elsewhere accessible:

"After a fatiguing day's journey in the rain, we camped in the mountains about eight or ten miles from the enemy's forces under Pico. After the camp fires were lighted, General Kearny sent Mr. Pearce with his compliments to Captains Moore and Johnston and Lieutenant Hammond, and asked them to a conference on the propriety of reconnoitering the enemy's position that night and attacking him in the morning. Captain Moore opposed, mainly on the ground 'that discovery of our presence would necessarily follow a reconnoissance, and discovery would result in failure to obtain an advantage, as the enemy were well mounted and were, perhaps, the most expert horsemen in the world, and we were for the most part on poor, half-starved and jaded mules; that it would be far better for the whole of us to move and make the attack at once; that by this course we should more than likely get all the horses of the enemy, and to dismount them was to whip them.' The objections of Captain Moore were overruled and Lieutenant Hammond, Sergeant Williams and ten men were forthwith detailed and did reconnoitre the enemy's position.'

Mr. Pearce was present at the conference above mentioned and was present and heard the report of Lieutenant Hammond on his return from the reconnoissance. They had seen Pico's men asleep in some Indian huts, and while talking to an Indian outside of one of the huts the detachment was hailed by a sentinel. As soon as this report was made "boots and saddles" was sounded and the little army advanced.

In a letter from Judge Pearce, written June 18, 1884, to me, he says: "I was near your father during the engagement and saw him remount his horse after his first wound. He was mounted on a fresh horse, was in the very front, and seemed to me to be trying his utmost to do all the fighting himself."

Two years ago in a conversation with Philip Crosthwaite, who was a volunteer in Captain Gillespie's detachment from San Diego, and who it will be remembered captured the only prisoner taken at the battle of San Pasqual. he informed me of some occurrences, a part of which I had heard from other sources, but which I have not seen in any printed account. Crosthwaite knew personally many of Pico's men, and was an eye witness to a part of the event here related:

Andres Pico was not lacking in personal courage, but for some reason 'his heart was not in the fight' at San Pasqual. While his men and the Dragoons under Captain Moore were still engaged, he started away from the field. Captain Moore saw and followed Pico and in a few hundred yards came up with him. Two Californians, Celis and Osuña, drew out of the fight and went in pursuit of them, stopping a few yards away, as they said, 'to see which would win—lance or sabre.' After a few passes Captain Moore's sword was broken off a few inches from the guard. He attempted to draw his pistol from the holster and was lanced by Osuña. Lieutenant Hammond, coming up at this time, in an effort to save Captain Moore was mortally wounded. They were brothers-in-law, and warmly attached to each other. It seems not too much to say, in the words of St. John, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." They lie side by side at Point Loma.

HISTORY OF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

(Read Dec. 7, 1903.)

Santa Catalina is one of an interesting group of islands lying south of Point Concepcion, along the coast of Southern California. These are often divided into two groups, the more northern ones, known as the Channel Islands, being composed of San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and Anacapa, along the coast of Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties. Santa Catalina, Santa Barbara, San Nicolas and San Clemente are the group of Santa Barbara Islands that lie along the coast of Los Angeles and San Diego Counties.

Although belonging to Los Angeles County, some twenty miles or more must be sailed over before Santa Catalina is reached.

The length of Santa Catalina is variously estimated at from 18 to 22 miles. The greatest width is estimated at eight miles, the narrowest being at the isthmus, which is only one-half mile across.

The island is mountainous and covered with jutting peaks that rise on every side. There are no beaches excepting in the crescent-shaped cañons, for bold rocks stand out in the water, in some places like immense granite walls, against which the ocean dashes in its fury. Even at the isthmus the curving beaches are limited to small areas.

Prof. Lawson,* the geologist, says the "larger part" of the island is "composed of volcanic rocks, not essentially different in their general field character from those of San Clemente." The greatest elevations on the island are known as Orizaba and Black Jack, which rise near the center of the island to a height of over 2000 feet.

"There are half a dozen or more springs and creeks which do not dry up during the summer, and a few wells supply the other points. All the water is decidedly alkaline."*

* "The Past Pliocene Diastrophism of the Coast of Southern California," by Andrew C. Lawson, University of Cal. "Bull. Dept. Geol., Vol. 1, No. 4.)

A casual visitor on Santa Catalina Island in the summer time will tell you that, aside from trees and plants under cultivation, the island is devoid of vegetation, save a few scrubby trees, the prickly pear cactus (*Opuntia*) running in riotous growth over the hills, and the long yellow grass that covers the otherwise bare earth.

But the botanist tells another tale of rare trees and shrubs not reported elsewhere. And besides these he finds plants that lie hidden in the cañons, needing the winter rains to encourage their unfolding. Many years ago a friend of mine, who was something of a botanist, was enthusiastic over the wealth of wild flowers that followed in the train of the winter showers and grew in beauty on the hills and in the vale of Avalon. Our so-called Mariposa Lily, which is a tulip, was first reported from the island, and bears the name of "*Calochortus Catalinæ*," Wats, or "*Catalina Mariposa Tulip*." This is only one of a number of plants new to science found on this island.

To one who loves to indulge in the play of fancy amid primitive surroundings, there is no spot more ideal than one of the lonely foothills overlooking the ocean in this island. Encompassed by a wild and tangled growth that climbs the perpendicular mountains, with dry grass under one's feet, the blue Pacific splashing and dashing against the upright rocks below, one can sit and forget he is a part of the rushing procession of the world. The petty cares of yesterday with the multitude have gone; they have fallen off like a mantle that is too heavy when the sun has risen. Surrounded by the Eternal, your soul is at peace.

This is the Isle of Summer as it has arisen from the hand of nature, but man—restless, struggling man—has invaded the island and a new environment is replacing the primitive one. The calculating engineer, the landscape gardener and architect, with all their concomitant following, are dotting the cañons, and the slippery trail of the wild goat gives place to the upland stage drawn by many horses. The fame of the nervy jew fish and albacore has given the island an international reputation, and the unrest of the summer visitor is fast converting the land of sweet idleness into a fashionable watering place.

Many years ago when I visited the little crescent-shaped vale of Avalon, it was only a diminutive, quiet tent town, nestled between towering peaks. In other cañons a little soli-

* "The Geology of Santa Catalina Island," by William Tangier Smith. (Proc. Cal. Acad. Sciences.)

tary shack of a home, and at the isthmus the deserted barracks of the U. S. government, used during the Civil war, was standing in solitary abandonment.

On my last visit in 1902 the automobile rushed along the shaded avenues of transplanted trees to the golf grounds, and up the steep hills the wireless telegraph had caught a sound-proof resting place. A teeming crowd of restless humanity surged up and down the beach in front of Avalon, with her numerous hotels and stores, and her cottages dotted the hill sides, only reached by steep flights of steps.

Instead of a two-masted yacht landing her dozen passengers, two, and oftener three, steamships daily filled from the upper to the lower deck with a crowd of passengers, puffed up to the pier with the haste of a time limit.

Even the shore has felt the change. Dredging, so as to enable boats of deeper caliber to land, has changed this gently receding beach to one of more abrupt declension. The dead shells no longer are stranded upon the beach; they lie amid the sands, rarely uncovered by the tide. The white valves of the *Chione* and the rare pink-lined ones of the *Hemicardium* and the pure white pebbles no longer strew the beach.

Bath houses, rustic seats and fishing stands, hung with fish whose single weight runs up into the hundreds of pounds, encircle the water front almost to Sugar Loaf rock.

Where, years ago, tiny golden fish played in and out under the skiff as we rowed over the water, on my last visit to Avalon an expert diver went down into the water to seek for missing diamonds dropped overboard by a hotel visitor as she returned on a vessel from a pleasure trip to the isthmus.

But, while diamonds and dollars pervade the 'Avalon of other days, and have sought a landing place at the isthmus—which, no doubt, will be joined by the rushing trolley car—yet the hills, with their rugged sides, cannot be irrigated in a day, and so will long jut out alluring peaks to tempt the lover of Nature to seek the solitude of uncultivated slopes.

We are glad the scientists' iron-clad rule of precedence in nomenclature does not obtain in the naming of the island, else the more euphonious name of Santa Catalina would give place to that of "Victoria," named by Cabrillo, the earlier navigator. For Vizcaino (variously spelled Viscaino, Vizcaino and Viscayno) sighted this pile of mountains in the sea at a later date than Cabrillo, but he remembered it was Saint Catherine's day and he gave her the island as a namesake. But Victoria would

have been far more preferable than "Pimugna" (also printed Pineugna), the Indian name for this island.

Viscaino journeyed from San Diego when he sighted the island, and Hittell says:

"Here he found many Indians—men, women and children—all clothed in seal skins, and was received by them with extreme kindness. They were a fine-looking race, had large dwellings and numerous rancherias; made admirable canoes, some of which would carry twenty persons; and were expert seal hunters and fishermen. There were many things of interest there, but the most extraordinary were a temple and idol, the most remarkable of which any account remains among the Californians. The temple consisted of a large circular place ornamented with variously colored feathers of different kinds. Within the circle was the idol, a figure supposed to represent the devil*, painted in the manner in which the Indians of New Spain were accustomed to depict their demon, and having at his sides representatives of the sun and moon. To this idol it was said the Indians sacrificed large numbers of birds, and that it was with their feathers that the place was adorned. When the Spanish soldiers, who were conducted thither by an Indian, arrived at the spot, they found within the circle two extraordinary crows†, much larger than common, which, upon their approach, flew away and perched upon the neighboring rocks. Struck by their size, the soldiers shot and killed them both; whereupon their Indian guide began to utter the most pathetic lamentations. 'I believe,' says Father Torquemanda, 'that the devil was in those crows and spoke through them, for they were regarded with great respect and veneration;' and in further illustration of this he relates that on another occasion, when several Indian women were washing fish upon the beach, the crows approached and snatched the food from their hands; and that the women stood in such awe that they dared not drive them away, and were horrified when the Spaniards threw stones at them."**

To quote further, Mr. Hittell says: "Among the **natural** productions of Santa Catalina were large quantities of edible roots, called "gicamas," and in these, according to Viscaino, the Indians carried on a sort of trade with their neighbors of the mainland."†

* See Hugo Reid's account in this paper.

† See also Bancroft's Native Races, Vol. III.

**Hittell's History of California, Vol. I.

† Torquemanda L. V., Chap. LII, quoted in Hittell's Hist. California, Vol. I.

He also mentions as another significant fact that the women of the island had pleasant countenances, fine eyes, and were modest and decorous in their behavior*, and that the children were white and ruddy and all very affable and agreeable. From these statements, as well as from those made by Cabrillo in reference to the Indians of the opposite coast, it is evident that the natives of these regions†, on account of a difference either in blood or in the circumstances under which they lived, were far in advance of the other natives of California."

Bancroft‡ mentions some of the uses that shells were put to; that "The beard is plucked out with a bi-valve shell which answers the purpose of pinchers," and also that "The more industrious and wealthy embroider their garments profusely with small shells."*

In Farnham's quaint volume on the "Early Days of California," he says of Viscaino's voyage to the island, which he calls Santa Catarina: "The inhabitants of Santa Catarina make the most noisy and earnest invitations for them to land. The General (Viscaino) therefore orders Admiral Gomez, Captain Peguero and Ensign Alarcon, with twenty-four soldiers, to land on the island and learn what the natives so earnestly desire. As soon as they reach the shore they are surrounded by Indian men and women, who treat them with much kindness and propriety, and intimate that they have seen other Spaniards. When asked for water, they give it to the whites in a sort of bottle made of rushes

"They explore the island. It appears to be overgrown with savin and a species of briar. A tent is pitched for religious service, and Padre Tomas (de Aquino), being ill, Padres Antonio (de la Ascencion) and Andres (de la Assumpcion) celebrate mass in presence of all the people. These Indians spend much of their time in taking the many varieties of fish which abound in the bay."

Besides having plenty of fish, the natives were supplied with quail, partridges, rabbits, hare and deer.

At that time, according to this writer, the people of the neighboring islands were in direct communication with the natives of this island.

* Torquemanda L. V., Chap. LIII, translated in Hittell's Hist. Cal., Vol. I.

† "Other islands of Santa Barbara Channel."

‡ Bancroft's Native Races, Vol. I.

* Bancroft's Native Races, Vol. I.

From the landing of Viscaino to the time of the Missionary Fathers, history furnishes us with little data regarding the people of this island. A writer in Bancroft's *Native Races* says: "When first discovered by Cabrillo, in 1542, the islands off the coast were inhabited by a superior people, but these they were induced by the padres to abandon, following which event the people faded away."*

The Very Reverend Joseph J. O'Keefe, Superior of the Franciscans, in a letter on this subject says: "The lapse of time, from the exploration of Cabrillo to the coming of the Missionary Fathers to this part of the coast, was somewhat over two centuries, during which long period many and radical changes could have easily taken place, and must have taken place, if Cabrillo found, as Bancroft states, a superior people on the islands. The fact that there is no record by the Fathers of their having found any such people on the islands, after their arrival here in 1768-9, goes far to prove that if such people existed at the time of Cabrillo's explorations in 1542, they had even before the advent of the Fathers (1769) either left the islands and become mixed up with the Chumas and other tribes on the mainland, or were exterminated by disease or war."

William Henry Holmes, the well known anthropologist of the U. S. National Museum, is of the opinion that the natives of this island did "not differ essentially, in blood or culture, from the people of the mainland."*

The question has often been asked, "Why didn't the Fathers establish a mission on Santa Catalina Island?" In his biennial report of the missions in 1803-4 it appears that President Estevan Tapis did favor the founding of a mission on the isle which he calls "Limu." In his report he says: "Limu abounds with timber, water and soil. There are ten rancherias on the island, the three largest of which, Cajatsa, Ashuael and Liam, have 124, 145 and 122 adults respectively. The men are naked, live on fish, and are eager for a mission."* He also reports that the natives of Santa Rosa were willing to move to Santa Cataline, or Limu, as they had "no facilities for a mission." But in his later report of 1805-6, according to Bancroft, "the president confessed that as the sarampion, or measles, had carried off over two hundred natives on the two islands, and as a recent

* Bancroft's *Native Races*, Vol. I.

* Anthropological Studies in California, by William Henry Holmes. (Report U. S. Nat. Mus. 1900.)

* Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

investigation had shown a lack of good lands and of water, the expediency of founding a mission was doubtful."

Captain Wm. Shaler, of the *Lelia Byrd*, who landed at Santa Catalina in 1805, reported that he found about one hundred and fifty Indians on the island, and they were very friendly to him—"he believed himself the first explorer"[†] of the harbor where he anchored, and he named it after his former partner, Port Rouissillon.[‡] He stayed at the island about six weeks, and afterward published a narrative of his voyages.

In 1807 Jonathan Winship of the vessel *O'Cain* "hunted otter for a time at Santa Catalina Island, where he found forty or fifty Indian residents who had grain and vegetables to sell."^{*}

The reports of these two Captains, one of 150 Indians in 1805, and the other, two years later, of 50 Indians, would indicate that the measles, or some other cause, had greatly reduced the number that in 1803-4 had been reported by the president of the missions as almost 400.

The Rev. Father O'Keefe gives us the reasons why no mission was founded upon the island. He writes:[†] "I always understood that there were not many Indians on Santa Catalina Island at the time of the missions; also that the government was opposed to and would not aid in founding any missions, except on the mainland. So this is the true reason why no mission was established on the island, apart from the fact that the Indians were but few at the time. As missions could not be established on the islands, lacking government consent, I know the Fathers invited the few Indians of the islands to join the missions on the coast, so they might more conveniently instruct them in Christian doctrine; as the Fathers were not many, and those appointed to the newly established missions could not be absent from them for many days, they could go but seldom to the islands, and then with great hardship and inconvenience.

There is a legend that the male natives of Santa Catalina were killed by the Aleuts, or Kodiak Indians, of Russian America, but I have not been able to verify this statement. In Robinson's *Life in California*, in referring to the importance of the

[†] "Captain Shaler's narrative, published in 1808, was the first extended account of California printed in the United States."—Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

[‡] Count Rouissillon, a distinguished Pole.

^{*} Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

[†] In a letter.

^{*} Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. II.

trade in fur seals and sea otters, which had "called the attention of the Russian Codiaks" to the islands, he says: "On one occasion, in a quarrel with the islanders at St. Nicholas (San Nicolas), they inhumanly massacred nearly the whole of the male inhabitants, which act naturally induced the entire population of these islands (Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa and San Nicolas) to seek refuge and protection among the several missionary establishments on the mainland."

As Mr. Robinson was familiar with Santa Catalina, where as super-cargo's clerk his vessel often weighed anchor, if the islanders had met a similar fate, he certainly would have mentioned it.

In the autumn of 1838, according to Bancroft,* Captain John Bancroft of the ship *Llama* landed at Santa Rosa Island with "twenty-five fierce Kaiganies." Later he went to Santa Catalina Island to hunt otter, and on November 21, after a quarrel with one of these northwestern Indians, he was shot in back and mortally wounded. His wife, who was on board the vessel, threw herself upon his body and was also wounded. Mrs. Bancroft died about two months afterward, "from the effects of her wounds."

Father Geronimo Boscano* interviewed some of the natives to ascertain their original conceptions, and his MSS., translated after his death, give us some insight into the religious beliefs of the Indians of Alta California. Boscano writes: "It is difficult, I confess, if unacquainted with their language, to penetrate their secrets." To their god, Chinigchinick, they attribute this command: "And to those who have kept my commandments I shall give all they ask of me; but those who obey not my teachings, nor believe them, I shall punish severely. I will send unto them bears to bite, and serpents to sting them; they shall be without food and have diseases that they may die." They evidently feared punishment only in this world.

* *Chinigchinick: A Historical Account of the Indians of Alta California*, by the Rev. Father Friar Geronimo Boscano. Translated from the original MS. by one who was many years a resident of Alta California (1844). This translation by Alfred Robinson was bound with his *Life in California* by an American (Alfred Robinson).

Hugo Reid, or Prefecto Hugo Reid, a Scotchman, who came to California in 1834 or '35 and settled near the San

* See *Hist. of Cal.* by Hubert Howe Bancroft, Vol. IV, pages 90-119.

Gabriel Mission, has given us a series of articles on the Indians of Los Angeles County. These letters were written for the Los Angeles Star in 1852.* Hugo Reid had married an Indian woman and lived much among the natives. He is reputed to have been a man of education. Although referring mostly to the Indians of the mainland, reference is occasionally made to those upon the islands. Reid makes no mention of the islanders as being unlike those of the rest of Los Angeles County. Had they been so at the time he knew them, he certainly would have noted their differences.

Mrs. Laura Evertsen King, who knew the Indian wife of Hugo Reid, speaks of her as a refined woman of affectionate disposition. She was very proud of her Scotch husband. They had two children, from whom presents were often received from Scotland. Of Mr. Reid, she says he had been a great traveler, had a large library, for that time. Among his effects was a letter of Byron's written to his publisher. While living in San Gabriel, Reid often was gone three months at a time. Mrs. King speaks of him as being a reticent man. Both his son and his daughter died before reaching 20 years of age. The Indian wife died of smallpox in 1864.

In Davis' *Sixty Years in California*," he also says of Reid's wife: "We were surprised and delighted with the excellence and neatness of the housekeeping of the Indian wife, which could not have been excelled. The beds which were furnished us to sleep on were exquisitely neat, with coverlids of satin, the sheets and pillow cases trimmed with lace and highly ornamented."

Reid says: "Fish, seals, whales, sea otter and shell fish formed the principal subsistence of the immediate coast range of lodges and islands."

Acorns were dried, pounded and carefully prepared and cooked to form a mush. "Salt was used sparingly, as they considered it having a tendency to turn the hair grey." All of their food was eaten cold, or nearly so. He says that next to the acorn, the favorite "food was the kernel of a species of plum which grows in the mountains and islands, and called by them islay." "Some call it the 'mountain cherry,' although it partakes little of either the plum or cherry."

These mountain cherries (*Prunus illicifolia* Walp.) still grow on Santa Catalina, and Cherry Valley received its name from the presence of these shrubs, or small trees, in the cove. Their

* Hugo Reid died in December, 1852.

pots to cook in were made of soapstone of about an inch in thickness and procured from the Indians of Santa Catalina; the cover used was of the same material.

The natives of Santa Catalina and those of the coast line appear to have exchanged their local productions and to have had much in common. Pottery from the now famous soapstone quarries (see cut of Indian quarry) of the island figured in the "barter and trade" carried on with the Indians of the interior, who brought their "deer skins and seeds" to trade with the aborigines of the coast.

Hugo Reid gives some very interesting accounts of marriage and burial ceremonies, use of medicines, sports, games and legends. The chief instructed some of the male children orally with long stories, which they repeated word for word until they became such adepts at recitation that no oration was too long for them to recite it.

He says of one legend that he has reproduced: "Whenever this legend was to be told, the hearers first bathed themselves, then came to listen."

As much of the data given us by this writer was related to him by the old Indians or was noted by the writer himself, I am tempted to quote still further: "Before the Indians* belonging to the greater part of this county were known to the whites, they comprised, as it were, one great family, under distinct chiefs. They spoke nearly the same language, with the exception of a few words, and were more to be distinguished by a local intonation of the voice than by anything else.

"Being related by blood and marriage, war was never carried on between them. When war was consequently waged against neighboring tribes of no affinity, it was a common cause."

Like Christian nations, they had their family feuds, often passing down from one generation to another, yet their vari-

* In judging Los Angeles County Indians during the period of their degeneration we must bear in mind the influences surrounding them—aside from the Fathers. Alex. Forbes, Esq., writing in 1835, says: "For whatever soldiers are sent to California are the refuse of the Mexican army, and most frequently are deserters, mutineers or men guilty of military crimes." Add to this influence, whisky for the Indians, and the absence of marriage vows toward the Indian women, and degeneration is the natural result.

ances never reached the point of bloodshed, in which they could not be likened to Christian nations.

"Their huts were made of sticks covered in around with flag mats, worked or platted, and each village generally contained from 500 to 1500 huts."

Of language he says: "They have many phrases to which we have no equivalent." He said that after the coming in of the Spaniards, or, as he puts it, "the conquest," their language degenerated until "the present generation barely comprehends a part of what one of the old 'standards' says." "They believed in one God, the maker and creator of all." The term "Giver of Life" was used for ordinary occasions. "The name of God" was never taken in vain, their nearest approach to an oath being a term equivalent to "Bless me!" They had "never heard of devil or hell until the coming of the Spaniards." They "had no bad spirits connected with their creed." They "believed in no resurrection whatever," but believed in the transmigration of souls into the bodies of animals.

The "chiefs had one, two or three wives, as their inclination dictated. The subjects only one." "The last case of bigamy, or rather polygamy, was one of the chiefs from Santa Catherina (Catalina), who was ordered by the priest to San Gabriel and their baptized. He had three wives, the first one of whom was allowed him, and the others discarded." Reid said this Indian was still living at San Fernando and called "Canoa or Canoe."

Children were taught to be respectful to their elders, "for if an adult asked a boy or girl for a drink of water, they were not allowed to put it to their lips until the other had satisfied his thirst. If two were in a conversation, a child was not permitted to pass between them, but made to go around them on either side. No male from childhood upward was allowed to call his sister 'liar' even in jest, the word for liar being 'yayare.'"

That such refined regard for the amenities of life existed among the aborigines of this coast appears incredible.

Shells have always been prized by aborigines for adornment, and Santa Catalina, as well as the other isles of Southern California, has always been rich in beautiful iridescent abalones (*Haliotis splendens*, *H. Cracherodii*) as well as other forms.

*Note—If Reid is right the Spanish writers were mistaken in supposing the idol was a demon or devil.



INDIAN SOAPSTONE QUARRY
(See Page 25 for Description)

"Although money in the strict sense of the word did not exist among them, they had an equivalent consisting of pieces of thick rounded shells, less than a five-cent piece. These had a hole in the center and were strung on long strings. Eight of these yards of beads (for they were also used as such) made about one dollar of our currency."*

Before passing from the occupation of Santa Catalina by the aborigines, to its usurpation by the white man, some notice must be taken of history written by their own hands as they shaped their implements of bone and stone and carved their "ollas" from the serpentine quarries. These utensils are today the pride of the archæologist as well as the study of the ethnologist. A few years ago anthropologists were enthusiastic over these "finds." It was rumored that "a vast collection of curios" had been removed and sent to the Smithsonian Institute. Through the courtesy of Mr. W. de C. Ravenel, administrative assistant of the U. S. National Museum, I have received a list of Santa Catalina relics now in that museum* A fine list of Indian relics now in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge has very kindly been furnished by Prof. F. W. Putnam, Peabody Professor of American Archæology and Ethnology. Through the kindness of Mr. Frank Wiggins, Secretary Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, I have been able to copy a list of relics found on Santa Catalina Island, and now in the Chamber of Commerce. These lists will be published by the U. S. Cal. Acad. Science.

The soapstone specimens were made from the soapstone* quarries of Empire Landing, or Potts Valley. Mexican Joe says there is one big rock from which as many as 64 pots have been cut. (See cut of **Indian quarry**.)

Charles Frederick Holder† says of these serpentine ollas: "There was little need for pottery with such vessels. From this stone, which today is made into mantels and tiles, and lines the entrance to the Los Angeles Court House, the ancients formed

* For data regarding the use of shells by Sou. Cal. Islanders, see "Ethno-Conchology: A Study of Primitive Money," by Robert E. C. Stearns. Rep't U. S. Nat. Mus., 1886-87.

* In Mr. Wm. Henry Holmes' Anthropological Studies in California, he mentions a series of relics collected by him when on the island.

* Also known as Catalina marble, or Verde antique.

† An Isle of Summer: Santa Catalina. By Charles Frederick Holder.

dishes, spoons, stone plates, medicine stones, sinkers and a variety of objects.

"The old out-door manufactory is most interesting, and the unfinished ollas can still be seen, with others marked in the rock ready to be cut, when the workmen dropped their tools, never to return."

The remains found upon the island prove that the largest townsite was at the isthmus, where, according to William Henry Holmes, "an important village stood for a long period."*

As early as 1826 or '27 the Mexican governor, Echeandia, appears to have entertained fears of American usurpation. Hittell* says: "The general feeling of distrust against Americans was further exhibited in 1827, in reference to a house erected in 1826 by Captain Cunningham of the American ship *Courier*, on Santa Catalina Island. It is not unlikely that the maintenance of this establishment, though claimed to be for hunting purposes, may have had something to do with illicit trade.

Captain John Bradshaw of the *Franklin* was accused "of having touched at Santa Catalina in defiance of special orders," and John Lawlor of the Hawaiian brig *Karimoko* had been accused of departing from San Pedro without paying duties. It is said: "He had, in spite of repeated warnings, touched at Santa Catalina Island and had even deposited goods there, besides breeding animals, the exportation of which was contraband."*

As the policy of the Mexican government was opposed to foreign traffic on California shores, unless heavy duties were paid, most American ships indulged in contraband trade, and Santa Catalina Island, with its natural harbors, was a very convenient port for such trade. Charles Dwight Willard in his *History of Los Angeles City* says: "During the years from 1826 to the American occupation, Catalina was a favorite resort for smugglers, and some of the most prominent citizens of Los Angeles were believed to take part in contraband trade."

Santa Catalina also had her period of gold excitement. Professor J. M. Guinn,* our Secretary, has given an interesting

* *Anthropological Studies in California*, by William Henry Holmes. (Rept. U. S. Nat. Mus.)

* Hittell's *History of California*, Vol. II.

* Bancroft's *History of California*, Vol. III.

* *An Early Mining Boom on Santa Catalina*, by J. M. Guinn. *Overland Monthly*, Vol. XVI (1890).

history of mining in the island. He says: "The existence of these metals on the Island of Santa Catalina was known long before the acquisition of California by the United States. George Yount, a pioneer of 1830, who, with Pryor, Wolfskill, Laughlin and Prentiss, built a schooner at San Pedro for the purpose of hunting sea otter, found on one of his trips to the island some rich outcroppings. It does not appear, however, that he set much value upon his discovery at the time. He was hunting sea otter, not gold mines. After the discovery of gold at Coloma, and the wild rush of gold hunters to the coast, Yount recalled to mind his find on Santa Catalina. He made three trips to the island in search of his lost lode, but without success. His last trip was in 1854."

Professor Guinn further says: "A tradition of Yount's lost mine was still extant in Los Angeles. This directed attention to Catalina as a prospective mining region."

The first location of a claim was made in "April, 1863, by Martin M. Kimberly" and "Daniel E. Way."

"The first discoveries were made near the isthmus on the northwestern part of the island. The principal claims were in Fourth of July Valley, Cherry Valley and Mineral Hill. Later discoveries were made on the eastern end of the island." According to Professor Guinn there must have been something like a real estate boom on the island: "A site for a city, called 'Queen City,' was located on Wilson Harbor," lots were staked off and numerous claims "were recorded in the Recorder's office of Los Angeles County." "Numerous assays were made, showing the lands to be rich in gold and silver-bearing rock, the assays ranging from \$150 to \$800 per ton." "Stock companies were formed with capital bordering on the millions." But the millions in stock did not materialize in cash for their enterprise, as the busy miners soon found themselves without money to develop their mines. As the writer says: "It was the famine year of Southern California, the terrible dry season of 1863-4. Cattle were dying by thousands, and the cattle barons, whose wealth was in their flocks and herds, saw themselves reduced to the verge of poverty."

Another difficulty arose, and this effectually stopped the progress of mining on this island during the Civil war. As the island had fine harbors for the landing of ships, it was rumored that privateers from the Confederacy were intending to make the island a rendezvous, so the U. S. government built the barracks and stationed troops on Santa Catalina. Orders

were published forbidding any "person or persons, others than owners of stock and corporate companies' employes," to land on the island. This order was issued from the headquarters on Santa Catalina Island, February 5, 1864.

Mrs. S. A. Howland tells me that something like eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of gold was sent to San Francisco, but the one who carried it there failed to report afterward; also that the "Gem of the Ocean" mine in Fourth of July Valley was blasted for ore, with the result that the blast stopped all future expectations, as water, instead of ore, now filled the mine. The "Argentine," another mine in this valley, could only be worked at low tide; at other times the mine was completely out of sight.

Before this time the island had become well known as a fine grazing island for sheep. Men settled on it to look after their sheep interests and little homes or shacks were built in some of the coves. In some cases men had their wives with them, and the settlers on the island began the era of "squatter supremacy." Trees and vines were planted, wells dug, and each settler raised his vegetables, tended his herds of sheep, and only made trips to the mainland for necessities he could not raise.

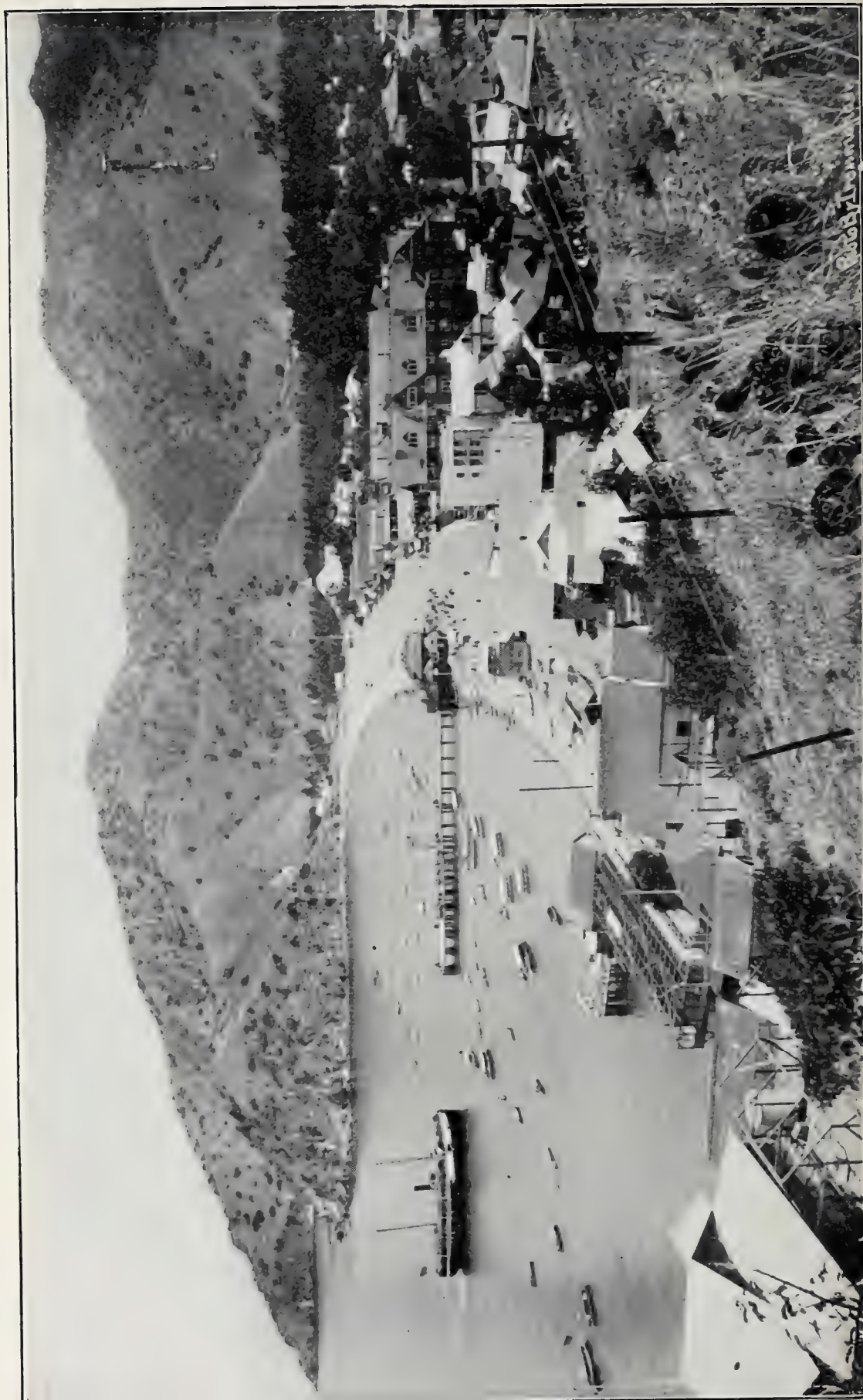
I am indebted to Mrs. S. A. Howland, widow of Captain Howland, for the following data relative to those days:

The cove now called Johnson's Landing was settled by John Benn, a German, and his wife. He built the present house, but this was not the first one he lived in at that place. The cove was known as John Benn's Place. His wife was Spanish.

About ten years after John Benn settled in the cove, Captain and Mrs. Howland bought a squatter's right to the valley now known as Howland Valley. They bought the right of Mr. Harvey Rhoads.

Samuel Prentiss, or Prentice, a native of Rhode Island, and known as "Old Sam," was one of the settlers. He died on the island about the year 1865, and was buried at Howland's Valley. A small picket fence surrounds his grave.*

*Samuel Prentiss was a sailor said to have deserted from an American man-of-war, in South America. He was subsequently one of the crew of the brig Danube, December 25, 1828. Stephen Foster writes "Prentiss," Prentice. Mrs. Howland tells me that this hunter and trapper was an unlettered man but full of information gathered in his roving and outdoor life.



AVALON (See Page 30)

Avalon Valley was settled by two bachelor brothers, Germans, named Johnson—not related to the Johnson who gave his name to Johnson's Landing. There were about five families on the island when Mr. Howland lived there.

The first American child born on the island was William Percival Howland, on April 8, 1866. He was the second son of Captain and Mrs. Howland. He grew up to manhood, but died ten years ago.

Sheep shearing and election days were events on the island. Election was held at the cove of the Johnson brothers, now known as Avalon, and the big fig tree on F street was planted by Mrs. Howland to commemorate the re-election of Abraham Lincoln. The election was in November, 1864, but the tree planting was deferred until February, 1865.

Captain and Mrs. Howland lived on the island for over thirteen years. After some litigation the settlers learned that the U. S. Government had never owned the island, it having passed from the Mexican Government, through Pio Pico to Don Jose Covarrubias." After James Lick acquired the island the "settlers" left it.

As the statement is frequently made that Santa Catalina at one time belonged to the United States Government and "was sold by the government to James Lick," the following reliable data received from Mr. S. J. Mathes, of Avalon, may set this vexed question of ownership at rest.

"The Island of Santa Catalina never belonged to the U. S. Government. It was given as a grant by the Mexican Government along in the forties, to Don Jose Covarrubias, of Santa Barbara (father of Nick Covarrubias, of Los Angeles). He sold it to a lawyer of Santa Barbara named Packard. After this there were quite a number of transfers, perhaps a dozen persons being interested in the island before James Lick acquired it. Lick owned it about twenty-five years.

"George R. Shatto bought it in 1887, owned it about a year or a little more, when he sold it to an English syndicate. They were to pay \$400,000. They actually paid \$40,000 and defaulted in their payments. The sale fell through because the mines did not prove to be as valuable as they thought them. They supposed from the specimens shown them that they had a veritable bonanza.

"The Bannings* acquired the island in 1891. I do not know just what they paid. Shatto paid \$150,000.

*The Banning brothers of the Wilmington Transportation Company.

"Shatto held an auction sale of lots while he owned the island and disposed of about 200 lots. The Bannings have reduced this by purchase to about eighty lots, which are in other hands."

I am indebted to Mrs. E. J. Whitney of Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, for valuable information regarding the early days of Avalon. She says:

"George R. Shatto of Los Angeles purchased the island from the Lick estate of San Francisco in July, 1887, and immediately began to lay out the town site and prepare for the building of a hotel, the first load of lumber for it coming over the first week in August." This town was called "Shatto" in the first maps which were printed, but Mr. Shatto did not accept the name and the map was not recorded. How did the town come to be called Avalon? In a letter from Mrs. Whitney, who is a relative of the Shattos by marriage, she writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Shatto and myself were looking for a name for the new town, which in its significance should be appropriate to the place, and the names which I was looking up were 'Avon' and 'Avondale,' and I found the name 'Avalon,' the meaning of which, as given in Webster's unabridged, was 'Bright gem of the ocean,' or 'Beautiful isle of the blest.'" Mrs. Whitney was certainly very happy in her choice of names, as none could be more appropriate. The site of the town had only been used as a camping ground and called "Timm's Landing." I quote farther from Mrs. Whitney's letter: "The first meeting of the Board of Trustees of 'Catalina School District' was held July 4, 1891. They were Mrs. S. A. Wheeler, Mr. Frank P. Whittley and Mr. E. J. Whitney. The first teacher was Mrs. M. P. Morris, wife of the pastor of the church. The first church was 'The Congregational Church of Avalon,' organized July 15, 1889. The first pastor was Rev. Chas. Uzzell. A Catholic church was built almost two years ago."

The first child born in the town of Avalon was Douglass McDonell, about eleven years ago.

Among the first permanent residents of Avalon were Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler was the first to buy property for the purpose of engaging in business. He built the "Avalon Home" (hotel), afterward called by the Banning Co. "The Island Villa Hotel." Mr. Wheeler conducted the first bakery on the island. Mrs. Wheeler reported many plants new to science and others before unknown on the island.

The Banning brothers built an aquarium on the water front of Avalon and opened it to the public in July, 1899. The building is 30x60 feet and has 10 large tanks and 13 smaller ones.

In the summer of 1902 Santa Catalina Island was connected with the mainland at White's Point by wireless telegraph. The first message was sent to Avalon on August 2, 1902. This system,* on the island, was perfected under the management of General A. L. New.

Santa Catalina Island is widely known as a "watering place," and it is estimated that the little town of Avalon has numbered 6,000 persons at one time.

The need of another town on the island has become apparent to the Banning Co. The site chosen is at the Isthmus, the old Indian townsite. Here a large hotel is to be built and houses erected. Boulevards, wharves and a new steamship are among the expected improvements. And, in the evolution of events, the little isthmus site, lying between mountains on two sides and washed by the Pacific ocean on the others, will rise, as if by magic, over the deserted graves and forgotten middens of a race that has almost ceased to exist.

The writer wishes to acknowledge her obligation to the following:

The Rev. Father J. Adam, Barcelona, Spain.

The Very Rev. J. J. O'Keefe, Superior of the Franciscans, San Luis Rey.

Mr. S. J. Mathes, Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

Mrs. S. A. Howland, Loma Vista, Cal.

Mrs. E. J. Whitney, Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

Professor J. M. Guinn, Secretary Southern California Historical Society, Los Angeles, Cal.

Also to Miss Mary L. Jones, librarian of the Los Angeles Public library, and her able corps of assistants, for many favors.

*A newspaper, "The Wireless," was started at Avalon on March 25, 1903. This is stated to have been the first newspaper in the world to receive its press notices by wireless telegraph.

GOVERNORS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

Although the flag of the United States was raised over Monterey by Commodore Soat, commander of our naval forces on the Pacific Coast, on the 7th of July, 1846, Los Angeles, the then capital of the Province of Upper California, was only taken possession of by the combined forces of Commodore Stockton and Colonel Fremont on the 13th day of August, 1846, Don Pio Pico, the Mexican Governor, having left the city August 12th. These being the facts of the case, the obvious inference would seem to have been that the true legal date of the change of government should have been the latter date, instead of July 7th, as is commonly understood.

On the 17th of August, 1846, Commodore Stockton, who had succeeded Commodore Sloat as commander of the Pacific squadron, issued a proclamation to the people, signing himself "Commander-in-Chief and Governor of California." He announced that the country now belonged to the United States and that as soon as possible would be governed like any other territory of that nation, but meanwhile by military law, though the people were invited to choose their local civil officers, if the incumbents declined to serve.

On the same date, to-wit, August 17th, the "Warren," Commander Hull, anchored at San Pedro from Mazatlan, bringing definite news of a declaration of war.

California, as an unorganized territory, remained under military Governors from the time of the change of sovereignty till December 20, 1849, or over three years, and during a very important period of its history.

August 22, 1846, Governor Stockton ordered an election of Alcaldes and other local municipal officers to be held September 15th in the several towns and districts of the territory.

Governor Stockton on the 2nd of September, the last day of his stay in Los Angeles (and before the receipt of the order from Washington requiring the Governorship to be turned over to a ranking military officer), issued a general order creating the office of Military Commandant of the Territory, which was divided into three departments, and appointing Fremont to fill the new command.

Orders from Washington were brought by Colonel Richard B. Mason, who arrived at San Francisco, February 12, 1847, that Gen. S. W. Kearny on his arrival in California (and the senior officer before his arrival) was to be recognized as Civil Governor. After Kearny's departure for the East, Colonel Mason succeeded him in command and also as Governor, May 31, 1847. Alcaldes who had been elected or appointed continued to administer justice within their several districts, according to Mexican law and usage, appealing to the Governor only in difficult cases, it being his policy to interfere as little as possible in local matters.

But before these orders were received in California, Commodore Stockton, namely, on January 16, 1847, issued commissions to Fremont as Governor and to W. H. Russell as Secretary of State.

January 22nd Governor Fremont issued a proclamation announcing the establishment of civil rule. His headquarters were at Los Angeles, where he won many friends, especially among the native Californians, by joining in their festivities, and to some extent in their ways of dress and life. He occupied the large two-story house (since demolished) of Capt. Alexander Bell, on the northeast corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets.

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which Alta California was ceded to the United States by Mexico, was signed on February 2, 1848, and was proclaimed by the President on June 19th, and news of the same reached California and was proclaimed by Governor Mason, August 7, 1848.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith arrived and superseded Governor Mason, February 26, 1849. General Mason left California May 1, 1849, and died of cholera at St. Louis the same summer at the age of 60 years.

Gen. W. T. Sherman, who had ample opportunity to judge of his work as Governor, in his Memoirs says of Governor Mason: "He possessed a strong native intellect, and far more knowledge of the principles of civil government and law than he got credit for," and that "he was the very embodiment of the principles of fidelity to the interests of the general government."

General Smith's incumbency of the office of Governor was brief and unimportant; it extended only from February 26 to April 12, 1849.

On the latter date Gen. Bennett Riley, Lieutenant Colonel of the Second U. S. Infantry, arrived at Monterey, with instructions to assume the administration of civil affairs in California, not as Military Governor, but as the executive of the existing quasi-civil government which the people under Governor Mason had established.

On the 3rd of June, 1849, Governor Riley issued a proclamation calling for an election on August 1st of delegates to formulate a Constitution, who were to meet at Monterey September 1st.

Among the notable men in that convention was W. E. Shannon, an Irishman by birth and a lawyer, who introduced that section in the bill of rights which made California forever a free State; borrowed, it is true, but as illustrious and imperishable as it is American.

At the first general election held in the Territory, November 13, 1849, the Constitution was adopted by a vote of 12,064 ayes to 811 noes; and on the same day Peter H. Burnett was elected Governor and John McDougal Lieutenant Governor.

Governor Riley's term extended from April 12th to December 20, 1849. He made a most excellent executive during a transition period, when the affairs, political, social and economic, of the territory were in a somewhat chaotic condition. General Riley continued to reside at Monterey until July 1, 1850, when he returned to the Eastern States. The city of Monterey voted him a medal of gold weighing one pound, with a heavy chain composed of nuggets of gold in their native shapes. One side of the medal was inscribed with this pithy motto: "The man who came to do his duty and who accomplished his purpose," which expressed epigrammatically the general appreciation by the people of his thoroughly practical administration.

P. H. Burnett, the first Governor of California under the Constitution, was a native of Nashville, Tenn., born in 1807. He moved to Oregon in 1843, and to California in 1848; was elected Governor in 1849; resigned January 9, 1851, and was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court in 1857.

On the resignation of Burnett, Lieutenant Governor John McDougall became Governor, and served from January, 1851, till January, 1852, when he was succeeded by John Bigler. Governor McDougall was a native of Ohio, born in 1818. He arrived in California in February, 1849. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1849 from the

Sacramento district. He died at San Francisco March 30, 1866.

Governor Bigler was born in Pennsylvania in 1805. He came to California in 1849, and served as Governor from January, 1852, till January, 1856; he was afterward appointed by President Buchanan Minister to Chili, which office he held till 1861. He died at Sacramento, November 29, 1871.

J. Neely Johnson, a native of Indiana, was born in 1825; came to California in 1849, and served as Governor from 1856 to 1858, during the exciting era of the great San Francisco Vigilance Committee. He afterward moved to Nevada, where was elevated to the Supreme Bench. He died in Salt Lake City in 1872.

John B. Weller was Governor from 1858 to 1860. He was born in Ohio, February 22, 1812; served in the Mexican war; was appointed by President Polk in 1849 as a commissioner to run a boundary line between the United States and Mexico; was elected U. S. Senator in 1852 to succeed Fremont, and served the full term of six years, and for two years was the only Senator from California. He served as Minister to Mexico from November, 1860, till May, 1861. He died at New Orleans August 7, 1875.

Milton S. Latham, sixth Governor of California under the Constitution, was born at Columbus, Ohio, in 1827. He was graduated from Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in 1845; went first to Alabama, and from there came to California in 1850; was elected to Congress, and was appointed Collector of the Port at San Francisco in 1856; was elected Governor, with John G. Downey as Lieutenant Governor, in 1859. Two days after his inauguration, January 11th, he was elected Senator, and Downey became Governor. Governor Latham died at New York March 4, 1882.

John G. Downey, a native of Ireland, and for many years a citizen of Los Angeles, having been elected Lieutenant Governor, became, by virtue of the provisions of the Constitution, Governor on the resignation of Governor Latham, and served from January 14, 1860, to January 9, 1862. He died in Los Angeles March 1, 1894.

Leland Stanford, a native of New York, became the eighth Governor of California under the Constitution in January, 1862, and served till December, 1863. He died at Palo Alto, the seat of the University he founded, June 20, 1893.

Governor Stanford was succeeded by Frederick F. Low, who was born at Frankfort, Maine, January 30, 1828, and who came to California in 1849. He served as a member of the House of Representatives in 1862-3. He was elected Governor and served from December 10, 1863, to December 5, 1867, four years. His death occurred at San Francisco July 24, 1894.

H. H. Haight, son of Fletcher M. Haight, U. S. Judge of the Southern District of California, and a native of Rochester, N. Y. (1825), became Governor by election, and filled that office from December, 1867, to December, 1871. Governor Haight arrived in California in 1850. He was a graduate of Yale College in 1844. He died at San Francisco September 2, 1878.

Newton Booth, eleventh Governor, was born in Indiana, December 30, 1825. He arrived in California in 1850; he was elected State Senator from Sacramento in 1863, and was elected and served as Governor from 1871 to February 27, 1875, when he resigned, having been elected U. S. Senator. Governor Booth died at Sacramento July 14, 1892.

On the resignation of Governor Booth, Lieutenant Governor Romualdo Pacheco became the chief executive of the State, and served from February 27, 1875, to December 9th of the same year. Governor Pacheco was a native of California, both his parents being of Spanish descent.

Wm. Irwin, a native of Ohio, born in 1827, came to California in 1852. He represented Siskiyou County in both branches of the Legislature between the years 1860 and 1875, and as President of the Senate he became acting Lieutenant Governor as a result of the advancement of Pacheco to the Governorship. At the general election in September, 1875, he was elected Governor, and was inducted into office December 9th of that year. His term ended January 8, 1880. He died in San Francisco March 15, 1896.

George C. Perkins, the fourteenth Governor of California under her first or old Constitution, and the first under the new Constitution, is a native of Maine, born August 23, 1839. He came to California in 1855, and his term as Governor of the State extended from January, 1880, to January, 1883. Governor Perkins is now serving his second term as U. S. Senator from California.

General George Stoneman, a graduate of West Point, and afterward Lieutenant of the First Dragoons, U. S. A., and who

came to California as Assistant Quartermaster of the Mormon Battalion in 1847, was born in Chautauqua County, York State, August 8, 1822. He was elected Governor and served from 1883 till January, 1887. As Captain of the Second Cavalry, he served in Texas. August 13, 1861, he became Brigadier General of U. S. Volunteers and Chief of Cavalry. He was in many battles of the Civil War and was promoted to brevet Major General U. S. regular army. He retired from the army in 1871 and settled near San Gabriel, in Los Angeles County. Governor Stoneman died at Buffalo, N. Y., September 5, 1894.

Washington Bartlett, born in Savannah, Ga., February 29, 1824, and who arrived in California via Cape Horn in 1849, was elected Governor for the term commencing January 8, 1887, but he only served till his death, which occurred September 12th of the same year, or during a period of a little over eight months.

Governor Bartlett was succeeded by Lieutenant Governor Robert W. Waterman, who filled the office for the balance of the term, or till 1891. He died at San Diego April 12, 1891, only a few months after the expiration of his term of office as Governor.

H. H. Markham's term as Governor extended from January 8, 1891, to January, 1895. Colonel Markham was born in Wilmington, Essex County, New York, November 16, 1840. He served through the Civil war, first as private in the Thirty-second Wisconsin Infantry, and afterward as Lieutenant. He was in many battles, and was with Sherman in the march to the sea. In 1879 he removed from Milwaukee to Pasadena, which city is still his home.

James H. Budd's term commenced January 11, 1895, and ended January 4, 1899. Governor Budd is a native of California. He is still living.

Henry T. Gage was the twentieth constitutional Governor of California, his term extending from January 4, 1899, to January, 1903. Governor Gage is a native of New York. He has been a citizen of Los Angeles County for many years. He was a delegate from California to the National Republican Convention of 1888 at Chicago.

George C. Pardee, the present incumbent of the Gubernatorial office, commenced his term in January, 1903. Governor Pardee is a native son, having been born in San Francisco July 25, 1857. He is a graduate of the State University and also of the University of Leipsic, Germany.

THE RENUNCIATION OF CHONA.

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Old "Chona" was the best washer-woman in the Mission San Gabriel; her clothes were the whitest and sweetest, and when she brought them home tied in a snowy bundle, balanced so expertly on her head, La Señora exclaimed with delight over their fragrance, which, she said, was like unto the fresh spring grass on which they had lain and bleached from Monday until Saturday. She disdained to use common soap for her washing, preferring that made by the Padres of the mission, the soft, velvety soap of Castile. What difference if it were more expensive; were not the clothes sweeter and whiter? As she adjusted her native washboard in the clear rippling stream, putting two stones under the upper length that it might have the proper incline, she talked—talked to her clothes, which she had invested with human attributes, and was rough or gentle according to their quality and beauty. Coming upon a garment lace-trimmed and dainty, she was wont to clasp it in her hands, and smile and pat it, her simple and loving Indian nature investing it with life. "Here I shall put you in this new and clean basket, within the clear stream, so that nothing shall injure your fineness. How pretty, how soft, how sweet it is," she would exclaim; and turning reluctantly away, would give her attention to the clothes of coarser fibre, rubbing and slapping them upon her board, conscientiously and honestly giving them all the attention due them, but with a feeling of disdain for their coarseness.

Old "Chona" had never worn shoes; when she was younger none of her people wore them; but in later years often times came the thought and wish to possess a pair. When her husband, Gabriel, used for drink the money she had so laboriously earned, she never once dreamed of shoes, but now that she was alone, and he in the church yard behind the mission church, the thought would come unawares—why not have shoes? There was no one but herself, unless she gave to others. Others meant the little Indian children who tormented her when washing by throwing stones into the stream, disturbing its clear depths. Her anger wasn't more lasting than the disturbed water, and she punished them by bringing them "dulces"

from the mission store when she returned home in the evening. Old "Chona's" feet had become hard and caloused from constantly traversing the narrow paths which led to the homes of her patrons; this she had done for many long years uncomplainingly, "and now perhaps she might be able to work far into old age if her feet did not hurt so." She had confided her dream to La Señora, who sympathizingly listened and donated a pair of bright stockings, which old "Chona" clasped in her hands and exclaimed in an ecstasy of feeling, "How beautiful!" Now that the dream had taken definite shape, she began to save; even the little Indian children got no more "dulces." She said her "heart was getting hard." Was it because she had let a selfish thought creep in?

* * * * *

Lent was almost over; it was Saturday, the eve of Palm Sunday. Old "Chona" had delivered her last bundle of clothes, and safe in her bosom, wrapped about with her bright stockings, lay the money for her shoes. The sun was only an hour high as she turned into the little narrow path which led her to the mission. The long spring afternoon had been balmy and the air was filled with the perfume of the "pelio" and wild flowers. The slim shadows of the younger willows cast themselves before her and fled across the tinkling stream to lose themselves in the tall grass beyond. Her tired feet sank into the gophers' freshly plowed earth, which felt cool and refreshing to her after her long walk. Soon her thoughts became words: "Little Chonita (her namesake), Lulita, Juan and Gabrielito would be there to see her shoes;" they would stand round-eyed in admiration and forget to take their fingers from their mouths. "But she would have more dulce and cakes, too; they should celebrate for her good fortune."

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the old church as she drew near. The old church yard lay in the shadows of the aged peach trees which gleamed pale pink behind the old church wall, a still, bright spot in the evening twilight. Standing before the broad church door was a "careta," the weary oxen with drooping heads supporting their heavy yoke standing with closed eyes, dreaming of the fresh and dewy grass, for their day had been long and weary. Far from home had they traveled that day; many miles had they hauled the heavy cart up steep mountain roads, mere paths some of them, their driver being in search of palms and laurel for the Padre to bless and distribute among his faithful followers. Old Chona

watched the unloading of the greens, and with a sharp indrawing breath exclaimed, "Madre mia; I had forgotten!" Putting her hand to her bosom, she drew forth her precious and hard-earned money, and drawing nearer, she whispered to the Indian driver, who knew her well, "Give me a leaf of palm; see, I have money." She received it, and putting it under her shawl near her heart, she turned away. Next morning as the bells of the mission were ringing for early mass, old "Chona" entered the church, proudly carrying an unrecognizable branch of palm braided and gaily tied in bits of red and yellow and green ribbons. Waiting patiently until the last olive branch had been blessed, she crept to the altar, knelt and silently asked a blessing upon hers. Rising, she placed it at the feet of a blue-robed figure, saying, "For thee, Virgin Mother." With what feelings she left the church none but those who understand the Indian nature can surmise. What her thoughts were she would never tell. She had made her renunciation; that was sufficient for her. When La Señora asked her about her shoes, she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. When her friends, the little Indians, asked her, she said, "Oh, do not molest me," and they were silenced with "dulces."

Then there came a day when Old "Chona" failed to come for her washing, and La Señora sent a messenger to inquire the cause. All was silent in the little hut, except the mocking bird which, flitting in and out among the eaves of the "ramada," sang his cheery song. The Indian boy, creeping to the door with a feeling of awe at the silence, saw that which made him cry out with feeling. Old "Chona" lay on her rawhide bed with her hands clasped over a pair of bright red stockings.

TWO DECADES OF LOCAL HISTORY

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read November 1, 1903.)

This evening we celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California. It is the oldest historical society on the Pacific Coast; the only literary association in Southern California that has maintained its organization intact for twenty years. In this paper I have briefly outlined the origin of our society and have given some of its early history. I have contrasted the city as it was twenty years ago with what it is now, and have endeavored to show that had our society done nothing more than preserve the records of two decades of our city's history, it would deserve well of the community.

In conclusion I have called attention to the almost criminal neglect of our State in not collecting and preserving her historical material, and have contrasted her remissness in this respect with what other states with less history and less wealth have done.

On the evening of November 1, 1883, twenty years ago, a little coterie of representative men of the city gathered in a room of the old Temple Block to organize a historical society. Some of these were comparatively new comers, others were pioneers whose residence in the city covered periods of thirty, forty and fifty years. They had watched its growth from a Mexican pueblo to an American city, had witnessed its transition from the inchoate and revolutionary domination of Mexico to the stable rule of the United States.

The purpose for which they had gathered was clearly stated in the call, but the scope, the purpose and the province of a historical society were not so evident. Only one of the assemblage had been a member of a historical society, and there were those who doubted whether a society purely historical could be maintained. They argued that it would be better to organize a society dual in its nature—part historical and part scientific. A few weeks later, when a constitution was evolved, among the objects for which the society was created were "the discussion of historical subjects, the reading of such papers

and the trial of such scientific experiments as shall be determined by the General Committee."

This General Committee deserves a passing notice. It has long since passed out of the existence of the society, and the memory of it has become ancient history.

It was a decemvirate, a body of ten that was supposed to supervise the affairs of the society. It decided who should become members, what papers should be read before the society, and who outside of the society should listen to their reading.

The society was organized as a close corporation. It was very select. If any outsider yearned to hear the historical discussions or to witness the scientific experiments made within the society's sanctum sanctorum, he applied to some member of the General Committee for permission to enter. His application was submitted to the decemvirate, and if that august body deemed him worthy of the honor and capable of understanding the mysteries of the inner sanctuary, he was allowed to enter. This was the theory of admission. It never got beyond the theoretical stage. No outsider ever ran the gauntlet of the General Committee. The uninitiated remained outside, nor sought to enter; and the society, after trying for several years to be very exclusive, mended its rules, abolished its General Committee and opened its doors to the public.

Of the fifteen men who gathered in that room twenty years ago to form a historical society, nine are dead, two have dropped out of the society through non-payment of dues, two have removed from the city, and only two—H. D. Barrows and J. M. Guinn—are now members.

The names of those who formed that coterie are: J. J. Warner, Antonio F. Coronel, J. G. Downey, George Hansen, H. D. Barrows, J. M. Guinn, C. N. Wilson, John Mansfield, Noah Levering, Ira More, J. B. Niles, A. Kohler, A. J. Bradford, E. W. Jones and Marcus Baker.

The Historical Society of Southern California is not proud of its birthplace. The room where it was born was then used for a Police Court. There the Mayor as Police Judge meted out punishment to tramps and drunks and other transgressors of municipal ordinances.

The walls were dingy and smoke-begrimmed; the furniture consisted of a few wooden benches. A rough table and a few chairs completed the scanty furnishings. Two smoky lamps dimly lighted the interior. Uncongenial as were the environments, they were the best the society could afford then,

for it was poor and obscure at its birth; and it might be added that in its maturer years it is still poor, but not obscure.

A score of years is less than the third of the allotted span of a human life, and but an atom of time in the life of a city. Looking backward through the mist and murk of twenty years to the time when our society was born, and comparing Los Angeles of 1883 with the city of today, it seems as if some magician's wand had wrought the wondrous change. Then there was not a business house on Spring street south of Second. Fort street (now Broadway) was the aristocratic residence street of the city, and we pointed with pride to the palatial homes of our aristocracy that lined the western side of that street between Second and Third. The city then had but two parks—the Plaza and Central park. The latter was enclosed by a dilapidated picket fence. An open ditch ran through it and irrigated the straggling trees that were making a pretense of growing. There were no flowers in it and no grass. A sign at the corner of Sixth and Olive streets warned heavy teams not to cross it. The zanja that watered it meandered through the principal part of the city before it reached the park. It flowed through the Chinese market garden that occupied the present site of the Westminster Hotel. It crossed Main street south of Fourth and then zigzagged across the block bounded by Main and Spring, Fourth and Fifth streets, just below, where now looms up the Southern California Savings Bank sky scraper. Then it meandered across Fort street and on to the park, and out beyond that to the rural regions of Figueroa and Adams street, where it watered the orchards and the barley fields of that sparsely peopled suburb. That ditch was not the Zanja Madre—the mother ditch—of the pueblo; it was not even a pretentious ditch as irrigating ditches go; and yet from the view point of cost it was the most expensive improvement the city has ever made.

A few years before the city fathers had given two of our enterprising citizens 160 acres of city land extending from Main to Figueroa and lying between Seventh and Ninth streets for constructing that irrigating canal. The land donated for that insignificant improvement—for the digging of a ditch—that long since disappeared from the face of the earth—that is lost to sight but to memory so expensive—is today worth fifteen millions of dollars. At that time the city authorities considered they had received full value for the few worthless acres of the many thousands they had at their disposal, but posterity

rises up in judgment against them and rails at them for their woeful waste of a royal patrimony. It is not in good taste, nor is it just to bring railing accusations against our olden time Councilmen for their seemingly lavish disposal of our city lands. Without water the pueblo lands were worthless. With irrigating facilities they could be made productive. Homes would be built, population would increase, and the city's exchequer, which was chronically in a state of collapse, would expand and become plethoric. To make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is the secret of agricultural wealth. The city fathers well knew that neither the one blade nor the two would grow without water. Had they known that posterity would plant houses where they planted trees, and would grow sky scrapers where they grew grain, they might have done differently and escaped the wailings and the railings of posterity. It is easy to look backward and see errors you have made, but to look forward and avoid making others—that is another story. If the surviving padres and madres of the pueblo could live their lives backward to the beginning, they would be both wealthy and wise when they reached that goal. In giving away city lands for public improvements, the city fathers followed the policy of the national government in the disposal of the public domain.

But to return from this long digression. Twenty years ago when our historical Society was in its infancy, that beauty spot of the municipality of which we are all so proud—Westlake Park—was an alkaline gulch. A few years before the City Council had offered in vain the square now occupied as a park for 25 cents an acre but found no takers. The old timers who had been accustomed to get a 35-acre tract of city land for the making of a hundred dollars' improvements scorned to purchase refuse real estate and perforce the city was compelled to keep the undesirable alkali hole. Two decades ago that aristocratic region that now surrounds Westlake Park, if not quite a howling wilderness, was not exempt from the coyote's nightly wail. Then the scattered families living west of Figueroa street and south of Sixth street only furnished school population enough to fill a single school room—the little school house at the corner of Georgia and Eighteenth streets. The latter street was then called Ocean avenue. Then the public school department of Los Angeles employed fifty teachers—now seven hundred. Then the monthly pay roll of the teachers footed up \$3,700—now \$53,-

ooo, or more than half a million a year. Then there was not a telephone in the city. The mail and the messenger boy were the mediums of intercommunication between citizens, and the wrath of a sender as often boiled hot against the leaden-footed errand boy as it now does against the slow-moving hallo girl.

Twenty years ago the street car system of Los Angeles consisted of two horse car lines. One, starting from the junction of Spring and Main, ran down to Washington street, then west on Washington to Figueroa and southwestward to Agricultural Park. The other line extended from Pearl and Sixth streets to Johnson street in East Los Angeles. Time on these lines, a car every 15 minutes. This was regarded a great improvement; only a short time before the cars ran every half hour—that is if the mules consented. Should the propelling power object, or if the car jumped the track, as it frequently did when the mule became frightened, there might be a delay of half an hour or so in prying it back to the track, a labor in which the passengers were expected to lend a hand. There was a branch line that ran up Main to Arcadia and on to Aliso and across the river to Boyle Heights. The one car of this system made a round trip every two hours. It was regarded as a great convenience to the dwellers on the Heights. A single fare was 10 cents, and a patron had to buy a dollar's worth of tickets to secure a five-cent fare.

When our society was born there was no free mail delivery—no letter carriers, and not a mail box in the city except at the postoffice. Every one went to the postoffice, then located near the corner of Spring and First streets, for his mail. The population of the city was about 14,000.

The conditions in the country around were as primitive as in the city. There was not an interurban railroad in the country. Electricity as a propelling power was unknown and as an illuminating agent it was regarded as a bugbear to frighten gas companies.

Los Angeles, two decades ago, had but one transcontinental railroad, the S. P. R. R. Many of the flourishing towns of the county that now aspire to be cities had neither a habitation or a name. The site of Monrovia was a cattle range, and that of Ocean Park uninviting sand dunes. The sites of Azusa City, Duarte, Glendora, Lordsburg, Claremont, Covina, Arcadia, Garvanza, Burbank, Alhambra, Ocean Park, Whittier, Hollywood and Avalon were either barley fields or barren wastes. Pasadena had a postoffice and a cross-roads store—these and

nothing more in the shape of a town. That aristocratic city of millionaires, twenty years ago, had no railroads, no hotels and no public conveyance to and from Los Angeles except a spring wagon that made a round trip once a day and carried passengers when there were any to carry at the rate of 50 cents fare each way. Long Beach, then known as Willmore City, was an insignificant burg of a dozen rough board houses. It was vainly trying to attract settlers by promising to be very, very good, and to exclude forever from within its portals intoxicating drinks. Its promises were regarded as pipe dreams. How could a city thrive and grow without stimulants? There was not then a temperance town in the county. Avalon, the metropolis of Catalina Island, had no place on the map. Its site was a houseless waste where the wild goats nibbled the scanty verdure unscared by sound of human footfall. Three years later the wild goats were driven away and the jew fish vexed by the founders of Shatto City—the predecessor and progenitor of Avalon.

Briefly and imperfectly I have endeavored to limn for you a picture of Los Angeles and the country around as they were when our society was formed. Then and now are only two decades apart, yet what changes, what momentous events fill up the space between! Even had our society done nothing more than record the current events of our city's history as they passed it would deserve well of the community. It has done more. It has gathered the history of the long past as well as that of more recent years. We have endeavored to preserve these for the future historian. We have published five volumes of history, aggregating 1500 octavo pages. We have issued seventeen annual publications of papers read before the society. Ten thousand copies of these have been distributed throughout the United States and foreign countries. They have gone into England, France, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Italy and Spain. They have crossed the wide Pacific to Australia and New Zealand. They may be found in the historical societies and universities of the Dominion of Canada. Throughout the United States from Maine to Alaska and from the great lakes to the gulf in public or in historical society libraries you may find copies of the annual publications of the Historical Society of Southern California. Our publications are valued and appreciated by the librarians of the great libraries of our own and foreign countries. Bound volumes of our books could be found on the shelves of the great historical library of Wis-

consin; in the library of the University of New York; and in that of the Royal College of Belles Lettres of Stockholm, Sweden, long before they appeared in the reference room of our own city library.

Judging by the past it would seem as if Californians were afraid or ashamed to have the history of their state written.

The one man—Hubert Howe Bancroft—who by collecting and preserving historical material that but for him would have been destroyed—has made it possible to have a complete and reliable history of California, has been abused and his work belittled by scribbling flunkeys and partisan bigots because he told some unpalatable truths about certain men and certain institutions. The state should buy his collection and build an historical building in which to place it where it might be made available to students of history.

No state of the Union has a more varied, a more interesting or a more instructive history than California, and no state in the Union has done less to preserve its history.

Wisconsin, with less wealth and half a century less history, has spent a million dollars on her historical building and library. Minnesota, that was an inchoate territory with a few white inhabitants in it when California became a state, has recently completed a handsome and commodious building for its historical society. When Kansas and Nebraska were uninhabited except by buffaloes and Indians, California was a populous state pouring fifty millions of gold yearly into the world's coffers. For more than a quarter of a century, these states from their public funds have maintained historical societies that have gathered great stores of valuable historical material, while California, without a protest, has allowed literary pot-hunters and curio collectors to rob her of her historical treasures.

Montana, Washington and the two Dakotas, that were Indian hunting grounds when California was a state of a quarter million inhabitants, have each its State Historical Society supported by appropriations from the public funds. How long will California endure the disgrace of being the only state west of the Rocky Mountains that has no state historical society—the only state that does not appropriate a dollar to preserve its history? How long! How long!

LETTER FROM COL. JOHN C. FREMONT.

(Presented to the Historical Society by his daughter, Miss Elizabeth B. Fremont.)

Washington City, October 8th, 1847.

To the Secretary of War.

Sir: In the execution of my duties as military commandant during the war in California and afterwards as civil governor of the territory I incurred many liabilities, some of which I think it absolutely necessary to bring to your attention. These are:

1st. The payment of the volunteers for their services during the war and for supplies in arms and other necessities furnished by them.

2nd. Payment to citizens of that territory of money loaned to me by them, and which was required and expended in administration of the government and partial payment of the troops.

The principal amount required for payment of the troops is comprehended in what is due to the volunteer emigrants for services during the insurrection in the southern part of Upper California. These men were just arriving on the frontier of the territory and at the first call for their service quitted their families, leaving them unprotected and exposed to the inclemencies of a rainy winter, and repaired to my camp, bringing with them arms, ammunition, wagons and money, all of which they freely contributed to the public service. These men returned to their families without money and without clothes, and the long delay of payment has consequently created much dissatisfaction.

Paper given to them by properly authorized officers as certificates of service has been depreciated by officers recently in command and much of it consequently sold at one tenth of its true value. As these public services were rendered promptly and in good faith by all concerned at a time of imminent danger to the American army, I trust that some measure will be taken properly to recognize them and to redeem the pledges made to the people by myself in my public and private capacity. For this purpose I enclose a brief estimate from the paymaster of the battalion. (This paper has been lost.)

Amounts of money required for civil and military purposes were at different times and by different individuals principally Mexican citizens loaned to me as the Governor of the Territory, acknowledged as such by them. The sums of money are not large, but, having been obtained under the high rates usual in that country, public interest is suffering by the delay. The liabilities which require immediate attention amount to forty thousand dollars.

The two subjects which I have here presented for your consideration are causes of much dissatisfaction in the territory, and I have thought it a matter of duty to myself and the people with whom I have been connected, as well as to the government, respectfully to apply for the means of removing it.

I have the honor to be with much respect

Your obedient servant,

J. C. FREMONT

Lieut. Col. Regiment Mounted Riflemen.

YUMA INDIAN DEPREDATIONS AND THE GLANTON WAR.

(By J. M. Guinn.)

The following depositions taken before First Alcalde Don Abel Stearns of Los Angeles in 1850 give the most correct account in existence of the Indian depredations on the Colorado which gave rise to the first Indian war in which the Americans were engaged after the conquest of California.

These depositions have never before been published, nor is there a correct account of the massacre of Dr. Lincoln's party given in any history of California.

Dr. A. L. Lincoln, an educated man, a native of Illinois, and a relative of President Lincoln, came from Mexico to California in 1849. After visiting the mines he returned to the Colorado river, and about the first of January, 1850, established a ferry at the junction of the Colorado and Gila. The Sonoranian migration to the gold mines of California was then at its height and the ferry business was immensely profitable. Glanton's party, mainly Texans and Missourians, came by way of Chihuahua and arrived at the Colorado February 12, 1850. Dr. Lincoln, being short of hands, employed nine of them to assist him, and the six men then in his employ remaining made a party of fifteen. Glanton, from all accounts, seems to have been somewhat of a desperado, and Lincoln would have been glad to have gotten rid of him; but he constituted himself chief manager of the ferry. His overbearing conduct and ill treatment of the Indians no doubt brought about the massacre of the eleven ferry men. The Americans and Sonorians had not suffered from Indians previous to Glanton's arrival. The account of the origin of the hostility of the Indians to the Americans, as given by Hill in his deposition is doubtless the true one. The Yumas continued to commit atrocities on American immigrants by the Gila route for several years. They were finally subjugated by Col. Heintzelman and forced to sue for peace.

When the report of the massacre of the ferrymen reached the state capital, Governor Burnett ordered the sheriff of Los Angeles county to enroll forty men and the sheriff of San Diego twenty. These were to be placed under the command of Major

General Bean of the State Militia, a resident of Los Angeles. Bean ordered his quartermaster, General Joseph C. Morehead, to provide supplies for the expedition. Morehead did so, buying liberally at extravagant prices and paying in drafts on the state treasury.

Gen. Morehead, with a force of forty men and supplies for a hundred, marched against the Indians. By the time he reached the Colorado his force had been increased to 125 men—recruited principally from incoming immigrants. On the approach of the troops the Indians fled up the river. Morehead and his Indian fighters encamped at the ferry crossing and vigorously attacked their rations. After a three months' campaign against their rations, liquid and solid, Governor Burnett, who in the meantime seems to have lost sight of the fact that he had an army in the field, issued a peremptory order to Major Gen. Bean to disband his troops. Bean ordered Morehead to return, but that valiant soldier claimed he was affording protection to the immigrants by the Gila route, and asked for an extension of time. But the orders from the Governor were imperative, and the force was disbanded.

Thus ended the "Gila Expedition," or, as it was sometimes called, the "Glanton War." It was short and inglorious, but fearfully expensive. It cost the infant commonwealth \$120,000 and was the first item of the Indian war debt that two years later amounted to nearly a million dollars and came near bankrupting the state. So far as known no Indians were killed. Neither Bean nor Morehead made an official report of the expedition.

William Carr, whose deposition is given, like Achilles, was shot in the heel with an arrow, but, unlike that doughty chieftain, he survived the wound. Carr, after his escape from the Indians, although wounded, went to San Diego to secure some mules left there by Glanton. He came from there to Los Angeles, when he fell into the hands of good Samaritans, who dressed his wounds and cared for him. The doctor who dressed his wound charged \$500. The man who boarded him put in a bill of \$120. The patriot who housed him wanted \$45; and the paisano who nursed him figured his services at \$30. The Los Angeles Court of Sessions allowed the bills and charged them up to the state. With such charges for one wounded man it was fortunate for the state that Morehead's Gila Expedition was a bloodless affair.

DEPREDACTIONS BY THE YUMAS.

Declarations Taken in Relation to the Massacre of Dr. Lincoln and His Party on the Colorado River.—Deposition of William Carr.

On this ninth day of May, in the year of Our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde of the District of Los Angeles, and Judge of the first instance in the criminal law, personally appeared William Carr, who being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that on the 23rd day of April in said year, being one of the company hereinafter named as owning the boats and other property connected with the ferry on the Colorado at the junction of said river and the Gila, he and Marcus L. Webster and Joseph A. Anderson, were engaged about midday in the woods within three hundred yards of the houses belonging to said company at said ferry, which said houses were within one hundred yards of the river and on the American side, within the jurisdiction of the state of California. Deponent and the persons above named were cutting poles, and while thus engaged, some fifteen or twenty Indians of the Yuma tribe came out, some of them saying that the captain, that is to say, John Glanton, had sent them to cut poles, and asking for a hatchet. As it was unusual, in fact, they had never before been thus employed, deponent determined to watch them; a hatchet was given to one of them, with which he commenced cutting. Deponent observed that he was cutting very near the head of one of the said Americans, and, distrusting his intentions, drew a pistol, whereupon they ran away, circling round to get to the houses. Deponent and his said companions immediately determined to make for the houses, but before they got out of the woods heard a yell; they went on out of the bushes and instantly were fired upon by the Indians. Deponent thinks at least forty guns were fired. There being little chance for escape, deponent and the others commenced firing, running at the same time to gain the houses; from these they made for a Mexican camp, but were refused admittance; they then made for the river, the Indians retreating from the boat, which deponent and the others immediately entered. When deponent went to the woods as above stated, six men of the company had crossed to the other side with one of the boats, for the purpose

of bringing over the animals, etc., of the Sonoranians, many of whom were crossing at this time. The rest of the company, numbering five, remaining on the American side at the houses. Deponent, on approaching the shore, was well satisfied that the individuals last named were all killed, but thought the others who had crossed were safe, seeing them, as he supposed, in the boat; he called to them, but received no answer, though the boat was crossing then. In the meantime, the fight between the deponent's party and the Indians continued, during which they received many volleys from the Indians, both of arrows and balls, and from each side of the river, deponent receiving a wound with an arrow in his leg. Deponent's party pushed off with the boat, down the river, the Indians pursuing on foot and horseback; but after going thus about fourteen miles, deponent found they had outstripped the Indians, only one being able to keep up. He and his companions landed on the side of the river nearly opposite Algodones, abandoned the boat and took to the woods, and remained there till moonrise. Going down to the river they found the Indians had taken their boat and towed it up the river. Apprehensive that the Indians were still in the neighborhood, they returned to the woods and proceeded that night down the river some fourteen miles below Algodones, where they made a raft and crossed the river, this being the 24th; unexpectedly, having taken up a creek, they came upon some twenty Indians who had evidently been watching them. On presenting a pistol at them, all ran for their animals, except a man and boy, who followed deponent's party, saying in Spanish: "You had better get away, for we intend to kill you."

These were repeatedly defied to come near, but they never could be got within pistol shot. Deponent turned and ran after them, when all the Indians fled, and were not seen again. At this time two of deponent's party each had five shots with their six-shooters, and one of the party only a single shot. That night the party went up the river and struck the main road within a mile of Algodones, passing in the meantime several Indians' houses where they all were asleep, and could easily have been killed, but deponent's companions were unwilling to have it done, upon the ground of being without ammunition, though deponent desired it. Pursuing the main road, they reached the Mexican camp that was at the ferry when the Indian attack commenced. They reached this camp at daylight of the 25th, not having eaten anything since dinner on the 23rd. Deponent alone had seen the dead body of Glanton at the house, which

they had attempted to reach as first above stated; he did not see any of the others, but the particulars of the affair were explained by the Mexicans. As usual, that day the Indians had been playing about the establishment, some on one side of the river, some on the other, though on that day they seemed to have collected in a very large number; though, neither by their arms, or other circumstance, excited any suspicion. Glanton and Dr. A. L. Lincoln were asleep at the time of the attack. A Mexican woman who was at the time sewing in Lincoln's tent told deponent that the chief of the Yumas came in and hit the doctor on the head with a stone, whereupon he sprang to his feet, but was immediately killed with a club. Another woman relates the death of Glanton as occurring in the same manner. The three others were killed, the manner not known, and none had an opportunity of killing any of the Indians. Three of the tribe were killed in the fight with deponent's party. Deponent is well convinced that the men who had crossed the river were all killed, and the Mexicans say that the bodies of five of them were brought over to this side and burned, as also were the bodies of Dr. Lincoln, Glanton, and the others killed on shore. Dr. Lincoln's dog, and two other dogs, were tied to his body and that of Glanton and burnt alive with them. A large quantity of meat was thrown into the fire at the same time. The houses were also burnt down. The bodies of John A. Johnson, Wm. Prewett and John Dorsey were burnt up with the cook's house, which had been set fire to. One of the men in the boat was a negro; his name John Jackson; he made some resistance and in the scuffle was thrown overboard and drowned. It seems that the attack was made just as those who had crossed with the boat struck the shore, the Indians being in the habit of jumping in to help them. The Indians immediately dressed themselves in the clothes of the men, a circumstance that deceived deponent when he first reached the river as above stated, for he then supposed he saw the men on the other side and called to them to make haste over with the boat. The names of the five thus killed in the boat were Thomas Harlin, of Texas; Henderson Smith, of Missouri; John Gunn, of Missouri; Thomas Watson, of Philadelphia; James A. Miller, New Jersey; Dr. Lincoln was of St. Louis, Mo.; John J. Glanton, of San Antonio, Texas; John Jackson, of New York; Prewitt, of Texas, and Dorsey, of Missouri. Deponent knows that there were in the hands of Dr. Lincoln \$50,000 in silver—but knows not the amount of gold; supposes it to be between \$20,000 and \$30,000; all this is of

the proceeds of the ferry during the time said company occupied it, to-wit, from about the first of March last. The company also owns \$6000 now deposited with Judge Hays, of San Diego, California, and also 22 mules and two horses and provisions, all at San Diego. No other persons were interested in said company but the above named persons (except Jackson and Miller), and another now in San Diego, to-wit., David Brown was also interested; the Mexicans say that the Indians declare that they are at war with the Americans, do not intend to suffer them at the ferry, and will kill all who come to their country; that they want to fight with the Americans. These Indians have since pursued two Americans who are now in Los Angeles, some thirty miles, and previously robbing them of everything they had.

Deponent, since he has been in Los Angeles, has heard some reports in reference to Glanton, or others of said company, robbing or otherwise mistreating Americans and Sonoraian. He has been with said company from the beginning, and positively and unequivocally denies the truth of such reports. As to the charges of ferriage, they were high, but the expenses of maintaining such a ferry, transportation of provisions from a great distance, etc., amply justify the charges. There was one man killed, an Irishman named Callahan, who had once been in the employ of said company, but discharged for incompetency, and had worked a while with the Indians at their ferry; he soon returned, informing us that the Indians had robbed him of money and a pistol, which deponent afterwards saw in the possession of an Indian. Some days afterwards he was found dead, lying in the river near our ferry premises. His death could not be accounted for, though he seemed to have been shot. Dr. Lincoln had furnished him with supper the night before his death; he left in good humor, and went away, saying he was going to California. Deponent believes that he was killed by the Indians.

As to the Indians, they always professed great friendship for the company, were continually about the premises, ate habitually in the houses, and were always treated with kindness personally. The boat of the Indians was set adrift, being at our ferry in the night; it was a boat of hides, the only one they had to ferry people across. It belonged to a Mexican, who consented to its being set adrift. We gave them a skiff to ferry with at the lower ferry, and never destroyed any of their property. The Mexicans say that the Yumas still have the boat Gen. Ander-

son gave them, and also the two boats belonging to said company.

Deponent further states that he firmly believes that said Yumas intend to do harm to all Americans who may pass through their country; that many emigrants, including women and children, are now on the point of reaching the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, who in all probability will arrive in small parties, unapprized of danger, and unprepared to meet it, unless some immediate steps be taken by the public authorities with this view. Deponent has made affidavit substantially of the massacre on the Gila, before the Alcalde at San Diego, and applied to the commanding officer of the U. S. troops at that place for assistance, but none has been sent. There are forty U. S. soldiers, infantry, at said town of San Diego.

WILLIAM CARR.

ABEL STEARNS.

We, the undersigned, two of the persons named in the foregoing statement of William Carr, have heard statement read, and fully concur in all the facts therein stated, believing the same to be true in all respects.

JOSEPH A. ANDERSON.

MARCUS L. WEBSTER.

Signed before me.

ABEL STEARNS,

1st Alcalde de Los Angeles.

Be it remembered that on the ninth day of May, A. D. 1850, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde of Los Angeles, personally appeared the aforesaid William Carr, Joseph A. Anderson and Marcus L. Webster, whose declarations are above written, and subscribed and made oath to the same in manner and form as appears above. Given under my hand this 9th day of May, A. D. 1850.

ABEL STEARNS.

ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLE BETWEEN THE YUMAS AND GLANTON.

DEPOSITION OF JEREMIAH HILL.

This 23rd day of May, A. D. 1850, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde of the district of Los Angeles, and State of California, and Judge of the first instance in the Criminal Law, personally appeared Jeremiah Hill, who being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that he is one of a party of fourteen American emigrants, who have crossed the Colorado since the massacre of John J. Glanton and his companions by the Yumas. About five days before reaching the mouth of the Gila, they met a Creek Indian by the name of John Lewis, who speaks the English, Spanish and Yuma languages, and had come from Tucson previously with Gen. Anderson of Tennessee. This Creek Indian showed them a certificate given to the Yumas by Gen. Anderson, to the effect, that he left them the boat which he had built for the purpose of crossing his company, upon condition that they would cross all Americans at \$1.00 for a horse, \$1.00 for a man, and \$1.00 for the cargo (pack), and that upon a violation of this contract, by any higher charge than this, said boat should be forfeited. As deponent understood, this boat was used at the lower crossing, commonly called "Algodones." The Creek said he and three other men were then up the river, by orders of Glanton, hunting planks to make a raft for the purpose of going down to build another boat, that he (the Creek) was a partner with Glanton, and also owned half of the aforesaid Indian boat. That Glanton had a ferry at the mouth of the Gila, and plenty of provisions. One of the men of deponent's party, by the name of Anderson, an old acquaintance of Glanton's, immediately started ahead to get provisions and animals from Glanton, but on the 23rd of April, about 9 o'clock in the night, he returned, saying that from the signs given by the Mexicans at the mouth of the Gila, not understanding their language, he believed that Glanton's party were all killed. He related that as he approached close to the ferry, signs were made to him, but which he did not understand, and went on, being on horseback, until finally the Mexican women pulled him off his horse, stripped him, gave him the hat and clothes of a Mexican, and hid him, which perhaps was all that saved his

life. This was about 30 miles from the mouth of the Gila. Deponent's party went next day perhaps 20 miles, but saw no Indians, though some Mexicans said that the Indians had followed Anderson to within five miles of our camp of the previous day (23d). Next day the road led us to within 600 yards of Glanton's late ferry where there is a mound; here the road forks, one leading down to Glanton's ferry, the left hand leading about six miles further to the present ferry occupied by the Indians. We stopped only to see that Glanton's ferry was entirely evacuated, and no sign of boat or habitation on either side; three Indians were there, but, as we rode towards them, they ran and hid in the bushes. We went on then towards the Indian ferry, the approach to which, for four miles, is through the thick brush of mesquite, young willow and cottonwood, by a very narrow path, barely sufficient for a single horse, the bushes dragging the packs on each side most of the way. We had stayed all day and night of the 25th, at our camp, about 10 miles beyond Glanton's ferry; on this day, in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, ten Yumas, unarmed, came up to our camp, by one of whom we sent for the chief, for the purpose, as we assured them, of having a talk with him and making him some presents. The chief came the same night about 7 o'clock; we gave him shirts, handkerchiefs, jewelry, pinole, etc., after which we asked him in reference to the massacre of Glanton. The chief said that Gen. Anderson had left him a boat on the contract as above stated, and that he would comply with it whenever any Americans came to cross, but as yet none had come; since the departure of Gen. Anderson, many Mexicans had come to cross at the Indian ferry, which had made Glanton mad, and that he (the chief) knew of no other offense the Indians had given said Glanton; that one day Glanton sent his men down, and had the Indian boat destroyed, and took an American whom they (the Indians) had with them, engaged in working their boat, up to his (Glanton's) camp, with all said American's money, and that Glanton had shot said American and thrown him into the river. The chief said that he then went up to see Glanton, and made an offer that Glanton should cross all the men and baggage, while the chief should cross the animals of the emigrants, and thus they would get along quietly. Whereupon Glanton kicked him out of the house, and beat him over the head with a stick; the chief said he would have hit him back, but was afraid, as the Americans could shoot too straight. This was before Glanton went to San Diego, according to the

Chief's statement, for the purpose of purchasing whisky and provisions. The chief said he immediately, on receiving this insult, went back and held a council of his people. The result was a determination to kill all the Americans at the ferry, and another chief was sent up to see the position of the Americans, who found that Glanton was gone to San Diego. They then determined to wait until he returned, as their main object, the chief said, was to kill Glanton. The chief who had been sent up as just stated, went up afterwards from day to day, to the American camp, and finally one day came back with the report that Glanton had returned. Then the chief who had been before insulted went up, and found Glanton and his men drinking; they gave him something to drink, and also his dinner. After dinner, five of the Americans laid down and went to sleep in a hut, leaving him sitting there; others were ferrying, and were on the opposite side; three had gone up on this side for some purpose. The chief said he watched till he thought the five were asleep, when he went out to his people on this side, who were all hid in the bushes just below the houses; a portion of them he sent up after the three Americans who were up cutting poles, instructing his men to get possession of their arms; he had previously posted 500 Indians on the other side, instructed to mix among the Americans and Mexicans, and get into the boat without suspicion. He himself then went up on the little mound perhaps as high as his head, but commanding a view of all his Indians, and the whole scene; from this mound he was to give the signal. There he was to beckon to those hid in the bushes to come near the American tents, which they were immediately to enter and give a yell as they killed the Americans, whereupon he was to give the sign with a pole having a scarf on it to the Indians on the other side as well as those who were watching the three above. He gave the signal, when those in the boat and at the houses were all killed. The Indians who had been sent after the three Americans ran, and these three succeeded in getting into a little skiff and escaped by going down the river. His men pursued on the shore, on both sides, but several were killed by the Americans, and many wounded. He showed us two of the wounded, and when asked if "as many as ten" of the tribe were killed, he said, "More." He said one of the Americans would row, while the others fired, and his people hesitated to pursue further. When the chief went up to see Glanton, as above stated, about the ferry, Glanton said that he would kill one Indian for every Mexican they should

cross. He showed us by signs the amount of money in bags which he took from the Americans' camp. It seemed from his description to be about three bags of silver, each about three feet high, and about two feet round, which must have contained at least \$80,000, besides a bag of gold, about a foot high and a foot round. This, he said, he divided amongst his people, then burnt the houses over the bodies of the dead. The six who were killed in the boat were thrown into the river as fast as they were killed, all killed with clubs. The five on shore were killed with clubs, except Glanton, who was killed with a hatchet, which the chief showed to us; their clothes were burnt, and perhaps their flesh somewhat burnt by the burning of the little shed of brush in which they had been killed; their bodies were then thrown into the river. After giving this account of the transaction, the chief said that, upon the death of these Americans, another council was held as to whether they should kill all Americans who might come along, at which it was resolved by every Indian that they would. He said that in two days they could muster four thousand warriors; he said their arms were principally bows and arrows and clubs; and that they had a few guns, including all the arms they got from Glanton's party, but that they intended to collect all they could from every source. We saw them take guns away from the Sonorantians by force. The Sonorantians refused to sell or buy arms of them. They offered deponent two fine Colt's revolvers, one five-shooter, the other a six-shooter (the same, no doubt, worn by Glanton, as the chief said, and deponent had seen it in his belt), for his double-barreled shot gun, saying they knew the use of a gun, but not of the pistols. Deponent refused to trade with them, of course; and the Sonorantians or Mexicans there passed a resolution not to trade any arms of any description with them.

He told us finally that, if we would go to the river next day, he would be there, and keep the Indians from coming into our camp, and secure us an unmolested passage. We went, accordingly, on that day (26th), but he was not on the ground, nor did we ever see him again. On touching the bank, Señor Montenegro, who was on a little island about 30 steps from the shore, called to us to come over, which we did immediately, the water being only belly deep for the mules. A great number of Indians were on the island, including a few women and children. The Indian men said very little to us, but the women and children would come within three feet of us, pointing at us, and using very abusive language, sometimes in Spanish,

and every now and then the boys used the plain English, in such expressions as "God d—m your souls, Americans!" They agreed to cross us that day; and all got over except two, who remained that night amongst the Indians. When they crossed seven of us they refused to take any more, unless they were paid over again for all; and we had to pay; they watched us all night, apparently with the view of getting into our camp, but we had a strong guard, and very few slept. They could be disintctly heard slipping through the bushes. Our animals were nearly all still on the other side. We had already paid them twice for crossing men, animals and baggage.

Next morning (27th) the Indians came down to the river with bottles of whisky in their hands, and pretty well drunk. We had to pay them over \$3.00 apiece for crossing the balance of the animals; they drowned one mule; we gave them a horse, blankets, shirts, jewelry, etc., besides about \$80.00 in cash. The crossing was finally effected the evening of the 27th, but Mr. Sled and Señor Montenegro were told by the Indians that they had better get away from the island or they would kill them; and when asked if they intended to cross the animals the chief replied that he did not know whether he would or not, that he would keep them if he thought proper, but that they had better get away. Consequently these gentlemen crossed ahead of the animals. Another Mexican gentleman who still remained, had to give them a mule belonging to Señor Montenegro, and other presents, before they would cross the animals at all, after being paid three times. On the evening of the 27th, after we had crossed everything, and were preparing to start immediately, the Indians commenced coming over in great numbers, some in boats, and some swimming. After they had got across they went to Señor Montenegro, and told him to separate his men from the Americans, as they were going to fight us, and had come over expressly for that purpose. Señor Montenegro, having no intention of doing so, arranged that our animals should be driven with his advance company of fifty men, that we should keep disengaged from the care of the animals to meet an Indian attack, while he brought up the rear with the rest of his animals and one hundred men. After we had got out some distance from the river, Señor Montenegro remaining behind to see his mules off, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and accused by them of protecting the Americans, and threatened with death. We knew nothing of this. And they would doubtless have killed him, but one of his men with a pack mule happened to be a little

behind. To him Señor Montenegro called, and he got off by giving the Indians a bag of pinole and one of panoche, opening at the same time trunks containing his and his son's clothes, out of which the Indians helped themselves. He overtook us at dark and related these circumstances, and the further promise he had to make the Indians, that when he returned from California, he would bring each of the chiefs a suit of red cloth.

The next day, three of these Indians came through our camp, ten miles this side of the river, near the first well, and when questioned, said they were going to California; we saw two more of the Yumas at New river, who told the Mexicans that they were there looking out for the Americans who might be sent from San Diego, or other part of California, to fight them. Twenty times in our presence they stated that they were at war with all Americans, and the chief himself told us we were the last party that should ever cross there, and that he intended to keep "muchos" Indians scattered along the road, to kill the Americans as they came along and take their animals. Deponent thinks there are between 75 and 100 Americans, men, women and children, whom he supposes now to be about at the Gila, and who will be on the Colorado in less than a month, and are compelled, from the usual way of traveling in that quarter, to come there in very small parties, easily exposed to a successful Indian attack. And further deponent saith not.

JEREMIAH HILL.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss:

Be it remembered that on this 23rd day of May, 'A. D. 1850, before me, Abel Stearns, first Alcalde, and Judge of the First Instance, of the Criminal law, of said county, personally appeared Jeremiah Hill and subscribed and made oath to the above statement. Given under my hand.

ABEL STEARNS.

PIONEERS

OF

Los Angeles County

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1903-1904

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

W. H. WORKMAN,
J. FRANK BURNS,
H. D. BARROWS,
LOUIS ROEDER,

CHAS. H. WHITE,
J. W. GILLETTE,
J. M. GUINN.

OFFICERS.

J. FRANK BURNS.....	President
J. W. GILLETTE.....	First Vice-President
CHAS. H. WHITE.....	Second Vice-President
LOUIS ROEDER.....	Treasurer
J. M. GUINN.....	Secretary

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RUSSELL W. READY.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

W. H. WORKMAN,
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CHAS. G. KEYES.

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DR. A. H. WERN,

MRS. ABBIE HILLER,
MRS. JENNIE S. READ,
N. C. CARTER,
J. J. GOSPER.

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

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J. M. RILEY,
E. J. VAWTER,
OSCAR MACY,
J. L. STARR,

JERRY NEWELL,
MRS. DORA BILDERBECK,
SIMON B. SMITH,
ALFRED JAMES.

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. MARY FRANKLIN,
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MRS. J. W. GILLETTE,
MRS. J. G. NEWELL,
MRS. SUSAN C. HOPKINS,

CHAS. H. WHITE,
N. C. CARTER,
E. K. GREEN,
N. MERCADANTE,
J. M. STEWART.

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and to perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the county ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be the fourth day of September, that being the

anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to wit: the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

BY-LAWS

MEMBERSHIP.

[Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901.]

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birth-place, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting

of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; and fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect a member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other offi-

cers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. Special meetings may be called by the president or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

Reading minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of new members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

I beg leave to submit the following report of the finances of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County for the year ending September 1, 1903:

Balance on hand Oct. 1st, 1902.....	\$119.36
Collections to Sept. 1st, 1903.....	221.50

Total balance and receipts.....	\$340.86
Disbursements to Sept. 1st, 1903.....	248.80

Balance cash on hand.....	\$ 92.06
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Itemized receipted bills covering all disbursements are herewith submitted.

Respectfully submitted,

LOUIS ROEDER,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

To the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

Gentlemen and Ladies: In accordance with the requirements of our By-Laws I herewith present my annual report for the year ending August 31, 1903:

The Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County completes this evening the sixth year of its existence.

Since its organization 420 members have been enrolled. Of these 54 have died and 15 have been dropped for non-payment of dues, leaving at present a membership of 351.

Forty-eight new members have been taken into membership since the last annual meeting.

FINANCES.

Balance on hand October 1st, 1902.....	\$119.36
Collections to September 1st, 1903.....	221.50

Total balance and collections.....	\$340.86
Total disbursements per receipted bills.....	248.80

Balance on hand Sept. 1st, 1903..... \$ 92.06

The receipts and disbursements in this report cover a period of eleven months, viz., Oct. 1, 1902, to Sept. 1, 1903. The receipts for the evening of Sept. 2, 1902, were included in the report of last year. Adding the receipts of that evening, \$94, to \$221.50 collected in the subsequent months makes the total collections for 12 months \$315.50.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN,
Secretary.

"IN THE DAYS OF '49."

By J. M. Guinn.

In the life of a nation, as in that of the individual, accident more often than design shapes career. Scattered through the histories of nations are the records of unforeseen events—accidents that have changed the whole future of empires. In the history of our own country the discovery of gold in California, which was purely accidental, marks the beginning of a new epoch. It marks the turning point in our career as a nation from agriculturism to commercialism.

Before that event agriculture had been the absorbing industry of the country. We were the bread growers of Europe—content to grow wheat for a foreign market, and cotton for the mills of England. Then seven-tenths of our population lived on farms and tilled the soil—there were no vast combinations of capital; no trusts; no great railroad systems; no multi-millionaires; no Pierpont Morgans.

Before 1850, John Jacob Astor, the Indian fur trader and founder of the Astor family, was the only millionaire in the United States. He was a veritable curiosity to the people—a man worth a million dollars! Men craned their necks to see him as he passed, and women turned to gaze after him in the streets.

The gold mines of California in half a decade after their discovery became known abroad added to the wealth of the United States \$300,000,000, equivalent to an increase of \$15 per capita to every man, woman and child in the country at that time. No nation ever before grew rich so rapidly. Rome at the height of her power and in the palmiest days of her plundering, never, in so short a time, gathered from conquered peoples such heaps of gold. The golden ransom that Francisco Pizarro, the swine-herd of Truxillo, exacted from the Incas of Peru for the release of their captured chieftain, Atahualpa, amounted to a little over \$6,000,000, an amount scarcely equal to the yield of the California placers for a single month. Such a sudden increase in wealth prompted great undertakings, stimulated every form of industry and encouraged immigration. It built up great inland cities and hastened by at least two decades the settlement of the vast unpeopled expanse between the Missouri and the

Sierra Nevadas. The admission of California into the Union as a free State, which was made possible by the discovery of gold, struck the first note in the death knell of human slavery and was the precursor of the Civil War.

The exact date of Marshall's discovery of the golden nuggets in the mill race at Coloma is still a matter of dispute. Marshall in his lifetime gave three different dates, the 18th, 19th and 20th, and today, 55 years after the event, one society of Pioneers celebrates January the 19th as the true date and another the 24th.

The discovery, at first, was not regarded of great importance. It took six weeks for the news to reach San Francisco, although that city was only 120 miles away. And it was nine months before the report of Marshall's find reached the Eastern States. When the news was confirmed—when there was no longer doubt or cavil about the enormous wealth of the California placers—then there was an awakening of the nation hitherto unparalleled in its history. The spirit of adventure became epidemic and men who never before had ventured a day's journey from home cut loose from all the ties that bound them and joined in a pilgrimage to the shrine of Mammon that was fraught with dangers and beset with difficulties appalling to the stoutest hearts.

In the year 1849, one hundred thousand people found their way to California. They came by every known route and many by routes hitherto unknown. They came by every means of conveyance known to travel by land or sea. They came from every civilized land on the globe. All castes and conditions of men came—the good and the bad, the industrious and the indolent, the virtuous and the vicious. This rapid influx of population wrought magical changes in the land of gold. It transformed it from a land of *mañana*—a land of tomorrow—to one of today. It changed it from a lotus land of ease where life was a sensuous dream to the arena of the most resistless energy and the fiercest struggle for existence.

When gold was discovered, San Francisco was a little hamlet of a few houses clustering close to the shores of Yerba Buena cove. In a little more than two years after, it had grown to be a city of 25,000 souls. It had climbed the sand hills and built out over the bay. The commerce of the world sought its harbor and, it might be added, much of it remained there. Five hundred ships deserted by their officers and crews, lay rotting on the Mission flats. Repeatedly swept out of existence by great

fires, phoenix like it arose from its ashes and grew better and bigger after each conflagration.

In the beginning it was a make-shift city, built on an emergency. No one expected to remain in it longer than to make his fortune. Its first inhabitants had no municipal pride in its appearance. The strip of level land that skirted the cove was soon built over, then the city had either to climb the hills like Rome, or wade out into the bay like Venice. It did both, but first it tilted the tops of the hills into the bay and sat down on dry land. Its principal streets are successions of cuts and fills. Market street, its grandest avenue, is in places 60 feet below its old level and in others 30 above. Rome was built on seven hills, but the city of Saint Francis has climbed over seventy. Its municipal infancy was beset with many discouragements. Flood as well as fire conspired against it.

Eighteen hundred and forty-nine was one of the great flood years of California. As in Noah's days, the windows of the heavens were opened, the rains descended and the floods came. Fifty inches of rain are said to have fallen in San Francisco, and the Pluvial downpour was even greater in the mining regions. The newly arrived Argonauts had been told before their departure from the States that California was a hot, dry country where little rain fell. As a consequence they made but scanty provision against winter storms.

The rainy season of 1849 began early in November and was heralded in the mountains by a downpour of nine inches in a single night. The miners were driven from their camps by the floods, and as they shivered in the pitiless storm they ironically discussed the question whether it was pleasanter to die of thirst on a waterless desert or be drowned by inches in a country where it seldom rains.

In San Francisco the wash from the hills flooded the unpaved streets. The continued rains and traffic soon reduced the detritus into the consistency of pea soup. Men and animals floundered through the liquid mud. Drunken loafers roistering around the streets at night fell into the Serbonian bogs misnamed streets, and if no friendly hand was near to extricate them they sank deeper and deeper into ready-made graves, uncoffined, unwept, and unsung. A story is told that one day a hat was seen floating down the muddy tide of Montgomery street. A spectator lassoed it and as it was lifted a man's head appeared. He was rescued and brought ashore, when he begged the spectators to save his horse, which was still below. The

story, however, does not rest on any more substantial foundation than did the submerged rider and his mythical steed.

It was during this winter that the famous sidewalk of flour bags, cooking stoves, tobacco boxes and pianos was constructed. The only sidewalks then were made of pieces of boards, dry goods boxes, crockery crates and other refuse of the stores. These were continually disappearing in the ooze. Lumber was \$600 per thousand and retailed at a dollar a square foot. A sidewalk of plank would have bankrupted the municipality. The walks, such as they were, were built by the merchants to help their trade.

This famous sidewalk was on the west side of Montgomery street, between Clay and Jackson. It extended from the Simmons, Henderson & Co. building to the Adams Express Company's office. It began with 100-pound sacks of Chilean flour. Then followed a long row of cooking stoves, over which it was necessary to carefully pick your way, as some of the covers were gone. A damaged piano bridged a chasm and beyond this a double row of large tobacco boxes completed the walk. This sidewalk has been held up as an example of the extravagance of the days of '49. And yet the material in it was the cheapest sidewalking in the market. A few months before flour was selling at \$400 a barrel. Everybody in trade ordered flour. The nearest place to secure it was Chile, and ship load after ship load was thrown on the San Francisco market until it was not worth the storage.

Some merchants in New York, witnessing the great rush to California, conceived the idea of shipping consignments of cooking stoves to California. The miners would need them in their housekeeping and it would be a fine stroke of business to forestall the demand. The shippers did not know that the miners' kitchen outfit consisted of a frying pan and a coffee pot. The freight on a cooking stove up into the mountain mining camps would have bankrupted a miner's claim. So the consignment of cooking stoves was left to rust and rot until utilized for sidewalks. As to pianos, nobody had time to play on them, and the scarcity of houses made their room more valuable than their company.

In the East, ignorance of the needs of the miners and the customs of the country were responsible for some ludicrous mistakes. A merchant of New York bound for California, who had dealt in millinery goods, conceived the idea that it would be a fine stroke of business to ship a consignment of ladies' bon-

nets to San Francisco. The Leghorn bonnet of '49 was a capacious affair—modeled after the prairie schooner, or the schooner was modeled after the bonnet, I am not certain which. The bonnet had a dip in the middle and sharp peaks fore and aft; so had the schooner.

The merchant sent his consignment around Cape Horn and came to California himself via the Isthmus. Arriving here he found to his dismay that the Spanish women did not wear bonnets, but covered their heads with rebosas, and the Spanish ladies were about all the women in California then. The poor fellow was in despair; all his money was invested in bonnets. The bonnets were down at Cape Horn or thereabouts, and there was no way of intercepting the shipment and returning it before it completed its voyage of 18,000 miles.

In due time the vessel arrived. In those days there were no warehouses and ship's cargoes were auctioned off on their arrival. Almost in despair, the merchant put up his bonnets at auction. The city happened to be full of miners well supplied with gold dust. The sight of a woman's bonnet recalled memories of home, of mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts. In a spirit of freakishness they bid off the bonnets at an ounce (\$16) apiece. Red shirted miners paraded the streets with heads ensconced in fashionable bonnets of the vintage of '49—and were happy. So was the merchant, whose venture paid him well.

Merchandising in the fall of '49 and spring of '50 was a make-or-break business. If a consignment of goods reached San Francisco when the market was bare of needed articles which the consignment contained the merchant's fortune was made who secured it. If it reached there when the market was overstocked he was in danger of bankruptcy.

At one time 5-cent papers of carpet tacks sold at \$5 each. A pound of salaratus retailed at \$16, and a drop of laudanum at a dollar. A hogshead of New England rum arrived when the market was empty of that beverage. The rum retailed at \$20 a quart, and one man offered \$10 for the privilege of sucking a straw through the bung hole. His offer was refused, as his capacity was known to exceed a pint.

The yield of the mines in early days was enormous, and rich strikes numerous. No occupation is more exciting than placer mining. The stroke of a pick may open one of nature's treasure vaults and make you independently rich. Hope buoys you up to brave hardships and fatigues that would crush you in other occupations. Think of taking out ten thousand dollars in a day or picking up a nugget that was worth a prince's ran-

som. Such things were possible in the days of '49. The extent and richness of the mines then were problematic. There were no diggings so rich that there might not be richer beyond. Men would abandon claims paying twenty, thirty or even fifty dollars a day on the rumor that at some other camp men were making \$100 a day. When the news first spread abroad throughout the states of the wonderful gold discoveries in California the crudest ideas prevailed in regard to the way gold was mined. Not one man then in 50,000 had ever seen a grain of virgin gold, and not one in 100,000 had ever seen a gold mine. The only gold mines in the United States before the acquisition of California were in the mountains of North Carolina and Georgia, and these were so situated that many intelligent persons had never heard of their existence. It was known that gold was found in the sand and gravel and to separate it from these Yankee ingenuity set to work to invent labor-saving machines. Patented machines with cranks and treadles to be propelled by hand or foot power; overshot wheels to work inventions by water power; and powerful engines constructed so as to be placed on scows and driven by steam were designed to dredge the bottoms of rivers, which were believed to be covered with gold. Then there were buckets with augur and valve attachment at the bottom, and long iron handles—these were intended to bore down into the subaqueous deposits and bring up the gold, that the augur loosened, and deposited in the buckets. Even diving bells were constructed for deeper water, and the diver was expected to pick the golden nuggets off the bottom of the river.

Haskins in his "Argonauts of '49" describes one of these machines, which was on board the ship he came on. "One machine," says he, "requires special mention. It was in the shape of a huge fanning mill with sieves properly arranged for assorting the gold ready for bottling. All chunks too large for the bottles would be consigned to the pork barrels. This immense machine, which during our passage excited the envy of all who had not the means and opportunity of securing a similar one, required the services of a hired man to turn the crank whilst the proprietor would be busily engaged in shoveling in pay dirt and pumping water, the greater portion of his time, however, being required, as was firmly believed, in corking of bottles and fitting the heads to the pork barrels as they were filled with gold. This machine was owned by Mr. Allen of Cambridge, Mass., who had brought with him a colored servant to turn the crank of this invaluable invention. Upon landing we found

lying upon the sands and half buried in the mud hundreds of similar machines bearing silent witness at once to the value of our gold-saving machinery without the necessity of a trial."

Nor was it those who came by sea alone that brought these curious but worthless inventions. Men hauled gold machines across the plains, over waterless deserts, over precipitous mountains, often sacrificing the necessities of life to save the prized instruments that were to make their fortunes; and when they reached the mines haggard, half starved, but bringing in triumph their labor-saving machines—only to find themselves the butt of ridicule and their machines the laughing stock of the mining camp. Haskins says: "Animated and often acrimonious discussions were carried on while on the voyage to California in regard to the better means of getting their gold down from the mines. Some were in favor of bottles, others favored pork barrels. The pork barrel advocates won by showing that the barrels could be rolled down to the Coast, thus saving freight." John S. Hittell says when he and some others discovered a wonderfully rich pocket of gold at the foot of Mount Shasta in the fall of '49, supposing the whole gulch underlaid with gold, they seriously discussed the question whether they should send for a train of pack mules or a number of ox teams to bring out the gold. They were relieved of the necessity of sending for either.

The rush and greed for gold and the ways of getting it is not all there is to the story of the Argonauts. There were deeds of charity the most noble and acts of self-sacrifice the most unselfish. There were friendships formed stronger than that of Damon and Pythias. There were romances in their lives most thrilling and adventures most daring. There was enough in their search for the golden fleece to have formed material for an epic grander than the Illiad and more fascinating than the Odessy. The California immigrants of the early fifties who came from the older states were a superior class. They were drawn from the most intelligent, the most progressive and the most venturesome of the population of the different localities from whence they came. All honor to the noble men and women who braved perils by sea and land to lay strong and deep the foundations of a new commonwealth. They did their work well. They left the impress of their characters on the State they founded. To them it owes much of its renown for progress, intelligence and enterprise. All honor to the Pioneers living and respect for the memory of those who have passed over the divide that separates time from eternity.

AN EXCITING EPISODE OF THE EARLY '60s.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

The picturesque mountain valley known as Santiago canyon, in Orange county, is located within the range of mountains between the Santa Ana and San Juan valleys on the south and El Chino ranch and Jurupa on the north. It is several miles wide and perhaps twenty miles long, and is drained by Santiago creek, which finds its outlet in the Santa Ana river, not very far from the old Yorba homestead. The Yorba and Peralta families, whose forebears originally came from Spain, were the former owners of both the Santiago and Santa Ana ranches.

Teodosio Yorba was the ancient owner of the Santiago ranch, who sold it to William Wolfskill, and he sold, I believe, to Flint, Bixby & Co. It is now owned by the James Irvine estate. Of course the Yorba grant includes only a limited portion of the extensive Santiago canyon. Years ago, mining was carried on, in what is known as the "Silverado" branch of Santiago. Not very far above the mouth of the canyon there is one of the most beautiful natural parks to be found anywhere. It is as level as a house floor, and is densely shaded by evergreen live-oaks that must be five hundred years old, more or less, with plenty of living springs of pure mountain water near by. It is an ideal place for picnicking parties, and was resorted to by them extensively in former years when it was widely known as the "Picnic Grounds" of the Santiago. J. E. Pleasants was one of the first settlers of the valley, and he still resides there. He and others had bee ranches ten or twelve miles above the Picnic Grounds in the '70s and '80s. He named his place "Refugio" (Refuge, or place of rest) after his deceased wife. Later, this place became the home of Mme. Modjeska and her husband, Count Charles Bozenta Clapowski, who have enlarged, improved and beautified it, creating a lake for irrigation, thus establishing for themselves a romantic and luxurious mountain retreat, which they have felicitously named "Arden," and which, in fact, is no unworthy nor unlike counterpart of that "Arden" of Shakespeare's idyllic masterpiece.

Away back in the early '60s a very exciting episode occurred at a point about three miles above the picnic grounds, in which Mr. Pleasants, who had charge of a stock ranch at the time, was

an active though involuntary participant. One Sunday morning he was out looking after stock, when he found three Mexicans in the corral at the point referred to, catching his tame horses. Supposing them to be vaqueros of his neighbors, lassoing their own horses, he rode up to the corral, when one of the men rode toward him in a friendly manner, and when he came alongside held out his hand as if to shake hands, saying, "Como le va, amigo?"—when, suddenly drawing his pistol, he pointed it at Pleasants' head and fired. Pleasants threw up his right hand and turned the pistol aside at the moment of discharge, and the ball passed through that hand, disabling it entirely, the scar of which remains to this day. Grasping his own pistol with his left hand, Pleasants commenced firing at his assailant. He had, however, only five charges in his pistol (having previously discharged one shot at a rabbit), whereupon, at his first shot, the other two men fled.

The battle was now on in earnest. The leader fired six shots at Pleasant, but, firing somewhat wildly, two shots entered Pleasants' saddle, one passing through it, when he (the leader) also fled. He evidently kept the run of Pleasants' shots, each firing, one after the other, and when his six shots were exhausted he must have thought that Pleasants still had another shot, for he incontinently fled, after Pleasants had fired his last shot, thus leaving Pleasants master of the field—with an empty pistol! And thus ended a fierce battle, with Pleasants as the victor, although he had been at a big disadvantage; he had been taken at the start entirely by surprise; he was one man against three; he had only five shots to his enemy's six; his right hand was disabled at the outset, whereby he was compelled to make the fight only with his left hand. A man who could come off victor in a desperate encounter like that must have some "sand." Mr. Pleasants has resided in beautiful Santiago canyon ever since that memorable adventure, which occurred over forty years ago. Some five years before that time, or in 1857, Juan Flores, the leader of the formidable robber band which murdered Sheriff Barton and several members of his posse, near Capistrano, was captured on the top of one of the highest mountains of the Santiago range and brought to Los Angeles and hung by the people on the side of the hill not far from our new county jail. It is needless to say that there is no place in either Los Angeles or any county where more peace and quiet prevails, nor where life and property are more secure, in recent years, than in romantic Santiago canyon.

LOS ANGELES PIONEERS OF 1836.

BY STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Sept. 20, 1883.)

Editor of Los Angeles Herald:

Believing it might interest some of your readers, I furnish for publication a list of the foreign colony in Los Angeles city and district, of date of May 23d, 1836. I find it in the Los Angeles archives in the Supervisors' room—Vol. I—and it is in the handwriting of the late Don Manuel Requena, first Alcalde of the city, for that year, and is to be found in a blotter of his official correspondence, which is full and complete from January to December, 1836. There should be added Abel Stearns, but his name is not there, as he was a naturalized Mexican citizen, and held the office of Syndico that year. Thomas Fisher, known as "Negro Fisher," one of six who were captured from Bouchard's crew of the ship's pirates or privateers, who burnt the town of Monterey and the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, A. D., 1818, and had been a servant of the Lugos from that date, and probably was considered to have become a Californian. He was a native of New Jersey, then about fifty years old. Also Michael White, recently deceased, a native of England, probably absent at that date. Of those 49 persons there is but one living—Col. J. J. Warner—who will complete a residence of 54 years in California if he lives until December 5, 1885. In that list are the names of N. M. Pryor, Richard Laughlin and Jesse Ferguson, who with the two Patys, father and son, were the first white men who came to California by land. They started from New Mexico with a company commanded by Captain Yontz, on a trapping expedition down the Gila river, in the winter of 1827-28, and parted from Yontz's company on the Gila, built two canoes and trapped down the Gila and Colorado rivers until they reached the Pacific ocean, up the Ensenada, and from there they came to San Diego on foot. The elder Paty died in San Diego soon after his arrival, and the son returned to Kentucky, of which State they were all natives. Pryor and Laughlin died in this city and their sons still live on their fathers' places. Ferguson died in Lower California, leaving no children. Juan Domingo, the solitary German whose

name appears in the list, died in 1858, leaving sons and a daughter in this city. His German name was such a jaw-breaker to the natives that they turned it into Juan Domingo, in English, John Sunday.

Name.	Age	Native of	Ar'vd.
Luis Vignes	60	France	1831
Morris Carver	31	United States	1831
John J. Warner	28	United States	1831
John Temple	39	United States	1828
Carlos Baric	29	France	1834
Jean D. Mayen	29	France	1832
Nathaniel Pryor	30	United States	1828
James McPherson	50	Scotland	1824
Charles Hall	27	United States	1832
Manuel D. Olivera	29	Portugal	1829
Luis Bauchett	49	France	1829
Juan Domingo	38	Germany	1829
Isaac Williams	38	United States	1832
John Marsh	32	United States	1836
Richard Laughlin	34	United States	1828
Samuel Prentice	37	United States	1829
Alexander Sales	29	United States	1833
William Wolfskill	39	United States	1831
Daniel Ferguson	30	Ireland	1824
Victor Prudon	27	France	1835
Daniel Rice	25	United States	1832
John Davis	40	Norway	1828
Jesus Ferguson	32	United States	1828
Juan L. Braun	31	France	1831
Pierre Romero	53	France	1831
Albert Fernando	27	Great Britain	1834
Jose Feviru	30	France	1833
James Dobe	22	London	1833
Luis A. Tolmayes	22	France	1836
Pedro Cornelero	30	Italy	1836
Frank Hiyarez	29	Ireland	1833
William Gwinn	35	St. Domingo	1834
James Johnson	36	England	1833
William Chard	15	United States	1833
Jonas Bailey	29	United States	1836
Lemuel Carpenter	22	United States	1833
Alexander Dunn	29	United States	1836
Thomas Luse	25	United States	1833
William Bailey	26	England	1831
John Ray	25	United States	1830
Joseph Gibson	44	United States	1831
Thomas Tole	24	Europe	1836
Bernabel Costo	36	Italy	1836
Jordan Pacheco	50	Portugal	1829
Juan B. Laudry	31	Italy	1827

THE MYTH OF GOLD LAKE.

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read before the Pioneers.)

The history of the early California "gold rushes" has never been written. In the flush days of California gold mining, life was too strenuous to waste time in writing the current history of events that seemed unimportant then. If the rumor that started the rush proved a fake, the disgusted miners pocketed their disappointment and kept silent. If it resulted in the discovery of rich diggings, it was their policy to conceal the fact lest too many came to share their good fortune.

The gold rush—that is, a rush to unknown and unexplored regions on a rumor that rich deposits of the precious metals abounded there—did not originate with the early California miners. It is as old as civilization. Ulysses and his Argonauts were off on a gold rush when they set out to find the golden fleece of Phryxus' ram. The myth of Quivira and its king, Tartarax, who adored a golden cross, sent Coronado and his four hundred gold hunters on a weary tramp across deserts, mountains and plains.

The fabled island of California, peopled with Amazons whose arms and the trappings of the wild beasts they rode were of pure gold, lured Cortes and his followers into a gold rush that ended like many a one since has—in death and disaster. Myth and mystery have always been potent factors in inciting a gold rush. Credulity is one of the strongest motive powers in moving humanity, whether it be exerted in promoting a gold rush or successfully launching a get-rich-quick scheme.

One of the first of the famous California gold rushes was the quest for Gold Lake. The myth of a Lake of Gold is almost as old as our knowledge of America. Away back in the days of Cortes and Pizarro there was a wide-spread legend of El Dorado and a Lake of Gold. On the table lands of New Granada, in South America, lived a people known as Chibchas. They were more advanced in civilization than the Incas of Peru. They possessed populous cities, paved roads and pursued varied industries. They made golden ornaments and images, and used gold for a circulating medium in trade. Among

these people existed a strange custom. Once a year the ruler or cacique was annointed with an adhesive ointment and gold dust thickly scattered over his nude body until he literally became a gilded man. Then he was rowed on a raft to the middle of Lake Gautivita, into the waters of which he plunged until freed from his glittering robe. In the center of the lake was supposed to dwell an enormous serpent. The glittering dust was a propitiary offering to appease the avarice of the demon who dwelt far down in the depths of the lake.

The legend of El Dorado, which is a Spanish phrase, literally meaning "The Gilded," and contracted from "el hombre dorado," spread far and wide throughout Spanish America, and even reached Europe. It inflamed the avarice of the Spaniards and expedition after expedition was fitted out to search for the land of El Dorado and its Lake of Gold. Immense sums were spent in the search, and countless lives sacrificed. Even the English became imbued with enthusiasm and joined in the quest. Sir Walter Raleigh made four unsuccessful attempts to enter the valley of the Orinoco, where he supposed the kingdom of the Gilded Man was located. At length Gonzalo Ximinez de Quesada, with a force of seven hundred men, marching up the valley of Rio Magdalena, penetrated the land of El Dorado and conquered its inhabitants. Of the seven hundred men with whom he began his march, only 180 were alive when the conquest was completed, and the brave Chibchas were almost annihilated. To foil the Spaniards they sank their golden images and ornaments in the waters of the sacred lake.

During the reign of Philip II an attempt was made to drain the Golden Lake Gautivita, but the undertaking was not successful. A few golden images and ornaments were his reward for an immense outlay. The glittering dust washed from the gilded bodies of numberless caciques in long ages past lay deep down in the lair of the demon of the lake. Such is the legend of El Dorado. How many who use the phrase know its origin?

The Indians dwelling around Coloma at the time of Marshall's discovery had a similar legend of a Lake of Gold inhabited by an aquatic monster. Far up among the fastness of the Sierra Nevadas, according to this myth, was a lake whose sides were lined with gold, and the cliffs that lifted above it glittered in the sunlight, but in its waters dwelt a horrible monster who devoured all that came near his abode. No Indian

ever bathed in the waters of Gold Lake. Some romancing miner, catching fragments of the Indian myth and conveniently leaving out the demon of the lake, told as a fact the story of the discovery by the Indians of a Lake of Gold. The story passed from one to another and grew in size and more elaborate in details as it traveled. Then the story of the discovery got into the papers, and with that reverence for whatever appears in print that possesses us, people said the story must be true; the papers say so; and then the rush was on. The center of the excitement was at Marysville, but it spread all over the northern mines. I quote from an editorial in the Placer Times of June 17, 1850. Under the heading, "Gold Lake," the editor said: "We were inclined to give only an average degree of credit to stories that have reached us during the past few days of the unprecedented richness which that locality (Gold Lake) has developed. A few moments passed in Marysville last Saturday convinced us that there is much more reality in this last Eureka report than usually attaches to such. In a year's experience of local excitement from the same cause we have seen none equal to that which prevails in that town.

"The specimens brought into Marysville are of a value from \$1500 down. Ten ounces is reported as no unusual yield to the panfull, and the first party of 60, which started out under the guidance of one who had returned successful, were assured that they would not get less than \$500 each per day. We were told that 200 had left town with a full supply of provisions and 400 mules. Mules and horses have doubled in value and 400 were considered no more than enough for a start.

"The distance to Gold Lake was first reported 200 miles. It lies at a very considerable elevation among the mountains that divide the waters of the south fork of Feather river from the north branch of the Yuba. The direction from Marysville is a little north of east."

In the Placer Times of the 18th the editor, under the head line of "Further From the Infected District," says: "On the arrival of the Lawrence (steamboat) yesterday from Marysville, we received more news of the Gold Lake excitement. It promises to spare no one. It is reported that up to last Thursday 2000 persons had taken up their journey. Many who were working good claims deserted them for the new discovery. Mules and horses were almost impossible to obtain. Although the truth of the report rests on the authority of but two or three who have returned from Gold Lake, yet few are found who

doubt the marvelous revelations. The first man who came into Marysville took out a party of forty, as guide, on condition they paid him \$100 each if his story was verified, even offering his life as a forfeit for any deception. A second guide has left with a much larger party, who are to give him \$200 each, and the same forfeit—his life—if there is any deception.

"The spot is described as very difficult of access, and it is feared many will lose their way. A party of Kanakas are reported to have wintered at Gold Lake, subsisting chiefly on the flesh of their animals. They are said to have taken out \$75,000 the first week.

"When a conviction takes such complete possession of a whole community, who are fully conversant of all the exaggerations that have had their day, it is scarcely prudent to utter a qualified dissent from that which is universally unquestioned and believed."

The Sacramento Daily Transcript of June 19th says: "Places of business in Marysville are closed. The diggings at Gold Lake are probably the richest ever discovered. A story is current that a man at Gold Lake saw a large piece floating on the lake which he succeeded in getting ashore. So clear are the waters that another man saw a rock of gold on the bottom. After many efforts he succeeded in lassoing it. Three days afterward he was seen standing holding on to his rope and vainly trying to land his prize."

The Placer Times of July 1st gives the denouement of the rush: "The Gold Lake excitement, so much talked of and acted upon of late, has almost subsided. A crazy man comes in for a share of the responsibility. Another report is that they have found one of the pretended discoverers and are about lynching him at Marysville. Indeed, we are told that a demonstration against that town is feared by many. People who have returned after traveling some 150 to 200 miles say that they left vast numbers of parties roaming between the sources of the Yuba and Feather rivers."

After all the definiteness of its location and the minuteness of details in regard to it; the Kanakas living on the flesh of their steeds and piling up \$75,000 a week on its shores; the man who rescued float gold from its bosom, and the other man who lassoed the massive nugget far down in its crystalline waters; the guides who had been there and who placed their lives as a forfeit against falsehood—after all these and more, Gold Lake was a phantom, a fake, a figment of an Indian myth.

It is a good illustration of the marvelous capacity that people have for believing what they wish and hope may be true.

We laugh at the phantom chasing of early days, the wild rush for Gold Lake, the mad scramble to Gold Bluffs, the search for the Lost Cabin, the weary quest for the Padre's mine and the pursuit of other *ignes fatui* that have deluded honest miners and sent them chasing over mountains and across deserts after illusions; and yet it is not strange that such things occurred. The interior of California in the days of '49 was a terra incognita—an unknown land.

There was a common belief among the early miners that the gold in the streams came from mother lodes far up in the mountains. For ages the attrition of the elements had disintegrated these quartz lodes and the floods had floated down the streams gold dust and nuggets. Could the mother lode or lead be found, the fortunate finder would chip off a few tons of gold-bearing quartz, pulverize it, extract the gold, and return to the States to the girl he had left behind him—a multi-millionaire.

GEORGE HUNTINGTON PECK.

George Huntington Peck, A. B., A. M., class of '37, University of Vermont, and son of Almira Keyes and John Peck, was born in Burlington, Vermont, March 4, 1819.

He entered the University of Vermont in August, 1833, being a little over 14, not any too well prepared, and at an age much too early for his own good, or to cope with one of the severest curricula of any college in the United States. The aggravation of the position was increased from the fact that college life in those days was all study and comparatively no play; i. e., there were no athletic amusements so necessary for the development mentally as well as physically, for young students. As a consequence of these deficiencies, organic pains and weaknesses, now readily understood, but which seemed beyond the ken and control of the physicians of nearly seventy years ago, found the subject of this notice at his graduation not strong, as he should have been, but instead a chronic invalid and a martyr to pains. To obtain relief through change of air and scenes, he, in the summer of 1838, made a cod-fishing voyage north through the Straits of Belle Isle, and as far as the Esquimaux Moravian missionary settlements of Okak and Naim on the Labrador coast. The winter of 1839-40 was spent in the Island of Santa Cruz, Danish West Indies, and in touring through the West Indian Islands of St. Thomas, Porto Rico, Hayti, Jamaica and Cuba. In 1841 Mr. Peck was admitted to the bar and began practicing in Burlington. But the result of the unfortunate college experience forced him from a growing and profitable law business to active sea life. From December, 1842, to 1846, he followed the sea as a sailor before the mast, visiting in this capacity southern ports of the United States, several of the West Indian Islands, Rio Janeiro and England. Returning to Vermont, he spent the three following years in the mercantile business and in water cures. On the first of December, 1849, he landed in San Francisco, Cal. In the same month, with partners, he began farming near Alviso, about fifty miles south of San Francisco. They were the first California farmers of the pioneers of '49. In May, 1850, he was the first person established in San Francisco as a produce merchant, hay being \$200 a ton, cabbages \$1.50 for a

bunch of leaves called a head, peas 25 cents a pound in the pod, and potatoes \$25 a cental. Everything in California in its earliest days was wild, rough, unsettled and constantly changing. In 1851 and 1852 Mr. Peck was a successful miner on the middle fork of the American River. Then, for about two years, he was a pioneer farmer in Yolo county (where he owned several thousand acres), and until sickness and the exigencies of a new country forced him to Sacramento, where, on the 14th of February, 1854, he opened the first public school in the State outside of San Francisco. In 1857-8 he was practicing law at Dutch Flat, a mining settlement in Nevada county. In 1858, on his return to California from a visit to Vermont, he opened a commercial class and was a pioneer teacher of double entry bookkeeping in San Francisco. In May, 1860, he opened the San Francisco Industrial School, and from 1861 to 1863 was Grammar Master (then the highest educational position in California) and a principal in the San Francisco schools until 1863, when he entered into and continued in successful mercantile pursuits until 1869, when misfortunes caused his removal to a farm of about 500 acres at El Monte, Los Angeles county. In 1869 the city and county of Los Angeles had about 20,000 inhabitants, and the latter was just emerging from a pastoral state. Markets were limited, and everything was very primitive. Mr. Peck had the privilege of admiring his land, paying taxes and waiting for the future. Teaching, fortunately, in such a new country, was always for him an available crutch. He began instructing and became School Superintendent of Los Angeles county from January, 1874, to 1876. Always enterprising, he was ever ready to promote useful and improved methods among the farmers. As a member of the Episcopal church, he has for many years been senior warden of the Church of Our Savior at San Gabriel, an ancient mission of Southern California. Mr. Peck is an ardent Vermonter, and has no doubt that Providence for over sixty years has permitted his native State the high privilege of sending out its popular increase, and with it, its advanced civilization and strong patriotic government system, into the western and other new States, to the most remarkable degree.

Mr. Peck, whilst painfully and fully realizing that the mistake of overstudy and excessive confinement, with too little exercise whilst in college, worked him an irreparable injury in destroying his health, and consequently compelling an abandonment of his profession and making his future subject to

numerous changes, new adaptations, adverse conditions and risks, is happy in the belief that under the present system of education, college students can receive the highest education and have a lifetime of health in which to use it to the best advantage.

On the 30th of April, 1864, he was married to Miss Mary Wanothrocht Chater, an English lady. The union has been most happy. Their present home is at Pasadena, Los Angeles county. They are the happy heads of five families and numerous descendants. Although he entered college the youngest and weakest of a class of .8, he was for many years its sole survivor.

Mr. George H. Peck died at Pasadena, April 12, 1903, aged 84 years, one month and eight days. He leaves a widow and four children—two sons and two daughters, viz.: John H. F. Peck of Los Angeles, George H. Peck of San Pedro, Mrs. Albert Gibbs of South Pasadena, and Mrs. John E. Jardine.

EDMUND CERMY GLIDDEN.

Edmund Cermey Glidden was born at Tustinbough, N. H., October 4, 1839. He was educated in the common schools of his native place. He came to California via Panama, arriving in San Francisco in February, 1868. He engaged in business there until February, 1870, when he removed to Los Angeles. He engaged in the sewing machine business. He bought an orange orchard near San Gabriel and for several years was employed in orange culture, but the venture was not a success. He returned to the city and for a time was a member of the police force. In 1883 he was married to Mrs. Josephine Blanchette. He was a charter member of Southern California Lodge No. 191, Ancient Order of United Workmen. He was also a member of University Lodge of Independent Order of Foresters, and of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County. His last occupation was that of district manager of the Chicago Crayon Company. He died at Visalia, March 2, 1903. Besides his widow, he leaves a son, Edmund, a sister and two brothers. He was a quiet, unassuming man who did his duty faithfully in every station of life which he filled.

SAMUEL MEYER.

To the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

The undersigned committee, by you appointed to submit a memorial of our late member, Samuel Meyer, respectfully submit the following:

Samuel Meyer was by birth a Prussian, native of Strassburg. He came to New York in 1849. Resided during the four years following in the South, at Macon, Ga., Louisville, Ky., and Vicksburg. In 1853 he came (via Nicaragua) to Los Angeles and immediately entered commercial life, in which he was prominent for half a century, and was founder of a successful and large crockery and glassware establishment, which he conducted till shortly before his death. He was also prominent in Masonry, being treasurer of Lodge No. 42 for some 50 years.

In 1861 Mr. Meyer married Miss Davis, and now, besides the widow five daughters and two sons survive him. His remains lie in the Jewish Cemetery on Boyle Heights.

Samuel Meyer was like Nathaniel of old, an Israelite without guile. He was always bright faced and amiable. His life during the trying formulative period in Los Angeles was worthy of the true Pioneer, and later generations will fare well, if they but have such in business and social life.

Benevolent, too, he was; an all-around good citizen, whose memory we will cherish till earthly faculties fail us likewise; but the Book of Life will, already does, for him attest he did his best below, and what better record can any transmit to his descendants? He died March 25, 1903.

We respectfully commend the entry on our record, and transmission of a copy hereof to his widow.

(Signed)

LOUIS ROEDER,
J. W. GILLETTE,
Committee.

CARL FELIX HEINZEMAN.

This worthy member of the Society of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County was born in the year 1841 in Wallmerod, in Nassau, Germany, and died in Los Angeles City on April 29, 1903, after an illness of only a few weeks, and was buried in the Rosedale cemetery on the first day of May, 1903.

C. F. Heinzeman received his education in his fatherland in pharmacy and chemistry, and as a practical druggist. In 1868 he emigrated to the United States. After a short stay in New York and in San Francisco he came to Los Angeles. Soon after he arrived in this city he established his well-known pharmacy on North Main street which he maintained throughout the remainder of his life.

Shortly before coming to Los Angeles he married Miss Antonie Preuss, daughter of Dr. Preuss, formerly of New Orleans and later of Los Angeles. The issue of this marriage was three sons and five daughters, all of whom survive him. Four of his daughters are married and are now Mrs. J. O. Cashin, Mrs. W. Murray, Mrs. E. Clark and Mrs. J. Munro. The two oldest sons, Carl and Edward, are now conducting their father's pharmacy, while the two younger children still attend school.

He was a very active business man and was deeply interested in the welfare and progress of this community and had high ideals for the advancement of humanity and for the elevation of the poor. Every day of his many years of active business, from morning until late at night, he could be found in his drug store, not allowing himself a much-needed vacation, and it was not always for money making. To the poor, who were unable to pay, he often gave medicine free. His great experience and thorough knowledge of drugs enabled him to give poor persons who were unable to employ a physician beneficial advice and treatment. He was ever ready to aid the deserving poor with money or in any other way he could help them. He was a man of unfailing perseverance. It was through his friendly manner, his kindness and generosity, that he gained the love and respect of his fellow men. He was more widely and better known than almost any other citizen of Los Angeles, and everybody who knew him had a word of praise for him. He was beloved by the rich as well as the poor, by his own countrymen, by Americans, and by men of all nationalities. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Society of Los Angeles Pioneers do deeply regret the loss of our esteemed brother and friend, C. F. Heinzeman, and do herewith extend our sincerest sympathies to his family and relatives in their hour of sorrow over their bereavement of a loving father and husband, and a true friend to all who knew him.

Respectfully, your committee.

AUGUST SCHMIDT.

LOUIS ROEDER.

HENRY HERWIG.

J. F. BURNS.

JEAN SENTOUS.

Mr. Jean Sentous came to Los Angeles in 1856, 47 years ago. He was a native of France, born January 1, 1836. He was engaged in dairying and cattle raising for many years. He was a man of the highest probity and worth, and was respected by all who knew him, and most highly by those who knew him best. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition, strongly attached to his family, which at the time of his death consisted of his widow, Mrs. Teodora Sentous (born Casanova) and six children—three sons and three daughters—all grown. He belonged to no societies other than the Pioneers and the French Benevolent Society, of which latter he was one of the founders, and for many years the president. The estimation in which Mr. Sentous was held by his countrymen was evidenced by the fact that the French colony turned out en masse in attendance at his funeral, in token of their respect for their compatriot. The procession of carriages that followed his remains to Calvary cemetery was one of the longest funeral corteges ever seen in Los Angeles. Eloquent and appreciative orations in French were pronounced at the grave by Messrs. Fuesenot, the French Consul, and editor of *L'Union Nouvelle*, and others.

MICAJAH D. JOHNSON.

At the California Hospital last Saturday died one of the old guard of Los Angeles citizens, who witnessed the growth of the city from a small beginning and contributed in large measure to its prosperity.

Micajah D. Johnson was born of Quaker stock in the town of Waynesville, O., in March, 1844. He held to the faith of his people through life, retaining his membership in the old church to the end. His education was completed at Pardue Institute, Battleground, Ind., and, at the age of 21, he went westward to seek his fortune, settling in Virginia City, Mont. His first position of responsibility was in the banking house of Nolan & Wearie, of which institution he soon became cashier. Afterwards he severed his connection with the bank to engage in the mining supply business.

In 1874 he married Miss Susie Avery of Virginia City, and two years later, with his young wife, removed to Los Angeles.

Mr. Johnson's first business venture here was the conduct

of the first hotel built at Santa Monica—a rather pretentious affair for that day, which was long ago destroyed by fire. Subsequently Mr. Johnson removed to Los Angeles, becoming a partner in the old Grange Store of happy memory.

In later years he went into public life and served two terms consecutively as City Treasurer. In more recent years he has been engaged in real estate and mining operations.

Mr. Johnson was always a man of right standards and progressive impulses. His word was "yea, yea, and nay, nay," and everybody placed implicit confidence in him. He was one of the principal workers in securing the location of the Soldiers' Home near this city. He was also one of the founders of Whittier, and gave that place its name after the Quaker poet. He was vice-president of the Equitable Loan Association from the beginning of that organization. He was a member of the Masonic order and of the Pioneer Society.

Mr. Johnson had suffered for nearly two years from a chronic stomach trouble, which was only recently diagnosed as cancer. The disease assuming a violent form, he was taken to the California Hospital, May 25th, where an operation was performed by Dr. Lasher, assisted by Drs. Visscher and Yost. The patient passed the operation successfully, and at first it was thought that his life could be saved, but complications ensued which resulted in death at 11 a. m., Saturday, June 6th.

Mr. Johnson leaves a widow, a son, Bailey Johnson, just grown to man's estate, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Benjamin McLouth of Hartford, Ct. He also leaves a brother, who resides in Los Angeles.

IVAR A. WEID.

Ivar A. Weid, for forty years a resident of Southern California, died of heart failure at Copenhagen the latter part of August. Mr. Weid had gone back to his native land for a short stay, accompanied by his wife and youngest son, Axel, and by H. J. Whitley of Hollywood. News of the sudden death was received yesterday by the relatives from Mr. Whitley.

The dead pioneer came to California about 1860, seeking his fortune, and through careful investment amassed wealth and placed himself in an enviable position socially. Shortly after the boom of 1887 he went back to Denmark on a short visit. Returning to California he interested himself in real estate to quite an extent, obtaining large holdings in Hollywood and the

Cahuenga Valley in ranch properties which have since been divided and sold at a big profit. It was largely through his untiring energy and liberality that the little dummy line was built to Hollywood, and later he associated himself with H. J. Whitley and Col. Griffith J. Griffith in the construction of the Hollywood branch of the electric line out Prospect Boulevard which later was sold to the Los Angeles & Pacific Electric R. R. Co.

As a public man, Weid was always to the fore in the up-building of this, the city of his adoption, as well as Hollywood. He was a generous man, of temperate habits and mild disposition, a man of few enemies and many friends. He was a strong believer in good roads and the assistance of railroads, and always stood ready to aid the interests of anything along these lines. He was one of the promoters of the Sunset Boulevard.

He built the Weid block on the corner of Eighth and Spring streets, and also owned, in addition to much other property at the time of his death, a large store on Los Angeles street between First and Requena. He leaves a snug fortune.

Mr. Weid was about 65 years of age and leaves a widow, two daughters and three sons to mourn his loss. His eldest son, Otto, is connected with the Union Hardware & Metal Company of this city and resides in Hollywood. Mr. Weid was holding the office of gauger for the United States Internal Revenue Office and had been living for some time at 138 North Bunker Hill avenue.

Resolutions of respect to the memory of Bro. Ivar A. Weid, October 31, 1903:

Again we have to announce the death of one of our honorable members, Captain Ivar A. Weid, a native of Denmark, born in 1837. He died suddenly while on a pleasure trip in Copenhagen, on the 25th of last August.

The deceased was a member of the G. A. R.; also of the Masonic Fraternity. He came to Los Angeles in 1871; had the honor of holding the position as U. S. Gauger both under the Republican and Democratic administrations. Although he had a commercial education, he started farming when he first came here. Later on he was one of the lessees of the old United States Hotel.

Resolved, That we, the Pioneers of Los Angeles, have lost in the late Captain Ivar A. Weid a good and active member, and the people of Los Angeles an energetic citizen; his wife,

a loving husband; his children, a self-sacrificing father; and be it further

Resolved, That we proffer his bereaved family in this their hour of sadness and affliction, our tenderest and kindest sympathies for their irreparable loss; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting and that a copy of them be presented to the family of our deceased member, as a token of our joint sorrow and the high esteem in which he was held by the Pioneer' Society of Los Angeles.

Respectfully submitted,
AUGUST SCHMIDT,
W. H. WORKMAN,
HENRY HERWIG.

JULIUS BROUSSEAU.

On October 15th, after a brief illness, Julius Brousseau, well known lawyer and Democratic politician, died of Bright's disease at the apartments of his daughter, Miss Mabel Brousseau, at the corner of Pico and Figueroa streets. Since the death of his wife, two years ago, Mr. Brousseau has gradually been failing, and he retired from active practice a year and a half ago, since which time he had been devoting his attention to his ranch at Redlands. During the last three weeks he was confined to his bed. He was a Scottish rite Mason and the funeral was conducted by that order.

Julius Brousseau was born December 17, 1834, at Malone, Franklin county, N. Y., and while he was an infant his parents removed to Monroe county in that State, where he was educated in the public schools and in Lima Seminary, and where he lived until he reached the age of 25 years. After teaching school eight or nine years he went to Flint, Mich., and from there to Saginaw, where he practiced law seven years, serving the city as attorney two terms. In 1870 he moved to Kankakee, Ill., where he was again elected to the position of City Attorney, serving two terms.

He came to Los Angeles in 1877 and soon thereafter formed a partnership with Volney E. Howard and the latter's son, Frank Howard, the firm being known as Howard, Brousseau & Howard. Later he was also in the law firm of Brousseau & Hatch. This partnership was not dissolved until 1882, and

since that time he has been unconnected with a firm, practicing by himself.

He married Miss Carrie Yackley of Ypsilanti, Mich., in 1860. Four children survive him. The eldest, Miss Kate Brousseau, is a teacher at the State Normal School in this city, and Miss Mabel Brousseau has been prominently identified with art and music. The two sons, Edward and Roy, are graduates of the Los Angeles High School and are in business.

MORITZ MORRIS.

Moritz Morris, who died in this city on the 10th of June, 1903, at the age of 79 years, was a native of Germany. He came to the United States in the early '40s, and later to San Francisco and to Los Angeles, where, in connection with his brother, J. L. Morris, he established himself in mercantile business, which he followed many years. Mr. Morris served several terms as a City Councilman. His firm in early days owned the tract on the west side of Main street in the vicinity of Pico street, known as the "Morris Vineyard" tract, which had prior to their ownership belonged to Major Henry Hancock, under whose direction "Hancock's Survey" of city lands was made. The adobe house, still standing on this tract, which, according to a persistent but groundless myth, has often been reported to have been General Fremont's headquarters, was never occupied by him at all; his family have repeatedly insisted that he was never inside of it.

Moritz Morris and Joseph Newmark were the founders of the B'Nai B'rith congregation, whose fine mosque-like temple is a prominent edifice in this city; and they induced the venerable Dr. A. W. Edelman to come to Los Angeles to officiate as its first rabbi.

Mr. Morris was the oldest member of the pioneer lodge of Masons, Los Angeles Lodge No. 42, and he was also a Royal Arch Mason. He left two sons and two daughters, his wife having died several years ago. His funeral services were conducted under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity.

In Memoriam

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

James J. Ayres.....	Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster.....	Died January 27, 1898.
Horace Hiller	Died May 23, 1898.
John Strother Griffin	Died August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley.....	Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy.....	Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La Dow	Died January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael.....	Died April 19, 1899.
Francis Baker	Died May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose.....	Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald.....	Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig	Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott	Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichl	Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Town	Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood	Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer	Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard	Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough	Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman	Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreur	Died January 17, 1901.
Daniel Shieck	Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell	Died January 28, 1901.
Thomas E. Rowan	Died March 25, 1901.
Mary Ulyard	Died April 5, 1901.
George Gephard	Died April 12, 1901.
William Frederick Grosser	Died April 13, 1901.
Samuel Calvert Foy	Died April 24, 1901.
Joseph Stoltenberg	Died June 25, 1901.
Charles Brode	Died August 13, 1901.
Joseph W. Junkins	Died August, 1901.
Laura Gibson Abernethy	Died May 16, 1901.
Elizabeth Langley Ensign	Died September 20, 1901.
Frank A. Gibson	Died October 11, 1901.
Godfrey Hargitt	Died November 14, 1901.
John C. Anderson	Died January 25, 1902.
Elijah Moulton	Died January 28, 1902.
John Charles Dotter	Died March 3, 1902.
John Caleb Sallsbury	Died July 10, 1902.
H. K. W. Bent	Died July 29, 1902.
Anderson Rose	Died August 30, 1902.
Caleb E. White	Died September 2, 1902.
Jerry Illich	Died September 5, 1902.
Daniel Desmond	Died January 23, 1903.
Edmund Cerny Glidden	Died March 2, 1903.
Samuel Meyer	Died March 25, 1903.
George Huntington Peck	Died April 12, 1903.
Carl Felix Heinzman	Died April 29, 1903.
Jean Sentous	Died April, 1903.
Micajah D. Johnson	Died June 6, 1903.
Morritz Morris	Died June 10, 1903.
Julius Brousseau	Died October 15, 1903.
Ivar A. Weid	Died August 25, 1903.
Alice W. B. Weyse	Died November 6, 1903.
Nicholas Kipp	Died November, 1903.
George Cummings	Died December 6, 1903.
Mrs. Martha Nadeau	Died January 7, 1904.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa,	1869
Alvarez, Ferdinand	Mo.	Butcher	May 1, '72	647 S. Sichel	1872
Adams, Julia A. T.	Ark.	Housewife	July 14, '88	723 E. Eighteenth	1843
Barclay, John H.	Can.	Carpenter	Aug., '71	Fernando	1869
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 W. Seventeenth	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Los Angeles	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Bradshaw, T. T.	Eng.	Landlord	'76	634 S. Spring	1854
Breer, Louis	Germ.	Blacksmith	'58	215 San Pedro	1858
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Brown, George T.	T. Y.	Fruit Grower	Feb. 26, '85	Irwindale	1862
Blanchard, James H.	Mich.	Attorney	April, '72	919 W. Second	1872
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	2502 E. First	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	160 Hewitt	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Buffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	—
Barham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1849
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Baker, Edward L.	N. Y.	Miner	Dec., '66	101 S. Flower	1866
Baxter, William O.	Eng.	Broker	May, '47	Santa Monica	1847
Burke, Joseph H.	Tenn.	Farmer	April 23, '53	Rivera	1853
Booth, Edward	Ohio	Salesman	'75	740 W. Seventeenth	1875
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington	1857
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restaurateur	Nov. 24, '74	811 San Fernando	1847

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	1864
Cohn, Kaspare	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	1859
Crimmins, John	Ire.	Mast. Plumber	March, '69	127 W. Twenty-fifth	1869
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	1858
Currier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Carter, N. C.	Mass.	Farmer	Nov., '71	Sierra Madre	1871
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Compton, Geo. D.	Va.	Retired	May, '67	828 W. Jefferson	—
Cowan, D. W. C.	Penn.	Farmer	June 1, '68	824 W. Tenth	1849
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
Campbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
Cable, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
Culver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
Crane, W. H.	N. Y.	Architect	1886	738 W. Seventh	1859
Cook, Alonzo G.	Maine	Physician	1874	Long Beach	1874
Coulter, Frank M.	Tenn.	Merchant	Sept. '77	1015 S. Figueroa	1877
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dunkelberger, I. R.	Pa.	Retired	Jan., '66	1218 W. Ninth	1866
Dunlap, J. D.	N. H.	Miner	Nov., '59	Silverado	1850
Dryden, Wm	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	1856
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, '72	518 San Julian	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., '52	518 San Julian	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	1850
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	1863
Davis, John	N. Y.	Carpenter	April, '72	University	1872
Dougherty, Oscar R.	Ind.	Retired	March 31, '77	South Pasadena	1877
De Turk, Jas G.	Pa.	Farmer	April 14, '75	2418 Edwin street	1875
Dilley, Louls	Germ.	Carpenter	Dec., '75	1055 S. Figueroa	1875
Dol, Victor	France	Retired	Oct. 11, '76	612 S. Broadway	1868
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. Engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Eberle, Chas. H.	Pa.	Editor	March, '80	Downey	1849
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Edgerton, Salvin	Vt.	Lawyer	'85	Los Angeles	1861
Elliott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	914 W. Twenty-eighth	1852
Evarts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	—
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 W. Washington	1865
Ellsworth, Daniel	N. Y.	Oil Producer	Sept., '75	629 S. Flower	1875
Eisen, Theodore A.	Ohio	Architect	March, '87	2626 S. Figueroa	1853
Farwell, Wm.	Ire.	Plumber	Aug. 25, '67	540 S. Figueroa	1865
Foster, Geo. S.	Me.	Retired	Mar. 15, '75	738 S. Olive	1853
Furguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug., '72	1103 Ingraham	1865

NAME.	BIRTH PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV 'N CO.	RES.	AB. IN STATE.
French, Loring W.	Ind.	Dentist	Oct., '68	837 Alvarado	1863
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 32	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	651 S. Figueroa	1850
French, Chas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '77	141½ N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Foulks, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Franck, Adolph	Germ.	Janitor	May, '67	428 Colyton	1852
Frankel, Samuel	Germ.	Farmer	'65	818 S. Hope	1865
Felix, L. Dennis	Can.	Gardener	May, '75	116 S. Grand avenue	1875
Gilmore, Fred J	Mass.	Merchant	Oct. 5, '74	300 E. Twenty-fifth	1874
Garey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Garvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Gillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1845
Green, Morris M.	N. Y.	Retired	Nov., '69	3017 Kingsley	1869
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Guinn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	115 S. Grand avenue	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	Bell Station	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Gard, George E.	Ohio	Detective agency	'66	488 San Joaquin	1859
Greenbaum, Ephraim	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry	1851
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanore	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '74	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	—
Gordon, John T.	D. C.	Farmer,	'68	Azusa	1868
Grow, G. T.	Vt.	Contractor	'71	718 S. Rampart	1862
Giese, Henry	Iowa	Merchant	'73	1944 Estrella	1873
Gosper, John J.	Ohio	Mining Broker	'76	103 E. Second	1876
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	Ill.	Attorney	Dec. 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.		Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	—
Huber, C. E.	Ky.	Agent	July, '59	836 S. Broadway	1859
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	Florence	1853

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869
Hudson, J. W.	N. Y.	Farmer	'68	Puente	1868
Holt, Martha A.	Tenn.	Housewife	'56	San Gabriel	1856
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	1853
Hass, Serepta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	1853
Houghton, Sherman O.	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	1847
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	1846
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	—
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug., '56	Florence	1856
Hunter, Jesse	Iowa	Farmer	'52	Rivera	1849
Hauch, Isaac	Germ.	Tailor	April 14, '65	524 Temple	1865
Hall, Thomas W.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '73	La Cañada	1873
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	Mass.	Farmer	Jan., '73	Long Beach	1876
Hewitt, Leslie R.	Wash.	Attorney	March 21, '76	1212 S. Olive	1876
Hartnick, August	Germ.	Cooper	Aug., '72	748 Gladys avenue	1872
Herrick, John	Mass.	Hackman	Feb. 27, '59	621 Main	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Johnson, Charles R.	Mass.	Accountant	'51	Los Angeles	1847
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	1870
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Johnson, Edward P.	Ind.	Pres. L. A. Furn. Co.	June, '76	947 S. Hope	1876
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	County Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	952 Lake street	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	Sept., '54	952 Lake street	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	361 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	217 S. Soto	1874
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '63	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first	1849
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Kurrle, Frederick	Germ.	Retired	May 12, '77	133 Carr	1877
Lynch, Joseph D.	Pa.	Editor and Pub.	Dec., '74	311 New High	1872
Lamb, Chas. C.	Ill.	Real Estate agent	'74	Pasadena	1874
Lambourn, Fred	Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 Westlake avenue	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Lyon, Lewis H.	Maine	Bookkeeper	Oct., '68	Newhall	1868
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Lamoreaux, C. L.	N. Y.	Retired	July 3, '78	577 Wall	1857
Loosmore, Isabella F.	Conn.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '77	112 Cypress avenue	1877
Lockwood, George H.	Mich.	Dep. Sheriff	Feb., '68	763 Merchant	1868
Lenz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	—
Ling, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1872
Lockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
Lockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
Lechler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Loosmore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	—
Loyhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Lanning, Samuel W.	N. J.	Stair builder	Sept., '86	750 S. Olive	1859
Lewis, Wm. Robert	Ala.	Contractor	Sept., '71	Los Angeles	1871
Macy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
Messer, K.	Germ.	Retired	Feb., '54	226 Jackson	1851
Meyer, Samuel	Germ.	Merchant	April, '53	1337 S. Hope	1853
Melzer, Louis	Bohemia	Stationer	April 1, '70	900 Figueroa	1868
Mitchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869
Mullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
McMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
McComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Mott, Thomas D.	N. Y.	Retired	'52	645 S. Main	1849
Miller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Marxson, Dora	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. Seventeenth	1873
Meade, John	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. Eighteenth	1869
Moran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873
Maier, Simon	Germ.	Butcher	'76	137 S. Grand	1876
Melvill, J. H.,	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. Twenty-eighth	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Merz, Henry	Germ.	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter	Jan. 9, '66	125 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.		'66	1467 E. Twentieth	—
Morgan, Octavius	Eng.	Architect	May, '74	1819 Westlake avenue	1874
Moore, Alfred	Eng.	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
Morton, A. J.	Ire.	Machinist	'74	315 New High	—
Morton, John Jay	Mich.	Farmer	Aug., '67	Compton	1867
Mulrein, David	Ire.	Builder	'84	419 Beaudry	1852
McArthur, John	Can.	Miner	'69	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	'72	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Can.	Real Estate agent	April 5, '75	220 1/2 S. Spring	1875
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. Twentieth	1853
McCreery, Mary B.	N. Y.	Housewife	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McCreery, Rufus K.	Md.	Retired	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McIlmoil, John	N. Y.	Capitalist	May 20, '80	Hines	1862
McCoye, Frank	N. Y.	Broker	May, '76	128 S. Broadway	1876
McMahon, P. J.	Ire.	Retired	July, '81	2619 Manitou	1853
McDonald, Mrs. J. G.	Mo.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '59	Los Angeles	1859
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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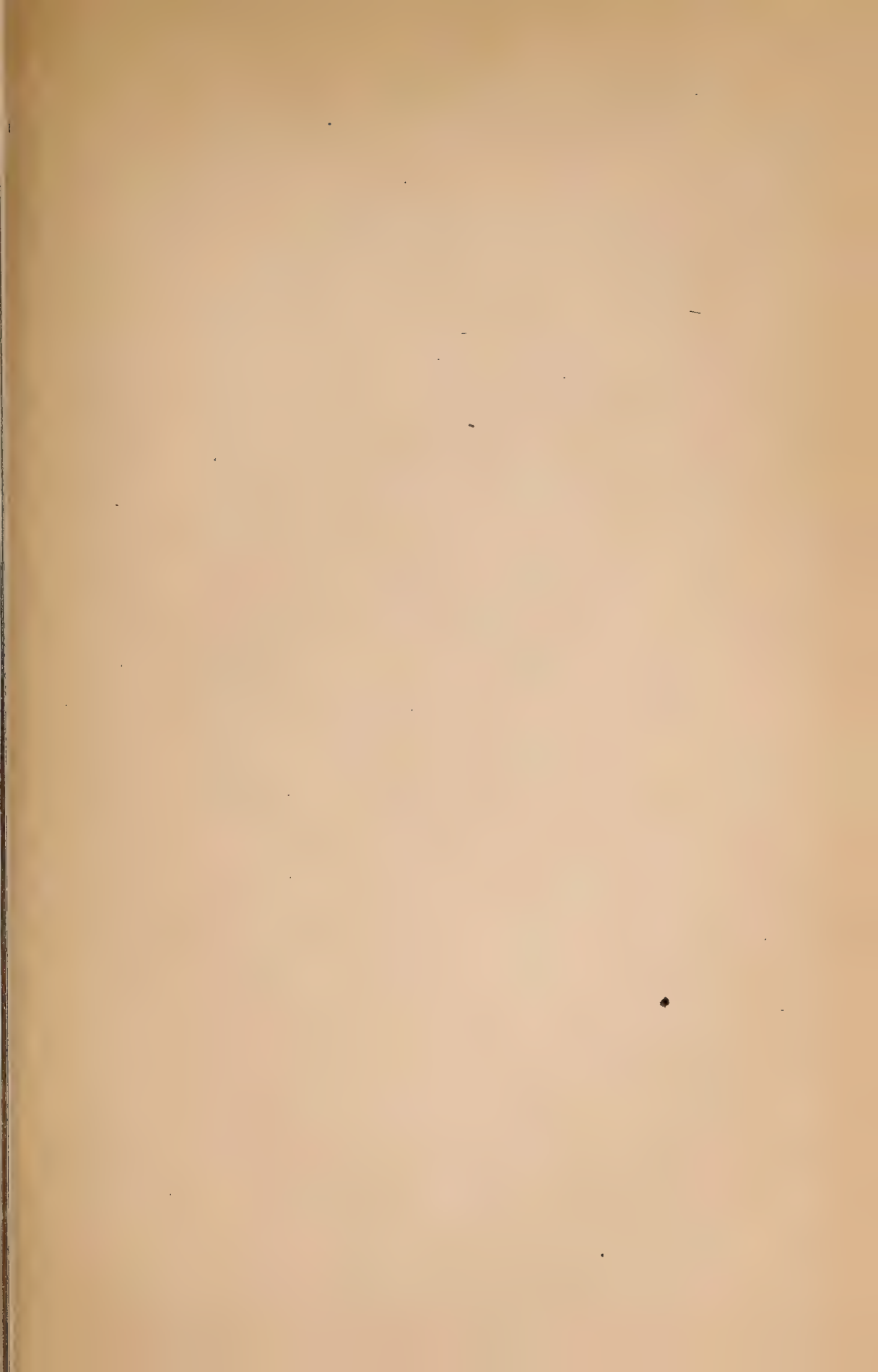
NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
Newell, J. G.	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	1417 W. Ninth	1850
Newton, J. C.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan. 29, '71	South Pasadena	1871
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	County Auditor	'58	221 W. Thirty-first	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. Ninth	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Nittenger, Edward	Conn.	Real Estate broker	Dec., '74	Fifth street	1874
Orme, Henry S.	Go.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1868
Osborne, John	Eng.	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. Thirtieth	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1869
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	1870
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1858
Parker, Robert	Pa.	Printer	April 10, '75	230 S. Beaudry	1875
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1867
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '72	Los Angeles	1854
Proctor, A. A.	N. Y.	Blacksmith	Dec. 22, '72	1501 Maple avenue	1872
Pilkington, W. M.	Eng.	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1873
Proffit, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., '87	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, '75	1723 Iowa	1875
Peschke, Emil	Germ.	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	—
Pye, Thomas	Eng.	Farmer	'77	Pasadena	1849
Preston, John E.	Eng.	Merchant	July 7, '76	Waterloo	1876
Quinn, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raynes, Frank	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1871
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	Germ.	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1851
Roberts, Henry C.	Pa.	Fruit Grower	'54	Azusa	1850
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Rolston, Wm	Ill.	Farmer	'72	El Monte	—
Read, Jennie Sanderson	N. Y.	Vocal soloist	June 20, '76	1153 Lerdo	1868
Roques, A. C.	France	Clerk	Aug. 16, '70	City Hall	—
Raphael, C.	Germ.	Retired	May 8, '69	Los Angeles	1869

NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	Long Beach	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. Thirtieth	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	Eng.	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Sentous, Jean	France	Retired	April, '56	545 S. Grand avenue	1856
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Slaughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Sumner, C. A.	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Ill.	Housewife	Sept., '72	Temple street	1860
Starr, Joseph L.	Texas	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Spence, Mrs. Annie	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Sharp, Robert L.	Eng.	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Shaffer, Cornelia R.	Holland	Housewife	April, '72	Long Beach	1853
Slaughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1874
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Short, Cornelius R.	Del.	Farmer	Aug. 8, '69	1417 Mission Boulevard	1859
Staples, John F.	Md.	Drover	March, '59	St. Elmo Hotel	1849
Stewart, Melissa A.	N. Y.	Housewife	March, '71	512 W. Thirtieth	1865
Steere, Robert	N. Y.	Retired	March, '75	260 S. Olive	1859
Schroeder, Hugo	Ill.	Sign Painter	April, '75	1310 S. Figueroa	1875
Schroeder, Adelmo	Ill.	Sign Painter	Dec., '74	1257 Hoover	1874
Toberman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Teed, Mathew	Eng.	Carpenter	Jan., '63	513 California	1854
Thom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. Third	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Thomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Truman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 Twenty-third	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Thayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. Twenty-fifth	1874
Tubbs, Geo. W.	Vt.	Retired	Oct., '71	1643 Central	1869
Vignolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	Germ.	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Vawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859
Widney, Robert M	Ohio	Fruit Grower	March, '68	Los Angeles	1857
Wetzel, Martin	Ky.	Engineer	Aug. 27, '67	2114 Pasadena avenue	1867

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AGE IN STATE.
Weston, Ben S.	Mass.	Farmer	'56	Redondo	1857
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	Eng.	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Wartenberg, Louis	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	1858
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	1852
Wern, August W.	Germ.	Retired	'85	722 Valencia	1859
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	1875
Wohlfarth, August	Germ.	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	1870
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-borer	May, '70	989 E. Fifty-fifth	1870
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Tex.	Housewife	Sept., '52	Downey	1852
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Va.	Farmer	'49	Downey	1849
Wolf, George W.	Ind.	Farmer	Oct. 5, '73	4332 Vermont avenue	1873
Wolfskill, John	Mo.	Rancher	Dec. 12, '54	1419 S. Grand avenue	1854
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. First	1862
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '67	1808 W. First	1856
Young, Robert A.	Ire.	Miner	'66	Los Angeles	1866



Organized November 1, 1883

Part II.

Incorporated February 12, 1891.

VOL. VI.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

AND OF THE

Pioneers

OF

Los Angeles County

1904

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

GEO. RICE & SONS
1905

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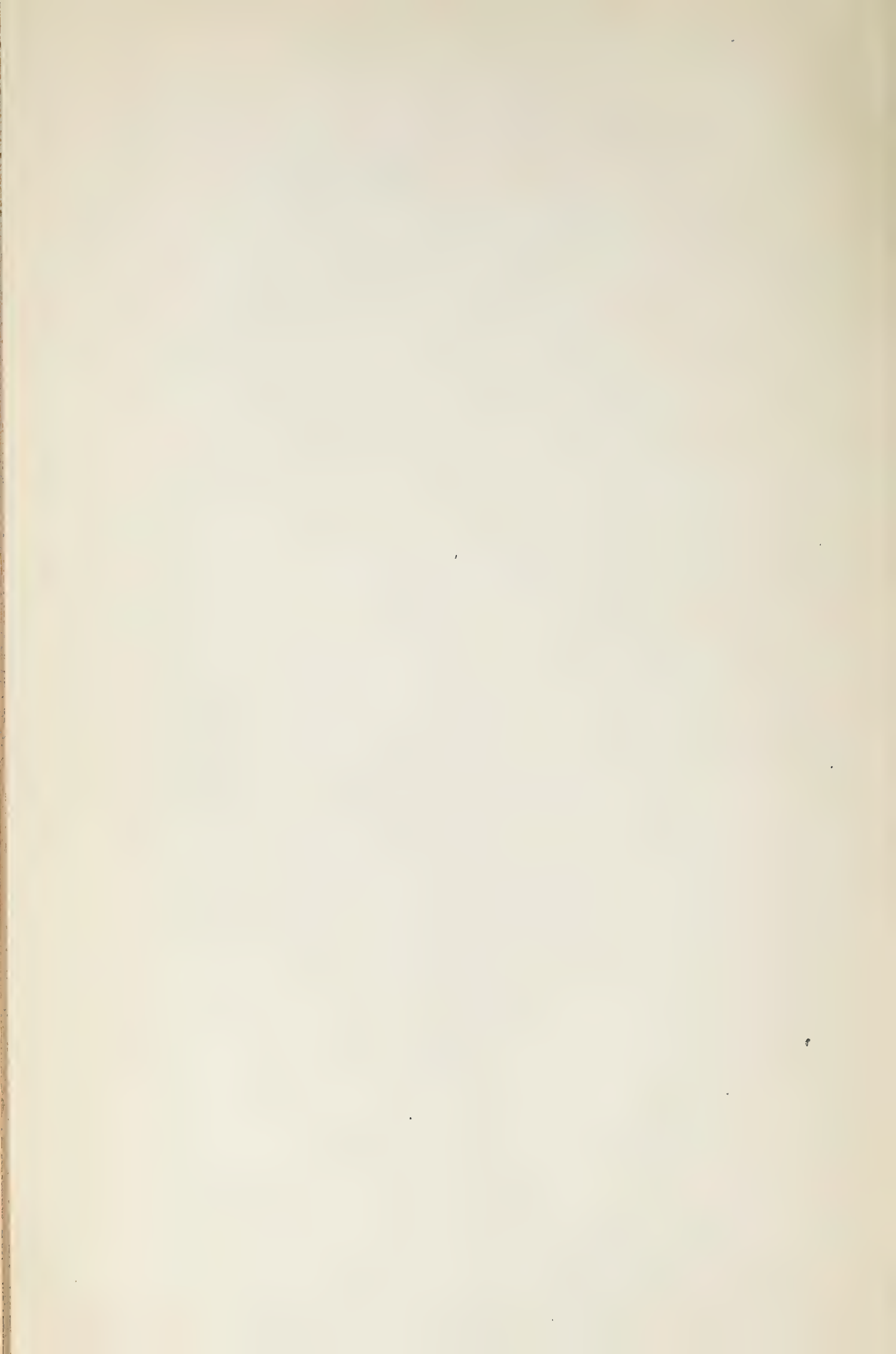
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Officers of the Historical Society

1904

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PROF. MARCUS BAKER

One of the Founders of the Historical Society of
Southern California

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

1904

IN MEMORY OF MARCUS BAKER.

By Robert E. C. Stearns.

Emerson tells us that "all virtue lies in minorities." This dictum of the great philosopher appears to be essentially true when we investigate the genesis of public institutions, and find as we do, that the initiative which led to their establishment and subsequent development into an organized force, was made by a few enlightened and public-spirited persons.

If we inquire into the birth and progress of such organizations as are universally admitted to be beneficial to mankind, we find here on the West Coast as well as elsewhere, the substantial truth of the axiom above quoted. We can point to a few conspicuous examples like the California Academy of Sciences founded fifty years ago, in the very height of the "gold fever," by a "a little coterie" of eight men, of whom none are left to see the tree that has grown from the seed they planted. The "College of California," developed logically into the present "University of California," with its staff of 175 professors and instructors,* and we are not without proof of the pertinency of Emerson's words when we consider the beginning of the "Historical Society of Southern California."

The worthy and honored secretary of our society has pub-

*These figures apply to the number at Berkeley; to these we may add the 150 professors and teachers connected with affiliated colleges in San Francisco, exclusive of demonstrators and other assistants. The number of students at Berkeley, March, 1904, is given in the official statement as 2700; in San Francisco, 575.

lished the story of its birth. He has told us how some twenty years ago when Los Angeles was a city more in name than in fact, with a scattered population of 14,000, "a little coterie of representative men" gathered "to organize a historical society."* "Some of these were comparatively new comers, others were pioneers, whose residence in the city covered periods of thirty, forty and fifty years. They had watched its growth from a Mexican pueblo to an American city, had witnessed its transition from the inchoate and revolutionary domination of Mexico to the stable rule of the United States."

Of the fifteen men who assembled on that occasion, a truly small minority of the population of that day, nine have passed into the realm of silence; the membership of four, terminated in various ways; two, only two* remain, to whom be all honor and praise for having kept the lamp burning, which they and their companions lighted two decades ago.

Of that little band of fifteen, it has been my privilege to know the late General John Mansfield, soldier of the Civil War, Lieutenant Governor (1880-1883) ex-officio president of the State Senate and regent of the University of California, "a gentleman of the old school," with whom I have passed many pleasant hour, also our mutual friend, Marcus Baker. It is of the latter more particularly, whose recent death is a most painful bereavement to all who had the good fortune of his acquaintance, that these remarks especially apply.

Some men are born of the spirit or with the spirit, under a lucky star whose serene influence generates that greatness of heart which finds expression in good will and generous service, flowing naturally as a summer stream, the same yesterday, today and tomorrow, inspiring confidence and inviting intimacy, while free from those changing moods that cloud the sky of friendship or chill with doubt. Such a man was Marcus Baker, as known to me during an acquaintance and friendship of thirty years. After this tribute of personal feeling his public career and the various activities of his too short life may be briefly stated.

Mr. Baker was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, September 28, 1849. He was the son of John Baker, a farmer well-known in the region where he lived as is seen by the fact that he was twice

*Annual Publication of Historical Society of Southern California, Vol. VI, Part I, for 1903. (1904). Two Decades of Local History, by J. M. Guinn, pp. 41-47.

*H. D. Barrows and J. M. Guinn.

elected sheriff of his county. Marcus, one of nine children, had first such a common school education as the neighborhood offered and afterwards entered the preparatory department of Kalamazoo College. While in the sophomore class he entered the University of Michigan, graduating A.B. in 1870. He was one of the speakers at the Commencement exercises.

During the summer vacation of that year, he worked with the eminent astronomer, Professor James C. Watson, in computing data for reconstructing lunar tables. In September he applied for the position and was appointed professor of mathematics in Albion College, Michigan, where he remained one year. In 1871, he was offered and accepted a tutorship in the University of Michigan. In January, 1873, Prof. J. E. Hilgard, superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, wrote to Professor Watson, requesting him to recommend some one in the University of Michigan, qualified for astronomical field work, in an Alaskan expedition party, and Mr. Baker, then 24 years of age, was named for the position. In March, 1873, he went to Washington and entered, as he said, "upon what proved to be his life work."

In the same year he came to California when his career as a geographer commenced through his connection with the geographical reconnoissance of the Aleutian region of Alaska, for the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in charge of Dr. W. H. Dall. Of the various difficulties and impediments encountered in the pursuance of this work, and the importance of Mr. Baker's services, the leader has given his testimony in a recent address before the National Geographic Society in Washington.*

The Alaska work, "being interrupted, Mr. Baker was placed in charge of one of the Coast Survey primary magnetic stations, * * * (that) at Los Angeles, * * * a work the results of which experts in magnetism pronounced admirable." It was while Mr. Baker was in charge of this station that he became one of the fifteen founders of our Historical Society.

Soon after his return to Washington his connection with the Coast Survey terminated, and he was appointed to a position in the United States Geological Survey, where his labors were chiefly geographic and related to the topographic and other charts issued by the Survey. He was secretary and one

*See the National Geographic Magazine, Vol. XV, No. 1, Washington, D. C., January, 1904.

of the most efficient members of the Board of Geographic Names formed by President Harrison to regulate the nomenclature of official publications. He was cartographer of the Venezuela Boundary Commission and compiled the fine Historical Atlas that was used during the deliberations in Paris. This Atlas and the volumes he saw through the press while in the service of the Commission would alone, it has been publicly stated, form a worthy monument to any geographer. Upon the conclusion of the above he returned to his work in the Survey, his labors being given to the preparation of a work on the Synonymy and History of the Geographic Names of Alaska.* "The immense labor involved in preparation and its usefulness to the cartographer and geographer make it of exceptional importance." Aside from his scientific pursuits he had studied law and was a graduate (LL.B) of the Law School of Columbian University (1896), though he never followed the profession, as a business.

Mr. Baker was perhaps more widely known in the scientific circles in the City of Washington than any other man, being actively identified with the management of several of the scientific societies; the Historical Society of the District of Columbia, the Philosophical Society, the Washington Academy of Sciences and the National Geographic Society. Of the latter he was one of fifteen original signers of the Certificate of Incorporation, January 27, 1888. He was also a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and was at the time of his death, December 12, 1903, assistant secretary of the Carnegie Institution. He was a man of great industry with extraordinary capacity for accomplishment in many ways, and doing whatever he undertook thoroughly and well. He kept steadily at work practically to the end, attending to his duties with characteristic spirit. So closed his honorable and useful career, beloved by many and highly esteemed by all.

*"A Geographic Dictionary of Alaska," U. S. Geol. Survey, Bulletin No. 187, 1902.

"Like driftwood spars which meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean plain,
So on the sea of life, alas!
Man meets man—meets and parts again."

DOWN IN PANAMA

By J. M. Guinn.

The isthmus of Panama, or Darien, as it was formerly called, is a tie that binds together two continents and a barrier that separates two oceans. To break the barrier and unite two oceans is a problem that has engaged the attention of commercial nations for centuries. Whether the United States, the youngest among the great maritime countries will successfully solve that problem remains to be seen.

It is not of the Panama canal, which is a thing of the future with a history unmade, that I write, but of the Panama Railroad, which, in event of the canal being dug, will become a thing of the past, and of Panama itself as the old-time Californians saw it.

For nearly four hundred years, Panama has figured in the world's history. In but little more than a decade after the discovery of the main land of America, Balboa had scaled the mountain rampart of the isthmus which divides two mighty oceans and discovered the placid waters of the broad Pacific.

A century before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock the Spaniards had founded the old city of Panama on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. From the old City of Panama, Pizzaro and Almagro fitted out their expeditions for the conquest of Peru. For a century and a half that city was the entrepot for the treasure wrung from the land of the Incas. Convoys carried it over the isthmus to Porto Bello and great, lumbering galleons bore it across the Atlantic to enrich the kings and nobles of Spain. The old City of Panama prospered and grew rich from the mines of Peru and the commerce of the south seas. Its chivalrous dons and proud dames reveled in luxury nor dreamed of the doom impending over their city. The buccaneers of the Spanish Main had long coveted the riches and wealth garnered within it, but the tropical jungles of the isthmus presented an almost insurmountable barrier to these robbers of the high seas.

In 1670, Henry Morgan, the bravest and most brutal of the buccaneers, with a force of one thousand men, after enduring

almost incredible hardships, crossed the isthmus, captured the proud old city, plundered it and burned it. It was never rebuilt. Tropical verdure covers its ruins and its tragic fate is forgotten. The present City of Panama is located some five or six miles south of the site of the old city.

The Panama Railroad was not an outgrowth of the discovery of gold in California. Its inception antedated the report of the discovery in the east, but not the actual date of the event itself. It took nine months for the report of the discovery of gold in California to reach the eastern states.

The acquisition of California and the settlement of the northwest boundary question which gave us undisputed possession of Oregon, turned the attention of our government to the necessity of some shorter route to our western possessions than via Cape Horn. Congress in the winter of 1847-48 authorized the subsidizing of two mail steamship lines—one from New York and New Orleans to Chagres and the other from Panama to California and Oregon. William H. Aspinwall secured the contract for the line on the Pacific side and George Law that on the Atlantic side. The establishment of the steamship lines necessitated the building of a railroad across the isthmus. William H. Aspinwall, Henry Chauncy and John L. Stephens were the principal promoters of the enterprise. The New Granadian Government granted these men the exclusive right to build a railroad across the isthmus. The contract was to continue in force 49 years and the road was to be completed in eight years. The discovery of gold in California and the wild rush to the new El Dorado hastened the completion of the road several years and made it from the beginning a profitable enterprise. In 1849 a contract was let to build the road and early in 1850 work was begun on it at Gautum, on the Chagres River.

The Atlantic terminus was located on the island of Manzanilla, near old Navy Bay. The site of the prospective seaport town was one of the most inhospitable spots on God's footstool. No white man had ever set foot on it. Nor had the Indians ever disturbed the red monkeys and reptiles that held possession of it.

In the month of May, 1850, the work of clearing a space to land supplies was begun. The site was a mangrove swamp. The fantastic roots of that queer shrub were interlaced with vines and thorny bushes, so as to form an almost solid mass of jungle. In the black and slimy mud of its surface alligators and other reptiles abounded, while the air was laden with pesti-

lential vapors and swarming with sand flies and mosquitoes. It was at first attempted to build the road by native labor, but the natives found it more profitable to pole the gold seekers up the Chagres River in their bungoes, or to pack the immigrants' baggage over the Cruces Road. So they would not work on a road that, if built, would deprive them of a job.

Then the contractors tried to procure laborers from the United States. Placards were posted up in the cities offering a free passage to California for one hundred days labor on the road. The bait took and thousands availed themselves of the chance to obtain a cheap passage to the land of gold. Most of them remained in Panama. The hot sun, the malarious climate, bad supplies, cholera, Chagres fevers and home-sickness killed them off before their hundred days were up. A ship would land a force of laborers and turn back for another supply; by the time of her return the first were dead or in the hospitals. When the reports of the state of affairs on the road became known in the States no more laborers could be obtained.

Then European laborers were induced to come to the isthmus. English, Irish, French, German and Austrian; and besides these coolies from Hindostan and Chinamen from China were imported to build this highway of the nations. At one time there were 7,000 men of all colors, creeds and races employed. The Chinamen became melancholic. An epidemic of suicide broke out among them and fevers carried them off until there was scarce 200 of the 1000 left. Nor did the Caucasians fare much better than the Mongolians. The remnant of these were shipped back to their homes.

The white man, the brown man and the yellow man had failed and the only recourse left was the black man and he proved a success. Jamaican and Cartagenan negroes were employed. They could stand the climate—grow fat on malaria and bask in the tropical sunshine without fear of being sun-struck. They were a mutinous lot, and it was difficult for the few white bosses to control them. Then some genius hit upon the idea of utilizing the feud that has existed from time immemorial between the Jamaicans and Cartagenans. These antagonistic elements were employed in about equal numbers. When the Cartagenans rebelled the Jamaicans were turned loose upon them and vice versa. Those who survived the fight were willing to go to work and obey orders. Such was the story they told me at Colon forty years ago.

The road was pushed out from the Pacific side and at mid-

night on January 27, 1855, amid darkness and rain the last rail was laid and next day a locomotive passed over the road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No ceremony had been observed when ground was first broken and no golden spike was driven when the mighty enterprise was completed.

There is a saying in Panama, and it has been published over and over again as a fact by the people who have heard it in crossing the isthmus, that the building of the road cost a human life for every tie in its 49 miles. If this were true then about 130,000 lives were sacrificed. But it is not true. A great many of the people down in Panama seem to be descendants of Ananias, although they are not engaged in the real estate business as that worthy was.

The fare over the road from Aspinwall (or Colon, as it is now called) to Panama was \$25, or 50 cents a mile, including switches. I believe it is less now. To many an old Californian who came to the Coast via Panama in the early 50s, his experience on the isthmus rises up before him like a horrible nightmare. When the wild excitement that followed the reports of the wonderful gold discoveries in California spread throughout the eastern states prospective gold seekers studied lines of travel to ascertain which would land them quickest in the new El Dorado. The Panama route appeared to be the shortest and the fact the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had been established on that route induced thousands to take it.

It was easy enough, by sailing vessels or steamship to reach the isthmus from New York or any other Atlantic seaport, but after landing there—then came the rub. The passengers were put ashore on the mud flats at the mouth of the Chagres River. The next stages of the journey were up the river to Gorgona or Cruces in canoes, bungoes or sampans. Then from these river points by mules, donkeys, on foot or on the backs of the natives to Panama. In perils from a treacherous river and still more treacherous native boatmen; in perils from false brethren; in perils from Chagres fever, cholera, yellow jack, mud, mules and miasma: if the prospective Argonaut escaped all these and landed safely in Panama he congratulated himself that the worst was overcome, but frequently he found that his miseries were only begun.

At the beginning of the gold excitement there were but few ship on the Pacific side. Men who had bought through tickets to California found on their arrival at Panama that the connecting vessel on the Pacific side had to make a voyage around

Cape Horn before it was due at Panama; and that they must wait three months before its arrival.

Provisions were high, accommodations poor, the climate vile, all manner of diseases prevalent, thieves, thugs and gamblers abundant, the natives deceitful and to the extent of their ability desperately wicked. In the long wait the money of many of the voyagers gave out, sickness overtook them and death ended their miseries. In 1856, occurred what are known as the Panama riots. While the passengers who had been landed from the railroad were awaiting the arrival of the Californian steamer an altercation occurred between a native orange vendor and a blustering drunken American. In the melee that followed blows were struck, a pistol discharged and a native killed. The sight of blood aroused the wolf in the natures of the natives who had congregated in great numbers, and they massacred some forty or fifty of the California passengers, men, women and children. The fellow who provoked the riot unfortunately escaped unharmed. After that, the steamship company required the west-bound passenger to remain at Aspinwall and the east-bound on the steamer until everything was ready to take them directly across the isthmus. Thus the old city was deprived of the California trade (its chief resource) and it deserved to be.

Panama is a land of revolutions. Most of them farcical, but some of them sanguinary enough. It was my fortune, or good luck, to witness one of the former. It was on a return voyage to the States over thirty-six years ago. The Bay of Panama is so shallow that the California steamers anchor about four miles out. The freight and passengers are taken ashore on lighters. Learning that it would take nine or ten hours to land the freight and baggage, the passengers in the meantime remaining on the steamer, four of us decided to do the old city. Chartering a native and his boat we were rowed to within two or three rods of the shore. Here we found our boat connected with a transportation company, said company consisting of half-a-dozen half-naked natives who offered to carry us ashore for "dos reales" each. The natives were short and I am long, so I selected the tallest member of the company and mounting his shoulders was safely landed outside the city wall. Passing through a hole in the wall probably made by the buccaneers two hundred years ago and not closed up since, we found ourselves in the old city. Proceeding up street we saw that the natives were greatly excited about something. The bells were ringing out merry peals. We were not quite conceited enough

to think it was all on account of our arrival. We made the acquaintance of a French merchant, an old resident, and from him we learned that there was a revolution going on, or rather it had gone on, and we were just in time for the ringing out of the old and the ringing in of a new government. And that was what the bells were doing. It seems that the governor of the sovereign state of Panama had insulted a chivalrous hidalgo, who had a string of titles as long as a ship's cable and a pedigree that ran back to one of Pizzaro's freebooters. The hidalgo fired off at the governor a pronunciamiento a yard long. The governor gave him back two yards of vituperation. Then followed volleys of Castillian billingsgate. The military induced by the offer of a square meal and a bottle of wine each rallied to the support of the hidalgo and the governor and his staff rallied to a fish boat and rowed out to meet the incoming California steamer. The new government was in the process of incubation. The military were much in evidence. The wasp-waisted officers in their tight-fitting coats, their brass and tinsel trappings, were quite pretty, but the common soldiers were a sight to behold. In complexion they ran the gamut of colors from semi-bleached white to ebony black. The only thing uniform about them was their uniform poverty of clothing. They were all barefooted. Some had a pair of pants each, others but a vulgar fraction of a pair to the man. In the matter of shirts the individuality of the individual cropped out. If the rainbow could have seen the colors there displayed it would have gone out of business. As to the remainder of their uniforms there was nothing to speak of.

In the matter of arms there was a pleasing variety. Some were armed with old flint-lock muskets that had done duty against Morgan's buccaneers and had probably not been fired off since. Others had more modern and if possible more useless arms. We were informed that these soldiers were not the regulars, but raw levies. The government evidently had not had time to cook and dress them into veterans.

Some of our statesmen at Washington are anxious to annex the new republic to our family of states. My advice to these statesmen is, go slow—very slow, so slow that the annexation business will come off sometime in the next century—the later along the better.

We have two or three race problems on our hands now that will keep us busy the greater part of the present century. The race problem in Panama would be a question in complex

fractions. The roots of the genealogical trees of most of the natives are more twisted and contorted than roots of a mangrove shrub and that product of Panama can perform more fantastic tricks with its roots than any other member of the vegetable kingdom. It is these racial nondescripts—the fellows of undefined lineage—that give government the most trouble. There are educated and refined ladies and gentlemen in Panama, both natives and foreigners, but the majority of the natives and some of the imports are ignorant, indolent, superstitious and bigoted. They hate foreigners. My advice to our annexing statesmen, if it were asked, would be—Let the new republic of Panama work out its own salvation—or the opposite—and it will be the opposite if it does any working.

SEQUOYAH.

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

By Dr. J. D. Moody.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there was quite an immigration of German people from Bavaria to that part of our country which is now included in the state of Georgia. Like the Mayflower emigration from Holland this one was also a religious movement. An effort was made to exclude unworthy people from these companies.

However, in one such company, in 1739, a family managed to be included who belonged to this latter class. Instead of being religious in profession, as were the others, they were indolent, ignorant and superstitious. Their name, which is variously given as Gist, Guest, Guess or Gisb, was destined to be perpetuated by a singular combination of circumstances.

Soon after their arrival there was born to them a son to whom the name of George was given. He grew up the black sheep of the community.

Their home was within the limits of the great Cherokee nation. Trading privileges with the Indians was closely guarded by the whites. George Guest, as he was called, sought such a peddler's license, but being held in low repute, he was refused. This did not seem to worry him in the least and he became a contraband trader.

In 1768 he started on a trading trip through the Cherokee nation. While on this trip, he married an Indian maiden, after the loose manner of the times. They lived together for a number of months, but tiring of his bargain, the German peddler quietly stole away one night and was never afterwards heard from.

In 1770 there was born to this deserted wife a boy baby. In the soft language of the Cherokee people she named him Sequo-yah, which means "he guessed it."

This Indian woman was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence and energy. Her family were among the leading spirits of the nation. The love which would have been given to the husband, was now bestowed upon the child. As he grew up

he was taught all of the traditions and cunning of his Indian ancestry. He did not care to mingle in play with other Indian boys, but wandered much alone in the forest, when he was not with his mother. He would build little houses in the woods, and developed considerable skill in carving objects from wood with his knife. As he grew older he made wooden milk pails and skimmers for his mother. He helped her in many ways, preferring to do this to other work, which he did not like.

About this time missionaries came to the Indian people and established schools and churches. He heard much about this new religion, and the learning of the schools. He talked with his associates upon all the knotty points of law, religion and art. Indian thesim and panthesim were measured against the gospel as taught by the land-seeking, fur-buying adventurers.

"From his mother he inherited his energy and persevering nature, his meditative and philosophical inclinations from his father."

He inherited an "odd compound of Indian and German transcendentalism, essentially Indian in opinion, but German in instinct and thought." His pagan faith was unsettled, but he did not become a convert to Christianity.

In time he became a good trader, traveling throughout the country and accumulating some property. His mechanical ability seems to have developed rapidly. Much of the silver which he got in trade, he beat into rings, bands for the head, breast plates, necklaces, etc., etc. He soon became the greatest silversmith of his tribe.

Later, he took up blacksmithing, making all of his own tools and appliances. He had seen trade marks stamped upon metal goods in possession of the whites. He thought it would be an advantage to him to have the same on his wares. He got an English friend to write his English name, and from this he made a steel die, and henceforth all of his silver goods were stamped with his name—George Guess. Many such stamped articles are said to be, even now, in the possession of old Cherokee families.

He next began to turn his attention to art, and made sketches of the familiar animals about his home. At first these were rudely drawn, but he improved in this and did some creditable work.

He became a famous story-teller around their campfires and in their gatherings.

About this time he saw a letter in the possession of a white

man. For the first time he realized the far-reaching possibilities that lay in a written language. "Much that red man know they forget," said Sequoyah, "they have no way to preserve it. White men make what they know fast on paper, like catching a wild animal and taming it."

The thought took possession of him. He pondered over it continually. From one of the missionaries he got a spelling book, and studied the alphabet. He tried to arrange one for the Cherokee language. After many trials based upon a profound reasoning hardly to be expected in an Indian, Sequoyah invented a syllabic alphabet. Some of the characters were taken from the English and some were of his own devising. To teach it to his own people now became the passion of his life. His young daughter was his first pupil, and she proved a very apt one. White men—men of intelligence—laughed at his idea and denounced it as unpracticable. But with a dogged perseverance he induced some Indian friends to learn it, and to their astonishment they were easily able to read their own language in the new writing. And in a comparatively short time the Indians were generally able to carry on a correspondence by means of it. Books and papers were published in the new characters. Sequoyah, at one bound, became one of the world's noted men. This story is one of the literary romances of the age.

Sequoyah had now become a sufferer from rheumatism and for some time was confined to his cabin. He had time to think. He did think. His associations with intelligent whites had given him new ideas, and now his days were given up to dreaming. As a result, "he formed a theory of certain relations in the languages of the Indian tribes, and conceived the idea of writing a book on the points of similarity and divergence." But to do this he needed a wider acquaintance with Indian languages. To gain this he packed a few belongings in an ox cart and started in on a unique "philological crusade." He made several journeys among different tribes near the home land.

Among his own people there was a tradition that in some period antedating the arrival of the whites, a portion of the Cherokee nation had emigrated to the far west in the region of what is now New Mexico. He formed the resolve to go in search of them and to visit all tribes on the way in the interests of his theory. Accompanied by a boy, in his ox cart, he started on this long journey some time in the year 1840.

He journeyed into New Mexico interviewing everyone as to the whereabouts of his people, and as to their languages. He was received kindly wherever he went. But in some way his mission was not a success. He became despondent. The trip was too exhausting for one of his age. At last he found his way to San Fernando, in Northern Mexico, and there in the year 1842 he was taken sick and died, and with him died the great dream of his mature years.

There is but little to be found in print about Sequoyah. Tecumseh, Blackhawk, Pontiac, King Philip and other noted warriors are known to every school boy, but Sequoyah, I venture to say, is unknown to ninety-nine in every hundred of our people.

Though having white blood in his veins he was essentially an Indian. Many white people proudly trace their lineage back to Pocahontas, yet our hero, so little known, did more for the advancement of his people than did any aborigine known to history. He deserves a better fate. His name might well be emblazoned in song and story.

In some city in our land—once his—a monument should be erected to his memory. Congress, at one time, contemplated having his remains removed and a monument erected over them. But this was never done.

And now I desire to state my reason for reading this paper. It is, that we might do ourselves the honor in taking the initiative in having his remains removed to American soil, preferably his native land, and a suitable monument erected to his memory.

I urge that steps looking to such action be taken. Can the grave be located now? I do not know. We can only try, and until then, with Bryant, question—

“Are they here—
The dead of other days?”

Scattered all over our country are the tombs of its former inhabitants. They are silent witnesses to human hopes and human tragedies. We who have come into the heritage of this ancient people owe it to them that all record of their past be not blotted out, but that they, at least, have a name left to them in the earth.

This one lonely grave in foreign soil calls for recognition. Will we not heed it?

“No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave.”

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION OF 1831:

A NOTABLE MANIFESTO.

By H. D. Barrows.

The Native Californians have been charged with fomenting frequent revolutions. But when we consider their treatment by both the Spanish and the Mexican governments, we are not surprised at their resentment, nor at their attempts to redress the wrongs which they suffered.

The Protest, or Pronunciamiento, of 1831, promulgated by Pico, Bandini, Carrillo and others, which inaugurated the movement against Governor Victoria, and which resulted in his being driven out of the country, was a statesmanlike document. It gave good and valid reasons for the action of the patriotic men who sought to terminate evils which had become intolerable, and which are briefly and in part recounted in the following manifesto.

If the reasons given in our own Declaration of Independence for revolution received the approval of mankind, certainly those cited in this document are equally entitled to indorsement by all fair-minded men.

Bancroft, in the third volume of his History of California, chap. VII, pp. 181-215, gives a vivid account of the rule and overthrow of Governor Victoria. Indeed, in some respects this chapter describes one of the most interesting and dramatic episodes in early California history.

Some of the principal causes of the Revolution of 1831 are herewith briefly pointed out:

1. After the organization of republican government in Mexico, which succeeded the downfall of the imperial regime under Iturbide, the Mexican Congress by law provided for the distribution of the public lands of the nation among the citizens in conformity with regulations that were to be issued by the executive branch of the government, but which were not promulgated until 1828.

And, inasmuch as under this law and these regulations the co-operation and approval of the legislative department of the government of California were necessary in order to make

grants of lands to citizens legal; and, as Victoria neglected and finally flatly refused to take any steps to carry out the same, or to call the Territorial Legislature together, the people naturally became indignant that the beneficent land laws of the republic should be thus arbitrarily rendered absolutely inoperative so far as they related to California.

2. The people of Los Angeles had become exasperated with Victoria, because of their belief that the acts of the Alcalde of Los Angeles, Vicente Sanchez, who, during the year 1831 had kept a large number of the most influential citizens of the pueblo under arrest in the guardhouse, mostly for contempt of his authority, or for some trivial offence, etc., were inspired by Victoria.

His suspension of the Departmental Assembly and his attempts to have all elective ayuntamientos abolished and to have military rule substituted; and his barbarous ordering that several persons should be shot for comparatively trivial offences, etc., etc., were among the causes of the people's exasperation, and as a result of which, the following proclamation was issued:

Pronunciamiento de San Diego contra el Gefe Politico y Comandante General de California, Don Manuel Victoria, en 29 de Noviembre, y 1 de Diciembre de 1831, MS.

MEXICAN CITIZENS, RESIDING IN THE UPPER TERRITORY OF THE
CALIFORNIA.

If the enterprise we undertake were intended to violate the provisions of the laws, if our acts in venturing to oppose the scandalous acts of the actual Governor, D. Manuel Victoria, were guided by aims unworthy of patriotic citizens, then should we not only fear, but know, the fatal results to which we must be condemned. Such, however, not being the case, we, guided in the path of justice, animated by love of our Soil, duly respecting the laws dictated by our supreme legislature and enthusiastic for their support, find ourselves obliged, on account of the criminal abuse noted in the said chief, to adopt the measures here made known.

Being conscious of the purity of our motives we proceed, not against the Supreme Government or its magistrates, but rather against an individual who has violated the fundamental bases of our system; or, in fact against a tyrant who has hypocritically deceived the national authorities, in order that he might thereby reach the rank to which, without deserving it he

has been raised.

The Ruler of the Universe, and Searcher of all hearts, knows that we are actuated only by the sincerest love of country, respect for the laws, a desire to obey them and make them obeyed, and to banish the abuses, which, with accelerated steps, the actual ruler is committing against the liberties of the people. These sentiments we insist are in accordance with public right and moral law.

We will maintain these truths before the National Sovereignty with confidence that our course will meet with full and unqualified approval.

From the sentiments herein indicated may be clearly inferred the patriotic spirit which moves us to the proceeding this day begun; and the knowledge that such sentiments are entertained by the people of Alta California, assures us that our action will be sustained by all who live in this unfortunate country.

As for the military officers in actual service, opposition is naturally to be expected from them to our plan, and we must allow them at first this unfavorable opinion demanded by their profession; but not so later, when they shall have fully learned the wise and beneficent intentions with which we act; for they also, as Mexican citizens, are in duty bound to maintain inviolate the code to which we have all sworn.

We believe that your minds are ever decided in favor of the preservation of society, and your arms are ready for the service of whomsoever may assure happiness, and in support of the laws which promulgate its representation.

You have had positive proof of the contrary spirit shown by the arbitrary acts of the present chief executive of our Province. We point you to many of his criminal acts, to his plain infractions of the laws, committed against the Territorial representation, which has been suppressed on pretexts that amply confirm his absolutism, though the members were elected by you to be the arcas (repository) of your liberties; to the total suppression of the Ayuntamiento (Town Council) of Santa Barbara; the shooting of several persons by his order at Monterey and San Francisco, without the necessary precedent formalities prescribed by the laws; the expatriation suffered by the citizens Jose Antonio Carrillo and Abel Stearns without notification of the reasons demanding it; the scorn with which he has treated the most just demand which, with legal proofs, was presented by the Honorable Pueblo of Los Angeles, leaving unpunished the public crimes of the present Alcalde; and,—not to

weary you with further reflections of this nature,—please consider the arbitrary powers which he has assumed in the department of revenues, making himself its chief, with grave injury to the public funds.

We trust that after you know our aims you will regard the removal of all these evils as demanding the co-operation of every citizen. The said ruler has not only shown himself shameless in the violation of law, but has at the same time imperilled our security and interests by reason of his despotism and incapacity.

You yourselves are experiencing the misfortunes that have happened during his brief administration, of the office of Governor.

For all these reasons we have proposed:

1st. To suspend the exercise of Don Manuel Victoria in all that relates to the command which he at present holds in this Territory as Comandante-General and Gefé-Politico, for infraction and conspiracy against our sacred institutions, as we will show by legal proofs.

2nd. That when at a fitting time, the Excelentísima Diputacion Territorial (Honorable Territorial Assembly) shall have met, the military command and the political command shall fall to distinct and separate persons, as the laws of both jurisdictions provide, until the question is definitely decided by the supreme Federal authority.

These two objects, so just for the reasons given, are those which demand attention from the true patriot.

Then let the rights of the citizen be born anew; let Liberty spring up from the ashes of oppression, and perish the despotism that has trampled ruthlessly on our sacred rights!

Yes, Citizens! Love of country and observance of the laws prescribed and approved by the Supreme Republic are and should be the fundamental basis of our action. Property must be respected as well as the rights of each citizen. Our Diputacion Territorial will work and will take all the steps conducive to the good of society; but we beg that body that it make no innovation whatever in the matter of the Missions, respecting their communities and property, since our object is confined solely to the two articles as stated. To the Supreme Government belongs exclusively the power to decide what it may deem proper on this subject, and it promises to the Padres to observe respect, decorum, and security towards the property intrusted to their care.

Thus we sign it, and we hope for indulgence in considera-

tion of our rights and justice. Presidio of San Diego, Nov. 29, 1831.

(Signed with respective titles.)

PIO PICO,

JUAN BANDINI,

JOSE ANTONIO CARRILLO.

Approval of Pronunciamento by Citizens of Los Angeles.

We, Jose Maria Echeandia, Pio Pico, Juan Bandini, Jose Antonio Carrillo, Pablo de la Portilla, Santiago Arguello, Jose Maria Ramirez, Ignacio del Valle, Juan Jose Rocha, and Sergeant Andres Cervantes (as Comandante of Artillery) being acquainted with the preceding plan signed by Pico, Bandini and Carrillo, (according to which the people of this place surprised the small garrison of this Plaza on the night of November 29th), consider it founded on our national right, since it is known to us on satisfactory evidence, that the Gefe Politico (Governor) and Comandante General (Military Commander) of the Territory, Don Manuel Victoria, has infringed our Federal Constitution and laws in that part relating to individual security and popular representation; and we find ourselves not in a position to be heard with the promptness our rights demand by the supreme powers of the Nation, which might order the suspension that is effected in the plan, if they could see and prove the accusations which give rise to so many complaints.

But at the same time, in order to secure in this movement the best order, and a path which may not lead us away from the object proposed, we declare and ordain that Lieut.-Col. of Engineers, citizen Jose Maria de Echeandia, shall re-assume the command, political and military, of the Territory, which this same year he gave up to the said Senor Victoria—this until the Supreme (Federal) Government may determine, after the proper correspondence, or until, the Diputacion (Legislature) being assembled, distinct (separate) persons may in legal form take charge of the two commands. And the said chief having appeared at our invitation, and, being informed on the subject, he decided to serve in both capacities as stated, protesting, however, that he does it solely in support of public liberty according to the system which he had sworn, and for the preservation of order, pending submission to the approval of the supreme powers of the Nation.

Thus, all being said publicly, and the proclamation in favor of Senor Echeandia being general, he began immediately to dis-

charge the duties of the command. And in token thereof we sign together with said chief—both the promoters of the plan who signed it and we who have seconded it—today between 11 and 12 o'clock, Dec. 1, 1831.

(Signed) Jose Maria Echeandia, Pio Pico, Juan Bandini, Jose Antonio Carrilo, Pablo de la Portilla, Santiago Arguello, Jose Maria Ramirez, Ignacio del Valle, Juan Jose Rocha, (and as comandante of the Artillery detachment), Sergt. Andres Cervantes.

"PINACATE."

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Hark! a flute like sound falls on memory's ear—a bright rippling staccato air, like the note of a mocking bird—and I see again the squat dark form of poor Pinacate as he marches down the middle of the main street playing his little home-made reed flute. As he comes along in the shadows of the low "adobe" houses the children run out and follow behind. Chonita, Tulita and numerous others, determined not to lose a single note—proudly he holds his head higher and plays his only air—with no beginning and no end. It is early summer and the air is laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, and the sweet breath of the surrounding vineyards. The hills above the old plaza look green, cool and inviting. It will soon be vesper time—even now the bells are pealing forth their invitation to the faithful, but unheeding poor, weak, broken Pinacate marches on, playing his flute with the one object in view, that some one may pity and give him a "real" to buy that which will quench his burning thirst. Too proud to ask, he plays one air of his own composition, with the hope that it will tell its own story. Now a door opens and Tulita with black hair flying runs across the street and slips a "real" into his hand and as silently speeds back to "La Señora," who smiles sadly and says, "Poor Pinacate," his was a different life a few years ago. When the Padres held sway over the Indians—"Pinacate" led the mission choir—every Sunday he solemnly climbed the old stairway of the mission church, and proudly led the choir with his flute. In the long summer afternoons he and his choir of four instruments imbued with the spirit of the day rendered simple music in a sad minor key for the benefit of those who remained at home from the Sunday races and cock fights. Their visits from house to house were always welcome, as the music broke the monotony of an otherwise long and lonely Sunday afternoon. The twang of the old guitar, the long drawn out notes of the violin, the bird-like ripples of the flute, sweet crude sounds that they were, linger in ear of memory still.

A few years after the Americans came to the Mission all

was changed for Pinacate and his companions. Small "tiendas" were set up in close proximity to the church and all things to entice the poor Indian were displayed in them from bright blankets and red and yellow banner-like handkerchiefs to the more seductive "Agua ardiente." Whether it was his own weakness or the cupidity of the Tiendero that caused his fall who can tell? Both, perhaps. Now he no longer climbed the old stairway on Sunday but lay at the bottom, oblivious to the call of the bells—an object of derision, even his name forgotten. Some one had given him an old black coat whose tails swept the ground, and in a spirit of mockery his former friends named him "Pinacate." The only thing that remained with him of his past was his little reed flute to which he clung with childish tenacity—the one tie between him and his past. His life now had become so unbearable that it was impossible to live in the mission. No money, no friends, no position, even the little Indian children who had followed the music on Sunday now ran behind him calling "Pinacate! Pinacate!"

A golden sun was setting in a sea of golden dust—beneath the purple hills lent themselves as a border to the skirt of the yellow sky, a glow blushed over the mountain, and reflected in the sky above, making them look as though pressed by some gigantic roller against the horizon—the glory was of the heavens—all earth was dry, as no rain had fallen for many months; all seemed as sad and sorrowful as the heart bereft of love and hope, and happiness. The tumble weeds lay in the roadside ruts as if in waiting for the winds to speed them on their travels across the undulating plains. The ground owl sat a solitary sentinel on the mound of his companion, the squirrel. Along the dreary and dusty road, around the breast of a sloping hill, from its deep shadows into the dazzling light of the setting sun came walking haltingly a drooping figure. Pausing, Pinacate pushed his old dust-covered hat back from his seamed and careworn face, and looked back upon the dreary road trailing its dusty garments in the gathering twilight—its distance from the Mission to the Pueblo not measured by miles, but by his irrevocable separation from all that he had cared for in his youth—his church, his music. With feelings too deep for words he smote his chest with his fist and heaved a sigh from the depths of his heart, a sigh so deep that the motionless owl winked his amber eyes, and hid his head beneath the mound on which he had sat. "No!" he muttered, and turning, he set his face towards the setting sun. Coming to a bright patch of "Concha l'aguas" their pink faces upturned to

the fading sky, he rested upon the dusty roadside and communed with himself. Yes, no one would know him in the Pueblo. He would play upon his flute and some one would give him money, and he could drink and forget. And so it came to pass that the little rippling staccato air echoed every afternoon in the corners of the old plaza, and down the main street. Horsemen and pedestrians turned to look and smile at the player, feeling the cheerful note. If he felt sad, no one knew it, for the brightness of the little air left no doubt in their minds. If the bells of the old church awakened any feeling of regret in his heart none knew, as he never spoke.

Years went by and then the little air was heard no more. One morning "La Señora," sitting at her window sewing, seeing the Indians going out to the grape pruning in the vineyards, called to them and asked "Where is Pinacate? I have not heard his flute lately." Capitan, Tin Tin, Ramona, and others of Pinacate's friends turning and gazing sadly at her, said, "Did you not know Señora. We found him in the vineyard just able to speak. 'Take me back to the mission,' he said; 'Me and my flute.' So we took him in the carretta that Chona brought from San Gabriel and now he lies behind the church." Time has long since effaced his grave, but there are some who still remember his quaint figure, his happy little air, and the tragedy of his life.

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MRS. L. M. FOY	DR. A. H. WERN
S. B. SMITH	

ENTERTAINMENT.

R. W. READY	MRS. J. W. GILLETTE
MRS. J. G. NEWELL	MRS. MARY FRANKLIN
MRS. M. TEED	MRS. HARRIET S. PERRY
CHAS. H. WHITE	MRS. ANNA SPENCE
J. L. SLAUGHTER	C. N. WILSON

GOOD OF THE ORDER.

DR. H. S. ORME	J. L. STARR
J. M. RILEY	MRS. DORA BILDERBECK
H. A. BARCLAY	HENRY J. HERWIG
MRS. ABBIE HILLER	

Pioneers of Los Angeles County

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and to perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the county ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a board of seven directors, to be elected annually at the annual meeting, by the members of the society. Said directors when elected shall choose a president, a first vice-president, a second vice-president, a secretary and a treasurer. The secretary and treasurer may be elected from the members outside the Board of Directors.

ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding of the society shall be the fourth day of September, that being the

anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to wit: the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approved by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

BY-LAWS

MEMBERSHIP.

(Adopted September 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901.)

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birthplace, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until next annual meeting.

Section 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership, for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken

for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Section 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.

Section 4. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Section 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

DUES.

Section 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Section 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; and fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Section 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect a member to preside temporarily.

Section 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in two daily papers of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be

necessary for the funeral of the deceased member. The secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

He shall receive for his services such compensation as the Board of Directors may allow.

Section 11. The treasurer shall receive from the secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out the money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Section 12. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretary and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

COMMITTEES.

Section 13. The president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Section 14. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Section 15. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Section 16. The stated meetings of this society shall be

held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. Special meetings may be called by the president or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meetings except that specified in the call.

Section 17. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Section 18. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have power to remit the same.

Section 19. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

CALL TO ORDER.

Reading minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of New Members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

I beg leave to submit the following report of the finances of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County for the year ending August 31, 1904:

Balance on hand August 31, 1903	\$ 92.06
Collections to September 1, 1904	318.50

Total balance and receipts	\$410.56
Disbursement to September 1, 1904	\$308.05

Leaving a balance cash on hand of	\$102.51
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Receipted bills covering each item of the disbursements are submitted with this report.

September 1, 1904.

Respectfully submitted,
LOUIS ROEDER,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

To the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

Gentlemen and Ladies:—In accordance with the requirements of our By-Laws, I herewith present my annual report for the year ending August 31, 1904. With this meeting the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County completes the seventh year of its existence.

Since its organization 454 members have been enrolled. Of these 73 have died and 15 have been dropped for non-payment of dues, leaving at present a membership of 366.

Thirty-two new members have been taken into its membership since our last annual meeting and 19 have died.

FINANCES.

Balance in the hands of the Treasurer August 31, 1903	\$ 92.06
Collections	318.50

Total, balance and receipts	\$410.56
Disbursements	\$308.05

Balance on hand	\$102.51
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RELIEF.

Our deceased brother, J. D. Dunlap, during his long sickness, was voted \$20 relief. And for another needy brother a collection amounting to \$7.50 was taken up.

The meetings of the society have generally been well attended and interesting programs presented.

September 1, 1904.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN,
Secretary.

Los Angeles, Dec. 3, 1904.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County: Gentlemen and Ladies:

Your Committee on Finance to whom was referred the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer for the year ending August 31st, 1904, beg leave, respectfully, to report that we have examined carefully the receipts, expenditures, stubs, etc., for the fiscal year commencing Aug. 31st, 1903, and ending Aug. 31st, 1904, and find the same correct, leaving a balance in the Treasury at the latter date of \$102.51.

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. WORKMAN,

C. G. KEYES,

H. A. BARCLAY,

Finance Committee.

LOS ANGELES—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

(Extracts from a paper read by L. T. Fisher at the January meeting of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.)

The winter of 1872-73 was an exceptionally cold one in Central Kentucky. The writer then and there decided to hunt for a more genial climate. In the following May he left his home in Paris for California. After a stay of nine months in San Francisco he came south to assist a Methodist preacher in starting a newspaper at Wilmington. The reverend gentleman soon tired of his "job" and I fell heir to the situation. From that day to this I have been more or less identified with newspaper work in this genial southland.

My first experiences in Southern California were novel, indeed, coming as I did from the interior of a middle state. The great Pacific ocean, the barren mountains and brown plains, the different growths of trees and grasses, the fenceless country, and its wide-spread wastefulness, and the great diversity of peoples, with their "confusion of tongues" and strange manners and customs, all combined into a strange spectacle. These things were, however, a stimulus to me in my newspaper work, as I had in them the spur of novelty. In a little while I "caught on" to the inflated style of bragadocio about the country, and my friends back in Kentucky began to think that I had become a veritable Munchausen.

The material for reference I found so super abundant that I at once gave up in despair and determined to rely upon my own accumulated knowledge, and a few facts gathered from others.

As a "starter" I decided to take a bird's-eye view from an elevated station on Beaudry avenue. It had rained, and the hills and valleys were clothed in a beautiful velvety green; and their royal highnesses the mountains, had put on great white crowns. The view was an inspiring one, indeed. I could see the valley, in an entire circuit bounded by the mountains and ocean. "Old Baldy," "Old Grayback" and San Jacinto, snow-crowned, and brightened by the golden sunshine, favored the conceit of three fine old gentlemen smiling approvingly upon

the beautiful, rich prospect spread out at their feet. This valley is the territory that forms the chief semi-tropic glory of our southland. On a rough estimate, I should guess that it covers about fifteen hundred square miles. There is scarcely a territory of equal proportions on the face of the globe towards which so many people are wistfully turning their thoughts. While it is on the great highway of commerce, its unmatched climate, marvelous productive capacity, natural beauty and easy accessibility will always render it pre-eminently the land of homes.

Los Angeles county contains 4,000 square miles, much of which is desert and mountains, but little of it is waste, as one contains much valuable mineral, and the other is a valuable water source. I have no data as to the assessment of '74, when I came here. The country was covered by big ranches that were little else than barren plains over which inferior cattle, horses and sheep roamed. It was sneeringly referred to by the up-country people as a "cow county." (They sing in a different key now.) A scant belt of orange and lemon trees were about the suburbs of the city, and a few duplicates at San Gabriel, San Fernando, and San Juan Capistrano. These were the oases in a comparative desert of waste land. There were a few dilapidated villages, such as Wilmington, El Monte, Downey, Anaheim, Santa Ana, and a few others.

The closing of the thirty years, since '74, presents a very different spectacle—some of the older villages have expanded into cities, and many new and prosperous places have come into existence. Pasadena, Santa Monica, Pomona, San Pedro, Redondo, Long Beach, and many others have become important centers, and are the nuclei of prosperous districts. The water development has been immense, and as a result extensive cultivation and tree-planting have followed, and railroad development and home building have not lagged. Under the care of push and enterprise the desert has been made to blossom and the mountains to give up their richness.

The old pueblo of Los Angeles was five miles square, making twenty-five square miles. Greater Los Angeles spreads over a surface of 43.27 square miles, or 27,695 acres. In '74 the city had a population of 10,000; now it is over 150,000. Downey Block was the center of business, and along with the Temple & Workman block, were the "swell" edifices of the city. The former is now being torn down to make room for a great post-office. The territory between First street and the Plaza, and Broadway and Alameda street, included about all the business.

There was quite a ragged suburbs of orchards, vineyards and small residences—mostly adobe. A horse corral occupied the site of the Nadeau Hotel, and another that of the Hollenbeck Hotel. The Pico House (now the National Hotel) was the Angelus of those days. A lot of adobe shanties held the place of the Baker Block. Board sidewalks where there was any, or dirt, full of chuck holes, were the terror of belated "clubmen," hunting for their awaiting spouses. In a word, the City of the Angels was unique, from any standpoint.

This "Cow-county" capital was out of touch with the outside world, except by stage and steamboat, and far away San Francisco was the metropolis. There were three daily papers of a most provincial type. And they satisfied the sleepy curiosity of the times.

My advent into the city was exceedingly pleasant, because I got into good fellowship with a lot of as royal souls as ever dwelled in human breast. (And just here so many delightful memories crowd upon my mind that I can only send forth a prayer for the eternal peace of those good souls that have gone over on the other side. Only a few of them are left.)

The boom days mark the line that divides the old from the new. Of course they didn't come all at once. The tender-foot came in by the carload, and began to catch on. This rather jarred the Arcadian peace of the dolce far niente dreamers. Well, the hurricane finally broke loose. There were 1500 real estate brokers; and a good many thousand suckers. Those were unique times, when Ben Ward sold real estate with a brass band and a free dinner on the ground. Men stood in line all night to get a first choice of lots. It was a time of ecstatic delirium or gloomy cussedness, according as it panned out. Some had wealth forced upon them and some had it forced from them. However, we may view the matter it is certain that Los Angeles took a number of steps forward that she has never lost. There have been lulls and lessons of caution learned, but this sunny land has never made any back-steps that it has not quickly regained.

The new Los Angeles is one of the most unique cities of modern times. The mental vision of all civilized peoples is more or less focused on this semi-tropic capital. It is embraced in the itinerary of all globe-trotters. It is a Mecca for all tramps—some of whom come in palace cars, some ride break-beams, and others walk. The circus, the theater and the hurdy-gurdy find it a rich harvest field. The famous eastern preacher, whose

voice has succumbed to the rigors of a bad climate and over-work considers it a God-send to spend his vacation here. And those who have been ushered by Horace Greeley's advice consider this as far west as they want to go.

We have not traveled as far heavenward by the elevator route, as New York, but we can give that rushing city pointers in selling real estate. We sell the climate and offer the land as premium, and raise flowers enough to throw bouquets at any old thing that comes along. In fact, our climate is the magnet that draws, where everything else fails. There are only a few hundred square miles of it and there is no more like it. Hence we draw all kinds of people, and our social and business characteristics are as farreaching as human taste and needs can make them. In a word the Angel City is cosmopolitan.

In manufactures and trade, in mechanic and fine arts, in science and literature, in journalism, in home-making, in fun and folly, we are on the crest of a high-rolling wave, and the breaking point is not yet in sight.

Notwithstanding this city is on the outer rim of the "wild woolly west," it is a thought center. There is some sort of organized recognition of every vagary that agitates the human mind—we have people here who believe everything, and some who believe nothing, and every shade of thinker between these extremes. There are churches and churches, societies and societies, clubs and clubs, and one who cannot find something to suit him must be hard to please, indeed.

The city is making a wonderful growth, but there is method in all this push. The former boom was a little "wild," in the present there is a careful counting of the cost at each advance.

The Angeleno, who is thoroughly "acclimated," is not governed by the notions of slower communities. We have built a railroad to the top of the nearby mountains; and from these heights we amuse ourselves at night by illuminating the millionaire palaces of Pasadena with a powerful search-light. We have also built an observatory on the same elevation and employed an expert to keep watch on the fellows on other planets, who might possibly open up some scheme that would interfere with our future plans.

They are also engineering some unique movements at the seaside. There is now a stretch of resorts from Santa Monica to Newport—a distance of some fifty miles. There wharves, bath houses, pavilions and cottages by the thousand—and a miniature Venice is in progress at one of the points. All of

these seaside resorts and other places over this great valley are reached by an electric system of railways, that spread out from the city like the spokes of a wheel, and the accommodation is not surpassed anywhere in the world.

* * * * *

While Los Angeles is performing some marvelous "tricks" she is going to take herself seriously. This city is in line with the great world movement, and there is no way to shut her out.

In a few years the "City of the Angels" will be ready for the big ships from over the sea. The Panama canal is among the certainties, great railway improvements are already completed, and still greater projects are in embryo. Railroad enterprise is planning to traverse the full length of South America. The Central American states will continue the line to Mexico; from which point continuous rail connection extends to Portland, Oregon. A preliminary movement is already on foot for a grand rail extension up through Alaska, and we are promised a great float (as at Port Costa) to carry trains across Behring's strait. Russia has built a trunk line southward, and China is getting ready to throw open her vast possessions to railway enterprise and trade. Powerful syndicates—starting from Cape Colony and the Mediterranean—will meet somewhere in the heart of the dark continent. These great trunk enterprises once completed, tributary movements will quickly start up and the whole world will be "gridironed" with the bands of commerce and travel.

In the meantime, Edison, Tesler, Marconi, Dumont, and others will go on performing "miracles," widening the road that leads to permanent independence and comfort. All nations will soon be in close touch, and the race will become more and more homogenous, with its united interests and perhaps a common language. The New West will send back to the Old East not only the principal, but compound interest for past favors.

This oneness will engender finer and more tender sentiments of brotherhood. Modern methods will be so complete the machine will be the only slave, and do such faithful service that there will be an abundance for all, and greed will retire, shame-faced, forever from human sight. There are great things in sight for the human family, and before the first quarter of the 20th century shall have passed, we will all have learned that the grandest, profoundest of all lessons,—the fruitage of the long past, is this: Man was not made to mourn; happiness is the true goal of human existence!

SOME HISTORIC FADS AND FAKES.

By J. M. Guinn.

The title of my subject—"Fads and Fakes"—is not classical English. It is not dictionary English. Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer of England, was dead a century or more before the words were coined, and Noah Webster never heard of a fad or a fake—so he did not get them into his Unabridged.

As to the philological genealogy of "fad" I confess my ignorance. It may be derived from some Latin or Greek word, or it may be Chinese or Choctow—more than likely it has no paternity, but like Topsy "just growed." It is simply United States slang made for an emergency—fitted to the circumstance that called it into existence; and it stuck because it struck that popular fancy that likes to take short cuts in its vocabulary—a fad is a new idea—fashion, trick, notion or get-rich-quick scheme that suddenly becomes popular, has its run wanes, dies and is forgotten.

A fake is a near relative to a fakir. The fakirs, you know, are a guild of oriental monks or priests who eke out an existence by begging, by tricks of legerdemain and other dubious methods. Consequently a fake is closely allied to fraud. Fads and fakes often hunt in couples and when a fad begins to degenerate into a fake it has lost all claim to respectability. To write the history of all the fads that have had their day since the tulip fad of Holland two or three centuries ago, when a rare tulip bulb sold for \$30,000 and stolid Dutch merchants traded ships and their cargoes for choice collections of tulip tubers that were of no utility and scant beauty, down to the Belgian hare craze of two or three years ago in California, when a buck hare whose commercial value was 25 cents sold for a thousand dollars—to write the history of all these would fill volumes. The

story of by-gone fads and fakes, if well written would amuse and possibly instruct—that is if credulous humanity ever profits from the experiences of its forbears.

In my brief story I shall confine myself to fads and fakes of California origin, and of recent date.

The famine years of 1863 and 1864 put an end to cattle raising as the distinctive industry of Southern California and compelled the agriculturists of the south to cast about for some other use to which their lands could be turned. The later 60s and the early 70s might be called the era of agricultural experiments. Some of these experiments took on the nature of fads and were failures, others were moderately successful. Olden time tillers of the soil will recall perhaps with a sigh the silk culture craze, the Ramie plant fad, the castor bean experiment, and other experience with tree and plant and vine that were to make the honest farmer happy and prosperous, but which ended in dreary failure and some times in great pecuniary loss.

One of these fads—the silk culture craze—deserves more than a passing notice.

A series of letters written by a French savant proved beyond contradiction that California was the natural home of the silk worm and that if Californians would turn their attention to seri-culture, the Golden State would outrival France in silk production and put China out of the business. These letters were extensively copied by the press of the state and the fad was started.

To encourage silk culture in California, the Legislature of 1866-7 passed an act giving a bounty of \$250 for every plantation of 5,000 mulberry trees two years old, and one of \$300 for every 100,000 merchantable cocoons. This greatly encouraged the planting of trees and the production of cocoons if it did add to the number of yards of silk in California.

In 1869, it was estimated that in the central and southern portions of the state there were ten millions of mulberry trees in various stages of growth. One nursery in San Gabriel—the Home of the Silk Worm, as its proprietor called it—advertised 700,000 trees and cuttings for sale, while the nurseries in and around Los Angeles added a million more of *morus multicaulis*, *morus alba* and *morus moreti* mulberry trees to feed the silk worms.

At the head of the silk industry in the state was Louis Prevost, an educated French gentleman, who was thoroughly conversant with the business in all its details. He had established at Los Angeles an extensive nursery of mulberry trees and a large cocoonery for the rearing of silk worms. His enthusiasm induced a number of the leading men of the south to enter into an association for the purpose of planting extensive forests of mulberry trees and for the establishment of a colony of silk weavers. The directors of the association cast about for a suitable location to plant a colony. I find this item in the Los Angeles Star of June 15, 1869, from its correspondent in San Bernardino: "Messrs. Prevost and Garey have been here looking out for land with a view to establish a colony for the culture and manufacture of silk. The colony is to consist of one hundred families, sixty of whom are ready to settle as soon as the location is decided upon. Both of these gentlemen are highly pleased with our soil and climate and consider our county far better adapted to the culture of the mulberry than any other of the southern counties."

The directors of the California Silk Center Association of Los Angeles, through its superintendent, Prevost, purchased 4,000 acres of the Rubidoux Rancho, where the city of Riverside now stands, and arranged for the purchase of about 4,000 acres more of the Jurupa Rancho adjoining. Here was to be the great silk center of seri-culture in California. The fad was maturing into a great enterprise. Then reverses came, unmerciful disaster followed it fast and followed it faster. Prevost, the brains and the motive power of the enterprise, died; the dry year of 1869-70 prevented the planting of mulberry plantations, and the Silk Center Association found itself in hard lines. It sold its land holding to Judge North's Riverside Colony, and now where Prevost once hoped to found a colony that would supply the world's markets with the finest silks stand the orange groves of Riverside.

As the millions of mulberry trees throughout the state came of age the demands for the bounty poured in on the commissioners in such a volume that the state treasury was threatened with bankruptcy and the Legislature in alarm repealed the act granting bounties. The immense profits that had been made in the beginning, by selling silk worm eggs to those who had been seized by the craze later, fell off from over production. The repeal of the bounty put a stop to tree planting. The care and cost of looking after the silk worms exceeded the profits. The

trees died from neglect and the silk worms starved to death. The seri-culture mania quickly subsided. Of the millions of mulberry trees that once fluttered their leaves in the breeze scarce one is alive today.

The next agricultural fad that attracted the tillers of the South was the ramie plant experiment. Somebody discovered, or thought he had, that the ramie plant, a near relative of the nettle, was an excellent substitute for hemp, if, indeed, it was not superior to it. There had been recently quite a demand for hemp by the numerous vigilance committees throughout the state and it was deemed a good stroke of political economy for California to grow her own hemp or a substitute for it. The prevalence of hemp might be a warning to evil-doers or a suggestion to them to reform or move on, or it might act as a sort of suggestive therapeutics for the cure of crime.

The fad never reached the mania-stage. If ever there was a strand of rope, or a gunny bag or a grain sack made from the fields of ramie, I never heard of them.

Passing rapidly down the corridors of time we come to the Belgian hare fad. I need not describe to you a Belgian hare. You have all seen the animal. I need not describe to you the rabbitries in the back yards built with so much care after approved models. Some of you have built them. And the kings and lords and dukes and queens and princesses and their progenies that dwelt in royal state in those same rabbitries, you have ministered to them, admired them, counted the profits in them, and suffered the losses, too. Then there were those wondrous pedigrees that traced the ancestry of Lord Brittons and King Fashodas back to the pair that Adam built a rabbitry for in the Garden of Eden. There, too, were the fine points in the make up of a thoroughbred that only an expert in hare heraldry could find—the peculiar markings on the back, the particular shade of red on the feet, the wink of his eye, the flap of his ears. From all these signs the expert could read his lordships title clear to a noble ancestry.

Exactly what the hares were good for except to sell to some one who had an attack of the craze, no one seemed able to find out. When the supply exceeded the demand, what then? Oh, that never could be—all the world wanted hares. Southern California was the only place where they could be grown to perfection and the craze increased—but there came a time when it was all supply and no demand. As an article of food the most aristocratic of the red-footed gentry was not up to the standard

of a California jack rabbit. There was a scramble to get out of the business, but nearly everybody got left. The lords, the dukes and the duchesses died, but none of them of old age, and the tenantless rabbitries were converted into kindling wood or chicken coops. The fad at first was conducted on legitimate business principles, but as it progressed it degenerated into fakes that were simply frauds.

Take this as an illustration: A friend of mine was seized with a desire to engage in the industry. She eagerly scanned the ten or twelve columns of Belgian hare liners in the Sunday Times until she found what appeared to be just what she wanted. She visited a rabbitry and invested her wealth in a royal dame with a family of eight young royalists.

The pedigree of those hares was a work of art—the art of lying. It ran back through long lines of royal sires and dams to the pair that Noah took into the Ark with him, and that Shem, Ham or Japhet (the pedigree sharp was a little uncertain as to which) turned loose on the foothills of Ararat. Those hares had all the marks of a noble descent, the red feet, the peculiar lines on the back, the reddish tinge of the fur and all that. Time passed as it always does and those hares shed their winter coats and put on their summer suits. Then a change came over them. The reddish tinge of the fur faded into a dull gray. The white foot—bar sinister—indicative of an ignoble birth appeared. Every one of that plebian brood had been veneered into into an aristocrat by a coat of paint or dye. Then a small French Revolution struck those princesses, lords and dukes. That royal family passed under the ax, were guillotined, and there were apartments to let in a rabbitry.

When the Belgian hare fad died, like the little dog Rover, "It died all over," and for the vastness of it, it demised quickly and quietly.

Scarcely was the Belgian hare fad dead before the oil mania began. The existence of petroleum in Southern California had been known for fifty years. Oil wells had been sunk and an oil industry developed without creating a boom. The discovery of new oil territory and the high price of oil in the fall of '99 and the spring of two ciphers started an oil stock fad. It was a cold day when there was not at least half a dozen oil companies incorporated with capitals up into the millions. Sometimes the amount paid in by the incorporators reached as high as ten dollars. The man on the outside was the fellow who put up the money to get inside. It was not necessary to own oil lands

to incorporate a company. The profits came from selling stocks, not oil. I am speaking now of the fakes that followed the fad. There were many legitimate oil companies that were unfortunate in their efforts to develop new territory and money was lost to stockholders, but the business in these was conducted honestly. During the prevalence of the fad you could buy stocks at all prices from a cent a share up. Stocks in a new company would be advertised at 5 cents a share, in a short time advanced to 10 cents, then raised to 15c, and when buyers began to lag the last call was sounded. At the last stroke of the clock at midnight next Saturday the stock of the Grizzly Bear Oil Development Company will be advanced to 25 cents. Oil sand has been struck in the company's wells and all unsold stock will be withdrawn from the market in a few days. The amount of oil sand struck by the fake companies would have made a Sahara desert of Southern California if it could have been brought to the surface.

One company of enterprising promoters, to satisfy a crying need of the times...cheap stock—organized a company with a capital of \$5,000,000, and placed its stock at a cent a share. The stock advanced to 2 cents a share on the report that the company had secured a derrick. It might even have gone half a cent higher had not the boom burst and the company been forced into insolvency. After it went out of business the only assets of the company were found to be a second-hand derrick on another company's land.

During the oil mania there were certain fakirs who claimed to be gifted with occult powers that enabled them to discover the presence of oil far down in the bowels of the earth. For a liberal consideration in coin they would indicate the point at which to bore a well and tell its producing capacity. It required a considerable stretch of credulity to believe in their powers, yet there were plenty equal to the requirement. These fakirs did not seek oil veins with a witch-hazel twig, as the old-time water witches used to do when seeking water wells and springs. They claimed to possess contrivances curiously constructed of certain sensitive substances so delicate that the effluvia of oil coming up through thousands of feet of rock and earth would set their machinery in motion and they would reel off the number of barrels a day that wells bored where the contrivances indicated would produce. Some friends of mine, directors of an oil company, were firm believers in the mysterious powers of a certain professor of the occult to find oil. At con-

siderable expense the professor and his machine were transported to Ventura county, where their claim was located. After tramping over the hills they finally came to where they thought their claim was situated. The professor sat down with his machine under a live-oak tree. It had scarcely touched the ground before it began to reel off oil wells of a thousand-barrel-a-day capacity and as it got warmed up to the job it spun off 40,000 and 50,000-barrel wells. Had they kept it going for a week it would have supplied the world with oil and put the Standard Oil Company out of business. The most singular thing about that machine was its intelligence. It was only when the professor's palms were crossed with coin that it would exert its powers. The directors returned greatly elated. A few weeks later they took up a surveyor to locate their claim. To their dismay they found that the like oak was a quarter of a mile beyond their holdings and the clinal, or anti-clinal lines, or whatever those subterraneous race courses are called along which oil flows, did not run in the direction of their claim.

The oil-stock craze subsided. Beautifully lithographed certificates of stock are the only relics left to many of us for the cash invested. They are not done in oil, if we were. Yet some of these cost us more than paintings by the old masters would have done.

A historical fake once conjured up like the ghost of Banquo will not down at your bidding. Take for illustration the fake of Fremont's alleged headquarters. It is well-known to every one acquainted with our local history that Colonel Fremont's official residence in Los Angeles while, for the few months in 1847, that he was military governor of California, was the upper floor of the Bell Block, which stood on the southeast corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago a newspaper writer made an important discovery, namely, that an old adobe house on South Main street, near Fourteenth, was Fremont's headquarters while he was military governor of California, and consequently one of the numerous capitols of the state. He exploited his discovery through a column or two of his newspaper. With that inherent capacity for believing whatever appears in print which the average citizen possesses, there was rejoicing that Fremont's headquarters had been discovered and that Los Angeles possssed a historic capitol. The Historical Society published a refutation of the story, but people went on believing it all the same.

It was true, as shown, that Fremont had never seen the old adobe, which was built nearly a decade after he left Los Angeles. It was true too, that the site of the old building was two and a half miles from the place where Fremont's troops encamped. The stupidity of a commander pitching his headquarters two and a half miles away from his troops, where he was liable to be captured by the enemy, seems not to have occurred to the repeaters of the story. It was their forte to believe, not to reason. Notwithstanding the inconsistencies shown, notwithstanding numerous refutations written and oral, there are people who still believe that the old adobe house, once a dwelling, later a saloon, and for the past ten or twelve years a Chinese wash house, was once the headquarters of Colonel Fremont.

Its fame and its name have been spread far and wide. Illustrated journals from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have published pictures of it. Tourists have taken snapshots at it. Camera clubs have trained their instruments on it. Souvenir seekers have invaded its precincts much to the disgust of its Mongolian proprietor, and have carried away bits of adobe from its walls as precious relics. Within the past six months the oldest daily newspaper in Los Angeles printed in its illustrated annual edition a picture of this old Chinese wash house labeled "Fremont's headquarters."

A few years since the officers of the Historical Society were tempted by a glittering proposal. A certain prominent promoter proposed to organize a joint stock company with a capital of \$50,000, buy the lot and the old house and erect a Fremont memorial building, preserving intact the historic headquarters. The company would promise to donate to the Historical Society commodious quarters in the proposed building on condition that it (the society) would lend its name and influence to furthering the scheme. When told the society would not lend itself to the perpetuation of a fake, he was very much disgusted at the "finicky notions of certain persons." People generally believed that the old building was Fremont's headquarters and what was the use in undeceiving them—an excuse that has kept the life in many another historical fake.

This is the very commonplace history of the old house. In 1856 or 1857 it was built by Henry Hancock for a residence. Hancock was the surveyor who made in 1853 what is known as the Hancock's survey of Los Angeles city. The house stands on Lot 1, Block A, of that survey. Hancock planted a vineyard on the lot, which contained thirty-five acres. This lot and the

house passed into the possession of Moritz Morris on the foreclosure of a mortgage and is still known as the Morris vineyard tract. Several acres from the northeastern portion of it containing the house were sold to John S. Carr, and is still known as the Carr tract. Both tracts long ago were divided into city lots and are compactly built up with residences and business blocks. The old house has had many different owners and has been put to a variety of uses.

How did it come to be known as Fremont's headquarters? There is a tradition (whether founded on fact or pure fiction deponent saith not) that away back in the later '50s a German resident of Los Angeles opened a saloon in it and to give his enterprise a good send off named the building Fremont's Headquarters. All travel then to and from Los Angeles came and went by way of San Pedro. From the embarcadero to the city was a long distance between drinks. So this enterprising dispenser of the ambrosia of the gods moved out two and a half miles on the San Pedro road to greet the coming stranger and to speed as well the departing citizen. It was a first and last chance saloon. The memory of the nectar there quaffed lingering in the mind of some old-time patron caused him to become garrulous over the good times spent at Fremont's headquarter's, and a reporter catching a fragment of the tale, conjured from it a fake that twenty years has not downed.

This historic building without a history is doomed to destruction. The march of improvement will soon, if it has not already, trample it into dust. Only a few weeks since a reporter sent by the editor of an enterprising morning journal interviewed me in regard to taking steps to avert its impending doom. If the Historical Society would procure a site the enterprising journal would aid in removing this historic building intact to a new site where it could be preserved for all time. It is needless to say that the society did not respond to the appeal and the narration of the facts in the history of the old building knocked into pie columns of sensational reports. There are several other historical fakes to which I had intended paying my respects, but time and space forbid. Briefly in closing, to point a moral:

The headquarters fake is a good illustration of how much that passes for history has been manufactured. Some one concocted a plausible story about a certain historical event. The story may have been an adulteration of a fact and fiction, or it

may have been pure fiction, but it was palmed off for the truth. It was repeated by others and re-repeated. As it passed down the corridors of time it gathered to itself the sanctity of age and became currently believed.

Then some antiquarian dry-as-dust delving in musty archives of the past discovers that the story has no foundation on fact—that it is a fabrication, a fake, and publishes abroad his discovery. Then the credulous—the heresy hunters—who have a monopoly of belief, rise up in judgment against the iconoclast, rail at him, abuse him and deplore the irreverence of the age. But the fake has received its death blow. It dies slowly—it dies hard—but it dies.

SOME INDIAN EXPERIENCES.

By J. W. Gillette.

A narrative of personal experience involves frequent mention of the narrator. In my journey overland in 1858 I had expected frequent contact with the aborigine, but it was left to San Bernardino county, where I lived from May, 1862, to March, 1867, to give that. At Cucamonga I was clerk of the vineyard, storekeeper, and was also postmaster, for which I yet have my parchment bearing the original signature of the then Postmaster-General—Montgomery Blair. Beside the Superintendent, his assistant, myself, the foreman, blacksmith, carpenter, two Kanaka cooks, and a few Californians, were Valley Indians from Temecula, San Luis Rey and the desert; few at times, but at vintage I have known seventy, from papoose to old age. All who could work were employed. They were furnished ample rations, and but for the love of drink, fostered by the products of such a place, they might have been as happy as possible for their kind to be. Every Saturday evening was settlement conducted in Spanish. The foreman reported the work done by each, the amount due each was soon calculated and then the question was, "What will you have?" Money was scarce. Payment was made in merchandise from simple dry goods to provisions, etc. Now, each known name was so entered, but each week some new buck would show up, and in answer to my question in some instances the real name would be given; but often amid jabber, and explosion of laughter one would say "they call me Francisco Palomares, Teodocio Yorba, Jim Waters, Antonio Maria Lugo," or other well-known ranchero. I knew the giggling rascals were lying, but I took their word, and such honored names went into the book on behalf of the scamp who gave it. So it would come to pass that Waters would be charged for calico for his squaw, Palomares for a half-gallon of aguar-diente, and Lugo, who owned land equal to the area of an eastern state, a pair of overalls, fine comb and mouth organ. Some chap would take mostly wine or grape brandy, and you knew he was going to entertain, which was verified by sounds emanating from the rancheria far into the night. The Sabbath was a day of debauchery with many, and it was a woeful file that

lined up for work Monday morning. A few were wise, and went away to their tribal homes fat, well clothed and contented.

Other Indians there were, roaming, almost naked, bravos, who never worked, but stole horses, cattle, sheep, provisions, saddles, riatas, etc. For such the rancheros offered ample reward, proportioned to the individual wanted. One such, occasionally, gave Cucamonga a jolt.

Three times a week we killed a beef; and what was not dealt to Indians, or kept fresh for our two Kanaka cooks, was jerked and dried in the sun on lines near the house in the vineyard, where dwelt the superintendent and family, and in a wing whereof all employes ate save Indians. One day this untamed savage stripped the line, running away with full serape. The next month he came, reconnoitered, saw no men, but did see two women. As he rushed at them, yelling and with large stones in either hand they fled into the house, and he and the beef were off again. A watch was set. A man came to the store and reported him as not over 200 feet away in the orchard. I soon had him under my shot gun ten feet away, with his serape full of apricots, of which there were then few trees, and their fruit precious. My yell brought help. Mr. Indian was left so tied that his feet were in the fork of the tree, his head and shoulders on the ground, where he should have remained, while we prepared a team to take him to the nearest justice at San Bernardino. Very soon I was at the spot, Mr. Indian had gone, the apricots also, but the rope was coiled in the fork of the tree. I felt then like I was the cheapest thing on what we now call a bargain counter. The two men gleefully drove up in front of the store, and soon learned he had tricked us, then they took drinks, making the while such forcible remarks as such men do under such surroundings, and unhitched the team. Months later this buck planned a beef raid. The superintendent and I learned he was near, but the wary fellow saw us at fair pistol range and was off like a deer, with several good line shots, to dodge in which he outcrooked the famous Virginia worm fence. I have always hoped we did not so seriously wound him that he died, because we had usurped the red man's valleys, scattered his game, debauched his people. The brief period he cowered before my shot gun, I looked upon the most perfect individual of his race. Thereafter he left Cucamonga off his circuit.

Troubles with Mexican desperadoes, culminating in tragedies (one far reaching) made life exciting, and had I not there found that health for which I came south, I should have counted

as lost the years I was there employed.

The arrival of stage and mail under Lance Toffilmier or Billy Passmore was the chief daily event. Old time freighters as Horace Clark, Chuck Warren, etc., would camp there; also miners like Nat Lewis, Gus Spear and Biedeman of 'Amargoza (whose mill was burned by Indians); Hi Jolly, Greek, mail carrier to Camp Cady and Fort Mohave; Dr. Wozencraft about to make the Colorado desert an inland sea; John Brown, a noted pioneer; Billy Rubottom, who kept a near-by staiton, all these and more of their ilk made the balmy evenings delightful in detailing experiences, with more in store for each. Of the little coterie gathering there, J. B. Kipp was killed in this city some twenty years ago, and J. Turner was killed by Indians near Death Valley about 1866.

After a disastrous trading expedition in Lower California, where I lost heavily and meeting Celestine Alipaz and others who had been run out of this country, nearly lost my life, for lack of other adventure, I engaged with an outfit (Billy Margetson leader) to take cattle collected for John Reid, James Waters, Ed Parrish and E. K. Dunlap to Stinking Water river, a source of the Missouri in Montana. Much of the stock was on the rancho of Parrish and Dunlap (later owned by Burcham), in the valley over the Sierra Madre from Arrowhead Springs, and through which flows a fork of the Mojave joining a mile or so below that from Holcombe valley. About March 12, 1866, Dunlap, Parrish, a driver, myself and a vaquero, Antonio (we two last on horseback) left Cucamonga for that ranch. Arriving at that point on the road where David N. Smith, keper of Summit Station, was marvelously recovering from being twice shot the previous year by Indians, all of whom were believed to have left never to return, we watered, and the leader instructed Anton and me to make a detour northwesterly through a fine bunch grass region, and bring such stock as we met to the valley, where ranch houses were, the wagon proceeding there direct. Meeting no cattle, the first object attracting our attention was the soft trail full of moccasin tracks. Antonio, being a native of San Bernardino valley, I asked him what make and how many. He examined closely and laconically replied Chimahueva, twelve, very bad Indians, and from Rock Creek heading for the Mojave Forks (as he then supposed). At supper we reported all this, but Parrish, long on the frontier for one so young, ridiculed the idea of danger to life or stock. Citing from his own experience with Indians, he argued that while they might not

relish the stock being removed, he would simply kill a beef, give them all they could eat and carry, if they showed up, which he doubted.

A shiftless fellow (one Anderson) had lately been in charge. He was an arrant boaster, and finding the skulls of two Indians killed in one of the encounters thereabouts, he fastened them on the posts of the big gates. He gave out that better than any one else, he knew the why and wherefore of those skulls, and that any Indians prowling near him would meet the same fate.

To return to Parrish, he declared carrying of revolvers to be inconvenient in the close undergrowth abounding there, and wherein cattle hid in gathering time.

Next morning all were out early, save Mr. Dunlap, who was sick, an old man (Strickland) the cook; a discharged soldier (Porter), a boy of 12 (Reeves), all of whom found plenty to do preparing for the long drive. East of the stream a herd was started to which was brought in, all stock as found. The forenoon passed satisfactorily save that at noon Pratt Whiteside (who, with Nephi Bemis had come as helpers the previous evening), declared he must carry his revolver because of a vicious cow dangerous to man and horse, that prevented the removal of stock with her. He was allowed to do so. After the noon meal the same force was out. That day I was riding a mule (as I was saving my faithful Tamole for the Montana journey), and accompanying Parrish and Bemis. Finding some ten head I was instructed to take them to the herd, take Whiteside's place there and send him with his well-trained horse to join them. All which was done, and as the herd was fat and quiet, I laid low to the ground to avoid the granite particles borne on the strong cold wind from the north, by a hair rope retaining my hold on my mule. Very soon Anton came loping round to say he and the other herder had heard a peculiar discharge, too loud for a distant revolver, and asked if he should investigate, he having the Chimahueva band in mind. I referred to Whiteside being armed, and he was about to reply. My mule suddenly tightened the hair rope and following her gaze we saw a riderless horse speeding for the ranch. Anton was instantly in pursuit and caught him before the ranch was reached, an ounce ball in the hip and saddle bloody. While yet I hesitated whether to leave the herd we had collected to one man, from the trees studding the skirt of the valley fled as the wind another riderless horse. Him I caught at the ranch gates. This saddle, too, was bloody, and the terror of the poor beast was infectious from its intensity,

for I knew now that Parrish and Bemis were slaughtered. And Whiteside—what of him. His horse we never again saw. Dunlap, still sick, rose to meet the emergency, enfeebled in body, stunned by the tragedy (Parrish being his brother-in-law), arms were collected, prepared, and a wagon went forth; myself, Anton and the remaining man at the herd on horseback, we started for the bloody ground, Dunlap issuing orders from the wagon over a total of five, Strickland, defective of sight, being left, with the boy, at the ranch. Carrying a long rifle I was ordered to ride up a ridge that promised a commanding view, and followed it until I found the trail of the hostiles leading toward mountain fastnesses, where it was folly to go. I gazed eagerly for Indians, but could see none. Then signalling by waving my hat downward that I had discovered something, I was signalled to return. I was glad, for I was too prominent among those brushy hills just then. Returning, I learned that by following a queer acting coyote the naked body of Bemis had been found, with an ounce ball through the neck. Later was found the nude body of Whiteside. All signs indicated that as Parrish, Bemis and Whiteside were threading a small ravine, the Indians, from the left, in ambush, had poured in the volley that had sounded to Anton as one shot, sending an ounce ball into the neck of each victim, not differing in location over three inches, so deliberate and perfect was their aim. The first two evidently clung instinctively but for moments only to their reddening saddles. The shock of his wound knocked Whiteside from his horse, then he scaled the ridge and died among his foes, receiving in addition a pistol shot possibly from his own weapon, but not till he had put a ball into the groin of one of the savages, as evidenced by the drag of a limb shown in their trail. They had thrown a great stone upon the poor fellow's face, crushing the frontal bone. As we found him lying nude on his back, with the cold, rigid arms up as a guard against more barbarity, broken arrows lying around, we mutely looked the sentiment, "See how a brave man dies."

Not till nightfall did we give over the search for Parrish and reverently, tearfully bear the two bodies to the ranch. Arriving there a messenger was dispatched over the mountain trail eighteen miles to San Bernardino asking aid of the sheriff and detailing the tragedy. Forthwith we put out two guards for, while the foe might have gone into the mountains, they might be already doubling their trail, and as we had sacrificed three men to lack of prudence, an ounce of lead ready for every Indian was

the course for that night. The excited condition of the ranch dogs was ominous, and we were now few. The ranch buildings were two log cabins on the north side of the drive, the stables and great hay stacks on the other, or south side, and dangerously close to the houses, if fired by our foe, who, from the surrounding darkness could pick off each as he ran from the flames. Only thorough vigilance prevented it that night. About 10 o'clock after the ample meal we sorely needed, Dunlap, Porter and Strickland were in the smaller cabin of one large room, some preparing the bodies for the morrow's journey to San Bernardino (that of Bemis most prominently in sight) when a heavy knocking at the only door startled us. Each looked the question, "What is it? Who shall open that door?" Only an instant and one of the others threw it open (in the same move jumping aside) and disclosed to us Harrison Bemis; and to him the bodies of his brother, Nephi, and Whiteside, whom he last saw in full health, and told he was coming over to stop at the ranch and hunt near by. What could we do but go out into the darkness, leaving him with the dead till his mingled grief and rage could run their course. Fatal valley; in it a man was killed by a grizzly about two years later.

Night passed sleeplessly. Before dawn, well fed, armed as best we could, we were off for the bloody ground. Rain had fallen and the fork was swollen, but through it we went, feeling we must find Parrish that forenoon if men could do it, and fear of the Indians somehow eliminated. About noon, despairing, the signal to collect was given; but one saw the white foot of Parrish, whose body was otherwise covered with masses of twigs gathered by wood rats, lying between the three trunks of a scrub oak. Suspense relieved we were thankful. He had been stripped and dragged. A thirty-five mile wagon ride must be encompassed before three widows and their orphans could receive their dead, and the rest of the day was consumed in mournful preparations. At evening a messenger arrived who reported the sheriff and a large force to leave next morning. These later caught up with the raiders, but the best I have heard of their efforts was that two Indians were killed and a trinket or two recovered identifying them as the band who struck us. Early the following morning our sad cortege set forth and reached San Bernardino in the early evening, met by grief-stricken families and angered people. I knew strong drink to be the first resort of a weak one and a last resort of the strong, but I had to take my forty winks to keep awake that night. When

we left, Porter and Strickland were instructed to hold the ranch until part of the sheriff's force arrived, unless it was plain they could not, in which event the two men should steal up through the willows to Cajon Pass summit, and come in with some teamster, but first the boy was to be mounted on a swift horse kept ready therefor, and dispatched by the same route to San Bernardino. Our departure was evidently noted by our dusky foes, for that evening, hardly had darkness settled before the dogs heralded their approach. In the brief interval the boy was dispatched, being shot at by the Indians as he rounded the exterior enclosure, and the two men waiting till they saw it was the same foe and too numerous, hustled for the pass. The yelp of the faithful dogs told the fate awaiting man and beast till this band was driven away. About midnight or later, the boy delivered the latest news from the ranch in a modest way that showed the true hero. There was a joint funeral the next day yet remembered by many San Bernardino pioneers. When a posse reached the ranch next morning word was sent that they found all the improvements smoking ruins. I never visited the place afterward, though I did go as planned to Montana with that outfit, and till we got to Bridgeport we had charge of the widow and children of Parrish.

As we traversed Owens river valley and saw the ruins of stations attacked in the Indian war of 1864 and learned some of its incidents, it seemed Mr. Indian was to us a continued story, of which I, at least, pined for the last chapter, which came in the Shoshone county, Diamond Spring Valley, where, while on day guard I shot an Indian dog that persisted in running through the herd of 750 Spanish cattle. This was in sight of a dozen bucks, and I realized that maybe it was in this lone land I was to die; for the buck chosen to visit the camp came to me, and touching his forefinger on my breast said I, having killed his dog, he would kill me. He ran the scale of demands, first blood, then money; then I had the cook fill him on table remnants. Then he wanted tobacco; I gave him that and he left. We moved across the valley and killed a beef. I felt pokey till my guard was over, but they had eaten to their fill of the meaner parts of the beef, and rage was stifled through the stomach. In February, 1867, I reached San Bernardino with Carlos Shepherd of Beaver, Utah, and now I believe I have ended all my Indian experience worth relating.

Horn and the third by crossing the plains. No matter which way a man came he always wished he had come by some other."

Mrs. Virginia Whisler Davis told an interesting story of experiences she encountered while coming across by the Santa Fe trail.

Louis Roeder told of crossing by way of Nicaragua, and a narrow escape his party had during the troublous days of Walker's filibustering in Central America.

Major Truman said that a great number of letters had been received by the president of the Pioneer Society. As a sample of these one from the veteran journalist, Col Joseph D. Lynch, was read. This letter sketched Mr. Workman's career gracefully and clearly. Commenting upon it, Major Truman said he had known Mr. Workman almost forty years, and was one of those who attended the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Workman thirty-seven years ago.

The host of the evening and his good wife were then introduced. They were given a great ovation. Responding to this reception, Mr. Workman said:

"I am most happy to greet my fellow pioneers here tonight in such large numbers. From the looks of this assemblage it shows that after all many of us are left. I have long had a desire to entertain my pioneer friends, and I only regret that available space prevented me from including many of those outside of the Pioneer Society.

"It would indeed be the joy of my life to entertain in this manner my 14,000 friends of December 5, 1904. I had intended celebrating the actual day that marked my fiftieth arrival in Los Angeles, but being absent at that time visiting the St. Louis exposition I could not do it.

"After January 1 I resolved to defer the pleasure no longer. and because of the uncertainty of the weather at this time of the year I have been obliged to give up my original plan of an outdoor barbecue.

"Fifty Years in Los Angeles" is the toast assigned to me. Fifty years, or half a century, is a long time, and yet I feel as though I would like to live fifty years more in this angelic city. Coming here a mere lad more than fifty years ago, when Los Angeles was a small town of 2500 inhabitants, today I am proud to say that I have seen it grow to a beautiful city of nearly 200,000 people.

"In 1880 Los Angeles contained but 11,000 people. This immense increase of population has occurred within the last twen-

ty-five years. Imagine, if you please, what this city will be fifty years hence, reaching from the mountains to the sea and spreading out east and west over a vast area and containing millions of people. This is no visionary or idle talk, but certainly within the possibilities, for there is but one Los Angeles and one Southern California.

"When I came here First street was I might say the southern boundary of the populated portion of the city; now the city stretches out in every direction, north, east, south and west. Then we had no railroads; today we are about to celebrate the opening of the third transcontinental railroad in Los Angeles. Our county is fairly gridironed with many excellent railway systems, electric as well as steam. There were no street cars, no telegraphic communication with the outside world, no banks, no conveniences of modern commercial life when I came here.

"The occasional steamer at San Pedro and a consequent occasional stage coach in Los Angeles were the only links with the rest of mankind. Those were not lonely days, however, for the early residents of Los Angeles were a hospitable and generous people. Many pleasant recollections must ever remain in my memory of those early Spanish and American families.

"I came here an ambitious lad trying to succeed in life; how well I have accomplished that I leave you to judge. Political happenings have likewise come, while there remains a certain similarity of procedure.

"Our worthy secretary, Prof. J. M. Guinn, and myself were candidates on opposing tickets for the legislature in this county in 1873, and we both got left. We canvassed the entire county, including what is now Orange county. We visited a place called Gospel Swamp, near Santa Ana. Gospel Swamp was inhabited by a very large number of good Methodists, and produced the tallest corn, the largest pumpkins and the finest babies in the world.

"Our opponents both being of that denomination got the best of us. They went to camp meetings and caressed and kissed the beautiful children. Our worthy secretary and myself being unsophisticated youths, did not follow that art in campaigning, and were both defeated.

"Times have changed, however, for Mr. Guinn and myself. Last December we ran on the same ticket and were both elected by handsome majorities, and we have never forsaken our principles either. I have always had a fondness for Professor Guinn, we have been good friends ever since our first political annihila-

tion.

"I would rather have the esteem and good will of my fellow citizens than all the wealth of the Rockefellers. I am proud to be a pioneer among you. I am proud of my fellow pioneers, to have their love and esteem; to have them as friends in adversity and prosperity. I am proud of my numerous nephews and nieces who stood in the front ranks to encourage and aid me. Their memory shall never fade from the memory of their 'Uncle Billy.' Long may you live and prosper. God bless you all."

A few five minute speeches followed Mr. Workman's address and then while the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" the guests bade their host and hostess good night.

RAIN AND RAINMAKERS.

BY J. M. GUINN.

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From the earliest dawning of intelligence in man—through all his intervening steps from barbarism to civilization, next to the struggle for existence, no other subject has so engrossed his attention as the atmospheric phenomena we call weather. Nor is this strange, so intimately is his physical welfare dependent upon climatic conditions that it would be stranger still if it were not so. The science of meteorology—if indeed it may be said that there is such a science—is comparatively young. Its kindred science, astronomy, dates its origin far back in the childhood of the race.

The star gazers on the plains of Asia evolved the fundamental facts of the science of astronomy centuries before the Christian era; but weather prophets, pagan and Christian, through all the centuries down to almost to the present, have been content to attribute atmospheric phenomena to supernatural causes—to the agency of beneficent or malignant weather makers. The gentle rain, the warm sunshine and the refreshing south wind, were the gifts of a beneficent deity; while the thunder's roar, the lightning's flash and the hurricane's blast, were the manifestations of a god's displeasure, or were attributed to the malign influence of demons.

The Indian tribes of North America have their weather makers—medicine men, who by certain observances and incantations, through the intercession of fetiches and spirits of the air, are believed to be able to change the wind and bring rain in times of drought. Years ago an old skipper who commanded a small sailing vessel that traded along the northwest coast, gave me his experience with an Indian weather maker. He had been detained by contrary winds for several weeks in a little harbor on the Oregon coast. The situation was becoming desperate, when one day the medicine man of the Indian tribe which inhabited that part of the coast, came to him and offered for the consideration of a sack of flour to change the wind. A bargain was made—the flour to be given when the wind changed. The medicine man repaired to a high bluff overlooking the harbor and began his incantations. For twenty-four hours he kept up a succession of shrieks, howls and blood curdling war whoops, occasionally vary-

ing his lingual gymnastics by frantically waving his arms in the direction he wished the wind to blow. Suddenly the wind did change, and the captain, in his anxiety to catch the favoring breeze, sailed away without giving the Indian his sack of flour. Here was proof positive to the Indians' untutored minds that their medicine man did change the wind, and proof as positive of the perfidy of the white man.

In California, during Spanish and Mexican domination, in seasons when the former and the latter rains came not; and the dreaded dry year threatened death to the flocks and herds, the people besought the intercession of some saint who was supposed to have control of the celestial weather bureau. Alfred Robinson, in his "Life in California," thus describes an "intercession" that he saw in Santa Barbara during the great drought of 1833:

"The holy father of the Mission was besought that the Virgin, Nuestra Señora del Rosario might be carried in procession through the town whilst prayers and supplications should be offered for her intercession with the Almighty in behalf of their distress. This was complied with as was customary on such occasions, and conducted in the following manner: First came the priest in his church robes, who with a fine clear voice led the rosary. On each side of him were two pages and the music followed; then four females who supported on their shoulders a kind of litter, on which rested a square box containing the figure of the Holy Virgin. Lastly came a long train of men, women and children, who united in the recital of the sacred mysteries. The figure was ornamented for the occasion with great finery, and every one who had pleased had contributed some rich ornament of jewelry or dress for its display. In this manner they proceeded from the church through the town to the beach; chanting verses between the Mysteries accompanied by violins and flutes. From the beach they returned to the church in the same order, where the prayers were concluded.

"After this performance all looked for rain with as much faith as our countrymen look for the steamer from Liverpool on the thirteenth or fourteenth day of her time of departure. Should these expectations, however, not be realized, the procession would be repeated until they were."

The belief that human agency by intercession or other means can change the laws of nature and produce storms still exists. Not twenty miles away from Los Angeles at the present time in a mountain cañon on a platform that he has erected, a man with

certain chemicals claims that he can produce rain to order. It is reported that he claims to have produced the recent storms with his rainmaking ingredients. As proof positive he shows that the rainfall was heaviest near his tower and gradually diminishes as you descend into the valley. He seems to be unaware of the fact that in some places in the San Bernardino mountains sixty, seventy and a hundred miles away, the rainfall was more than double the quantity that fell where his platform is located. If he was alone in his belief that rain can be produced by artificial means it might be attributed to his conceit, but the opinion that human influence can effect changes in weather conditions is widespread.

There is a report current that Rainmaker Hatfield is to receive \$1000 from some benevolently disposed citizen on condition that he causes a rainfall of eighteen inches before the first of May, 1905. If the report is true it appears that we have persons who are willing to back their faith in rainmakers with their coin.

At what point or place the pluvial downpour is to be measured for the award the report does not state. There has been a greater difference this year in the rainfall at different points than usual. At present writing (February 17, 1905) Forecaster Franklin reports that the rainfall at the Weather Bureau station, located near the center of this city, is 12.19 inches. In the eastern portion of the city a local observer reports a small fraction less than 17 inches. On Mount Wilson 25 inches are reported and at some points in the San Bernardino mountains as high as 36 inches have fallen, while at Santa Monica the record gives only nine inches. The difference in the rainfall between the extreme eastern and that in the extreme western limits of the city is six inches; the eastern receiving that excess of favors from Jupiter Pluvius or Hatfield. It might be well for Hatfield until his financial backers call time on him to distribute the moisture that he coaxes from the clouds more evenly and thus avoid complications that may rob him of his award.

For centuries good Christian people throughout Europe and America believed in the power of witches to produce devastating storms and many an innocent person has been burned at the stake for complicity with Satan in producing destroying floods. During the Middle Ages the belief in the diabolical origin of storms was universal. The great churchman, Bede, had full faith in it. St. Thomas Aquinas gave it his sanction. "It is," he says, "a dogma of faith that the demons can produce winds, storms and rain of fire from heaven." Luther declared that he

had himself calmed more than twenty storms caused by Satan. If Hatfield's rain machine should slip a cog or get beyond his control and bring upon us a devastating flood he is in no danger of being burned for a witch. But the belief in the diabolical origin of storms still exists. It is only a few years since that an evangelist holding forth in this city told how he by prayer turned aside a storm raised by Satan that threatened to destroy his tent where he was preaching.

It is exceedingly fortunate for us that the laws of nature can not be amended, suspended or set aside at the caprice of the individual. Contemplate even from a local standpoint, the power for evil that a man would have who could produce rain at will. Suppose out of a spirit of pique or revenge because he did not get a promised reward for his services he should turn loose his rainmaking apparatus in midsummer and let it run until it flooded our valleys and made tropical swamps of our fields—producing malaria, miasma, mosquitoes and other afflictions of the tropics—ruining our climate and drowning out our tourist crop; how earnestly we would pray for a restoration of Nature's laws and even yearn for occasional dry years. Our recent storm extended from Alaska to Mexico and from the Pacific Coast to the Rocky Mountains. A rainmaker who at will, can cause atmospheric changes that affect half a continent comes dangerously near being omnipotent.

Our rainstorms are originated by electrical disturbances in the North Pacific ocean. They enter the land at some point between Southern Alaska and Northern California. Occasionally one drifts down the ocean with the current and strikes the land south of Point Concepcion. The most of the storms that reach us come down the coast from the northwest and arrive here from 36 to 24 hours from the time they are first reported in the north. There is a paradox about our rainstorms that I do not recollect to have seen explained. Our storms travel down the coast from the northwest, but it is always a southeast wind that brings rain.

It is not the rain that travels down the coast, but a wind current. The northwest wind is an upper cold current, the southeast wind a lower warm current of air. The meeting of the winds produces electrical disturbances that act as condensers of the moisture that is always present in the atmosphere. This is my explanation of the seeming paradox of a southeast rainstorm when according to all appearances we ought to have a northwest one. You can take it for what it is worth.

There is a very prevalent belief that great battles and heavy discharges of artillery are followed by rain-storms.

I recently read what purported to be a scientific article on the causing of rainfall by mechanical disturbance of the atmosphere. The author delved into history to prove his theory. He showed that all the great battles of the civil war as well as of other wars were followed by rain-storms. It happened to be my fortune or my fate to take part in some of the great battles of the civil war which this author cites to prove his theory. As I was there and he was not I think I am the better authority. The battle of Antietam was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Between sunrise and sunset there was an incessant roar of artillery, but no rain followed. At the second battle of Bull Run for two days there was a continuous roar of musketry and artillery, yet no rain followed except a little thunder storm of a few moments duration which occurred about midnight after the battle when our army was on the retreat. With the first crack of thunder some of the teamsters of our baggage train which was ten miles long cut loose their saddle mules, abandoned their wagons and made a mad ride for Washington. They mistook the crack of thunder for the boom of artillery and supposing the train attacked started off on a wild rush to carry the news to the Secretary of War or somebody else at the capital. Had they known of this scientist's theory that rain always follows a battle they would have been listening for thunder and would not have made the mistake they did. It did rain the 4th and 5th of July, after the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, and so it did the 4th and 5th of July, 1904, and yet there was no fighting within ten thousand miles of Gettysburg last year. At the siege of Petersburg, in the fall of 1864, there was a constant succession of artillery duels with guns of the heaviest calibre. According to the theory there should have been continuous rains. On the contrary it was rather a dry season for that country.

How will the theory of rain after a battle apply to the war between Russia and Japan. I cannot say, as weather reports from the seat of war are scarce. I have no doubt some theorist will discover that our recent rain-storms are due to the heavy cannonading at the siege of Port Arthur, the battle of Mukden, or the sortie on Meteor Hill. The concussions of the atmosphere caused by the discharge of heavy artillery disturbed the meteorological conditions of the Kuro Siwo or Japan current and sent the rain currents drifting down the northwest coast of America.

There is no more popular topic of conversation than the

weather. If you doubt this listen to the opening of a conversation between persons when they meet. And yet we know less about the weather than almost any other subject you can name. What was the cause of the climatic changes that sent the icebergs during the great ice age drifting over nearly all the land of North America? What changed the tropical regions that once surrounded the North pole into a country of eternal ice and snow? Or coming near home, what dried up the arm of the sea that once covered what is now the Colorado desert? What asmospheric cataclysm depopulated and made almost a desert of the once fertile and densely inhabited plains of Arizona? Why does it not rain in California during the summer months?

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MATHEW TEED.

Mathew Teed, the youngest of seven brothers and sisters, was born in Devonshire, England, April 17, 1828. After completing a course of study in the local schools he served five year's apprenticeship to the carpenter's trade. Soon after reaching his majority he emigrated to the United States. Landing at New York he found employment at his trade. From New York he went to Adair, Michigan, where he remained four years. Having learned much about the gold excitement on the Pacific Slope, Mr. Teed decided to seek his fortune there. He came to California via the Nicaragua route, landing at San Francisco. From there he proceeded to Stockton. After a short stop in that city he proceeded to Mariposa, where he tried placer mining. He was not successful as a gold miner. Abandoning the gold fields he returned to Stockton, where he found employment at his trade. He remained there until 1858. He then decided to quit California. He bought a ticket for New York. Three hours out from the Golden Gate the shaft of the ship was disabled and the passengers were landed.

Mr. Teed and eight other men fitted up a pack-train at San Jose and started overland through Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico. They suffered many hardships on account of the scarcity of water and feed on their trip. After four months of weary plodding over desert sands and arid regions, six men and seven mules arrived at Las Vegas more dead than alive. Two of the men and twenty of the mules had perished on the journey.

Mr. Teed remained at Las Vegas ten weeks to recuperate, and then pushed on to Denver. Arriving there he found a camp comprising about twenty-five miners. He claims to have built the first log cabin on the site of Denver. He remained there until 1862, engaged in mining and contracting. Rumors of gold discoveries in Montana reaching him he joined in a rush for the Montana gold mines. The journey was hard and dangerous. They were compelled to abandon their teams and

over three hundred miles of the journey were made on foot.

Arriving at Elk City, Montana, they found that there was neither gold nor work for them. Mr. Teed set out for Walla Walla. He went to Stockton, where he obtained employment at his trade. He remained there until 1863, when he came to Los Angeles county. In 1865 with six companions he made a trip across Death Valley into Nevada. He went as far as Paranighat, Nevada, where the gold excitement was running high at that time. Not striking it rich he returned to Los Angeles, where he engaged in building and contracting. Many of the older business blocks are monuments of his skill.

In 1868 Mr. Teed married Miss Tonner of Iowa, who died in 1881. Later he was united in marriage with Mrs. Helen Wyatt, who survives him.

The high respect in which Mr. Teed was held by his fellow citizens was frequently manifested by them. He was five times elected to the city council and served for six years as park commissioner. Fraternally he was a Royal Arch Mason. He was one of the founders of the Pioneer Society. He died March 31, 1904.

IN MEMORIAM.

NATHANIEL COBURN CARTER.

Nathaniel Coburn Carter was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, January 24th, 1840. He died at his home at Sierra Madre, Los Angeles county, California, September 2nd, 1904, and was buried at the Sierra Madre graveyard, on Sunday, the 4th day of September, 1904, with the beautiful services of the Christian Science Society, of which he was a prominent member. His funeral was attended by a very large number of his friends and neighbors. Bro. Carter was married in February, 1864. His wife Annetta M. Carter survives him, and five children, Florence, wife of W. H. Mead, residing in Los Angeles; Arthur N. Carter, Julia F. Carter, Anita E. Carter and Philip C. Carter, are all residents of Los Angeles county. On account of his health, Bro. Carter came to Los Angeles, arriving here in the month of November, 1871. His health improving rapidly he purchased a home at what is now Alhambra, and was one of the first to develop the possibilities of that locality. His planting of citrus and deciduous fruits, together with his vineyard, were wonders of growth and productiveness. His home was attrac-

tive surrounded as it was by a wonderful showing of beautiful and rare plants and flowers. In 1872, Bro. Carter organized the first overland excursions, by way of the sea, from Los Angeles to San Francisco, thence east by Central and Union Pacific railroads; by which means he induced many old residents of Southern California to visit the eastern states and tell their friends of the beauties and glories of Southern California. Through these excursions, covering many years, Bro. Carter probably brought to Los Angeles county more worthy and enterprising settlers than any other person living or dead. He sold his Alhambra home place, and, in 1881, purchased one thousand one hundred acres of the Santa Anita Rancho of E. J. Baldwin and divided it into twenty and forty acre tracts, and sold it to permanent settlers, who have built the handsome town of Sierra Madre, and near it he built his splendid residence "Carterhia." Mr. Carter was one of the foremost founders of the Southern California Horticultural Society and was for years editor and owner of the Rural Californian, the oldest agricultural paper in Southern California. He was for many years a member and director of the Sixth District Agricultural Society, and for many years a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and an active and earnest member of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles county, and filling important offices of the society with credit to himself and profit to the society. One of the last acts of his life was the filling out of the application for membership of one of the men he brought in an excursion 25 years ago.

While Bro. Carter was a Republican in political matters he was not an offensive partisan. He was a devout believer in Christian Science. Few men in Southern California, if any, have done so much as he has in building up the southland, in creating happy homes, planting orchards and vineyards that will not perish until after generations of men have passed away.

"He sleeps in the land of his choice."

"He fell at his post doing duty."

C. N. WILSON,
J. W. GILLETTE,
Committee.

OMRI J. BULLIS.

To the Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

Our Brother Omri J. Bullis, who was the victim of a fatal accident at his ranch, Lynwood, in this county, had (but a few

days before) been proposed for membership, and therefore was not generally acquainted with most of our body, but those who knew him best can truthfully say he was a real pioneer in our valley, and his name welcome on our roll.

Born in 1837, at Chatham, Columbia county, New York, he at an early age went to New York City, rendering faithful service on its police force for five years. He came to Compton in 1872, settling at what is known as Lynwood, and became an influential farmer. In politics he was Democratic, and was several years ago elected County Tax Collector, proving a faithful, painstaking official.

He died aged 67 and the record of his life proves a good use of his time. He was a faithful friend and kindly neighbor, as attested by the great concourse at his funeral. He leaves a widow, son, daughter, two brothers and a sister to whom we extend our sympathy.

Respectfully,

J. W. GILLETTE,
M. F. QUINN,
H. B. BARROWS.

GEORGE EDWIN GARD.

George Edwin Gard was born in Warren County, Ohio, in 1843, and resided in his native state until 1859, when he came overland to California in company with an uncle. He lived two years in San Jose, and then engaged in mining in the County of Mariposa, State of California. He enlisted in Company "H", 7th California Infantry in 1864, for service in the civil war, and was active in the organization of his company, and by vote of his company received appointment as first sergeant, and served with his company until March, 1866. In 1871, he was on the city police force and did excellent work in his office, distinguishing himself above his fellow officers for his tact in the capture of criminals. Later he was a deputy in the County Clerk's office, and was chief deputy under Recorder Charles E. Miles. He was appointed United States Marshall by President Harrison.

In 1881, Mr. Gard was appointed Chief of Police and in 1882 was a deputy sheriff of Los Angeles County, and in 1884 was elected sheriff. In 1886 he engaged in orange growing near Azusa in Los Angeles County, and later was the leading private detective in this part of the state. His services being

sought for in Arizona and Mexico in most difficult and daring enterprises for the capture of criminals of all classes.

Major Gard was active in the formation and organization of the Eagle Corps, the first company of the present 7th Regiment National Guard of California. He was a leading spirit in matters pertaining to the G. A. R., being a charter member of Bartlett Post, No. 6, being at one time post commander. In 1890 he was elected Department Commander of G. A. R. of California, which included the state of California, Nevada and Hawaiian Islands.

In 1869, he was married to Miss Kate Hammell, a sister of our present efficient Chief of Police of Los Angeles City. She died some years ago, leaving two children, William Brant and Georgetta Gard, who are both living.

Major George Edwin Gard arrived in Los Angeles County in 1866, and died in Pasadena, March 10th, 1904, being at the time of his death a member in good standing of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

"Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory."

C. N. WILSON,
J. M. STEWART,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JONATHAN DICKEY DUNLAP.

J. D. Dunlap was born in the town of Antrim, New Hampshire, May 25, 1825. In the early forties he went to Zanesville, Ohio, and in 1846, from there he went to Mexico, arriving at Matamoras about Christmas of that year. Joining the commissary department there, he was ordered by Col. Taylor to report to Capt. Wm. Barksdale of the Second Mississippi Rifles, at Carmago, to serve as chief clerk. Captain afterwards General Barksdale of the Confederate Army, was killed on the Potomac river in the civil war.

After the close of the Mexican War, Mr. Dunlap returned to Ohio. In 1849, he started for California by way of New Orleans and the Isthmus. He remained some time at Panama, engaging in auction and commission business. He was a witness of the celebrated May riots of Panama in 1850. He saw one American stoned to death, and several natives shot, and, he himself, had a narrow escape from being starved to death. He left Panama for San Francisco, where he arrived in September,

1850. He worked in the mines near Georgetown, in Placer County, till the spring of '51, from there he moved to Shasta County, where he remained till 1859, when he came with J. J. Tomlinson to Los Angeles County, and acted as his agent for two years at the "Embarcadero," or Port of San Pedro, in the lightering, staging and teaming business between San Pedro and Los Angeles.

For several years thereafter he followed various occupations in Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Utah. He was employed by Campbell & Buffum as bookkeeper at Prescott, Arizona, for two years; returning to Los Angeles he took a grading contract on the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad then being built. He served as Deputy U. S. Marshall from 1868 to 1890 or '91, or about twenty-three years, under Marshals Rand, Gouverneur Morris, Marcellus, Poole, Drew, Risley and Gard.

He acted as land-grader for the Southern Pacific Railroad for three years. One of the notable episodes connected with this service was the eviction of the settlers of the Mussel Slough, in Tulare County, when seven men were killed.

Mr. Dunlap was married to Mrs. Clara S. Crooks, January 28, 1885, at San Francisco.

Mr. Dunlap was the possessor of many sterling qualities and was highly respected by all who knew him.

He died June 26, 1904, in his 80th year. His wife and children survive him.

Los Angeles, Sept. 6, 1904.

H. D. BARROWS,
W. H. WORKMAN,
WM. FERGUSON,
Committee.

MRS. CORNELIA SHAFFER.

Mrs. Cornelia Shaffer, wife of our esteemed brother Pioneer, Mr. John Shaffer, died at her home, No. 200 Boyle Ave., this city, July 28, 1904.

Mrs. Shaffer was born at Deleasel, Holland, September 25, 1825, where she and her husband were reared and schooled together. Her father was for many years a custom house officer. Her marriage to John Shaffer was a romance pure and simple. At the age of 16, after plighting their troth, he bade her good bye and left his native land to seek his fortune, and make a home for himself and his sweetheart. After wandering for several

years as a sailor, in 1848, he landed in California, and immediately struck out for the gold fields, where he soon "made a stake."

In the fall of 1850 he returned to Holland to the "girl he left behind," who was still waiting for his return. They were soon married in the same little town, in February, 1851, and left immediately for America, arriving in New York in March, same year. For several years they were unsettled, living in different states without any special financial advancement; finally they decided to go west, and arrived in Los Angeles in 1872, "flat broke." He soon went into the business of making tents and awnings on a small scale, toiling with the needle early and late. Mrs. Shaffer was always her husband's counselor in business matters. The fever of speculation never attacked them. They lived economically, devoted to each other, and to their business interests, caring little for society. As their business increased they made investments with care, and the competency which they accumulated for their old age was the result of the increase in value of these investments. Mrs. Shaffer was a woman of kind heart, quiet and retiring in her nature, sympathetic and generous to the needy. Her home was a synonym of the old time hospitality of Holland, and those who were so fortunate as to possess her friendship found the latch string of her door always on the outside.

Three years ago last February she and her husband celebrated their golden wedding with a beautiful reception to their friends, and fellow Pioneers. About 200 guests were present and enjoyed the evening, and the sumptuous banquet prepared. The occasion will be long remembered by those whose fortunate enough to be present.

Mrs. Shaffer was a charter member of the Compton Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, under whose auspices the funeral services were conducted, together with the closing services of the Masonic Order. The pall bearers were composed of three Pioneers and three Masons. She was laid to rest in a lot in Evrgreen Cemetery that she selected a long time ago, where stands a beautiful monument waiting to be inscribed with the names of Cornelia and John Shaffer.

M. F. QUINN,
EMMA S. GILLETTE,
MARY FRANKLIN,

Committee.

THOMAS D. MOTT.

Thomas D. Mott, pioneer and capitalist, died suddenly of heart failure at his residence, No. 810 South Union Avenue, February 19, 1904.

It was in a historic place that Mr. Mott first saw the light of day. He was born July 31, 1829, at Schuylerville, Saratoga County, N. Y., which place was the scene of important incidents in the War of the Revolution. Young Mott began his business career at the age of 14 as clerk in a general merchandise store in his native town. Salaries for boys did not run high there in those days. As compensation for plenty of hard work young Mott received his board and \$25 per year.

His natural aptitude and ambition led him to seek a more inviting field for the exercise of his business abilities and, soon after the beginning of the gold excitement in California, he left his home and came to San Francisco by way of Panama. The journey occupied the greater part of six months and was accompanied by numerous perils and privations.

Soon after his arrival in San Francisco Mr. Mott secured lucrative employment in the mines of the northern counties. With great persistency and rigid economy he secured sufficient capital to embark in a general merchandise business in Stockton, where fortune smiled on him. At the age of 21 he started out with a snug sum of accumulated capital to invade other fields of enterprise.

His attention was directed to the commercial possibilities of establishing a suitable ferry system over the San Joaquin River and in that venture he succeeded to his utmost expectations until in 1852 he disposed of his interests in the northern part of the state, and cast his lot with what was then the pueblo of Los Angeles. Here in Southern California he made his home for more than fifty years.

Mr. Mott was so thoroughly enthusiastic over the future of his new home that he readily invested his capital in real estate here. In after years he reaped a rich harvest on the faith of his good judgment and foresight.

A natural gift of organization and an ambition to master men and affairs led him into politics and for more than a quarter of a century his reputation as a Democratic leader extended throughout the state. He was an intimate personal friend and associate of Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker and William F. Herrin.

In 1863 he was elected first the County Clerk of Los Angeles County and was re-elected for three consecutive terms thereafter. He discharged the manifold duties of his office which at that time embraced the responsibilities of ex-officio Recorder and Auditor with unfailing courtesy and fidelity.

When in 1871 the Southern Pacific Railroad Company first expressed its readiness to build into Southern California provided proper inducements were offered, Mr. Mott was chosen to represent his district in the Legislature. There he soon became a commanding figure and won the regard of his constituency by insuring the construction of the railroad over Tehachapi and through the Soledad Canyon, a route which though very expensive to the railroad company, secured an immense advantage to Los Angeles and probably first brought the southern city into public notice.

In his political undertakings as well as in private business, Mr. Mott was associated with his brother, Stephen H. Mott, the capitalist and former secretry of the Crystal Spring Water Company, and a director in the W. H. Perry Lumber Company. In 1876 he was sent as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in St. Louis, which nominated Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency. In 1896 when the Democratic party turned to silver, Mr. Mott cast his lot with the Republicans.

Mr. Mott was closely identified with various civic movements inaugurated to build up the resources of Southern California. In 1886 with rare business foresight he erected Mott Market on South Main Street, which was at that time one of the most pretentious and ambitious undertaking in the city. He was also identified with the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and other kindred organizations.

Tall of figure and commanding in appearance, Mr. Mott possessed a rare personal charm of manner which endeared him to a host of friends and admirers.

Property interests left by him include the Mott Market, on Main Street, considerable frontage on North Spring Street and local bank stocks and other holdings, valued at over \$200,000.

One brother, Stephen H. Mott, of this city, and one sister, Mrs. Rebecca Lewis, of Schuylerville, N. Y., survive him. Other surviving members of the family are his widow, who was formerly Ascencion Sepulveda, a sister of former Superior Judge Sepulveda; one daughter, Mrs. Henry Vander Leck of Nogales, Ariz., and four sons. The sons are Thomas D. Mott, Jr., a prominent attorney of Porto Rico; Stephen D. Mott of Porto

Rico, Y. L. Mott of Nogales, Ariz., and John G. Mott of Los Angeles.

KILIAN MESSER.

In memory of our departed friend and fellow pioneer, Mr. Kilian Messer, we offer the following sketch of his life and of his residence in the city of Los Angeles, in which he lived for 50 years. He was born in Germany, August 25, 1824, where he spent the early years of his life up to 1850, tiring of home he set out to seek his fortune in a foreign country. He sailed for the golden state of California via Cape Horn. In those days it was not an easy journey. He was shipwrecked on the way, but finally reached San Francisco, after being one year on the way. From there he went to the mines, where, after spending a few years, he tired of that kind life. He left for Los Angeles in 1854, and so became one of the early pioneers of our beloved city. Here he engaged in different pursuits of life in all of which he was successful. He was married in October, 1862, to Miss Louise Schmidt and raised two sons who are now engaged in business here, and who enjoy the respect of their fellow citizens. He died December 30, 1904.

LOUIS ROEDER,
AUGUST SCHMIDT,
EMIL PESCHKE,
Committee.

COL. ISAAC ROTHERMEL DUNKELBERGER.

Col. Dunkelberger, who was so widely and favorably known in this community, was born in Northumberland County, Penn., in 1832. He died in Los Angeles, December 5, 1904, at the age of 72 years.

Col. Dunkelberger, who had studied civil engineering and read law in the office of Simon Cameron, was one of the first, if not the first man to enlist in Pennsylvania in the civil war. His regiment, the First Penn. Volunteers, was ordered to Baltimore at the time of the attack on the Massachusetts troops, and while there he received a commission as second lieutenant in the First Dragoons, afterwards the First U. S. Cavalry, the same regiment which distinguished itself in Cuba in the late war between the United States and Spain. Col. Dunkelberger in the

civil war was in thirty-six pitched battles, and in a number of skirmishes. He was twice wounded—once through the left shoulder and left lung, his wound at the time, being thought to have been mortal. His sufferings from this terrible wound, during the remainder of his life, nearly forty years, from abscesses, which recurred at intervals till his death, were most excruciating. His left arm was practically useless.

After the close of the war he was ordered to New Orleans with Gen. Sheridan, who there relieved Gen. Butler. From thence he was ordered to San Francisco, and from there to Arizona. In 1876 he resigned his commission in the army and thereafter made his home in Los Angeles.

Col. Dunkelberger was appointed postmaster of Los Angeles by President Grant, February 3, 1877; and re-appointed by President Hayes in 1881.

In 1867, Col. Dunkelberger was married to Miss Mary Mallard of this city, who, with six children, three sons and three daughters, survive him.

In 1901, President McKinley, after reviewing the war record of Colonel Dunkelberger, and letters of Generals Grant, Sheridan and Meade, appointed him captain of cavalry in the regular army, and he was confirmed and retired the same day by Congress without a dissenting vote.

There are many old-timers still living in Los Angeles who have a warm place in their hearts for gallant, bluff Colonel Dunkelberger. His name will ever remain green in their memories.

H. D. BARROWS,
L. T. FISHER,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

PASCAL BALLADE.

P. Ballade, a resident of Los Angeles for over thirty years, was a native of France, born April 6, 1839. He came to California in 1862. After a residence of three years in San Francisco, he went to Santa Clara County and was employed at the New Almaden Quicksilver mines for several years. He next went to Monterey and engaged in sheep raising until 1872, when he came to Los Angeles and successfully followed the same business near San Juan Capistrano.

Later he came to this city and engaged in mercantile business. Mr. Ballade was married December 9, 1869, to Miss Marie Marilius, who was also a native of France. For two or three years preceding his death, he suffered from the dropsy. He died December 1, at the age of 65 years. His wife and three children, John, Mary and Antoinette, survive him.

Mr. Ballade was a somewhat reserved, quiet man, but he was held in high estimation by his neighbors for his sterling worth.

H. D. BARROWS,
L. T. FISHER,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

JOHN CRIMMINS.

John Crimmins, who died in this city, November 24, 1904, aged fifty-four years, was a native of Ireland, born in 1850, November 10. He came to the United States with his parents when six years old, and lived with them in Boston till the fall of 1868, when he came to Los Angeles, where eventually he established himself in business as a master plumber, in which business he continued with success till about two years before his death. Mr. Crimmins maintained throughout his life a name for probity and thoroughgoing honesty, and as a consequence he was esteemed highly by his neighbors and by all who knew him, including the members of this Pioneer Society, of which he was an honored member.

Two sisters of our deceased associate survive him, one a resident of this city and the other residing in the east.

H. D. BARROWS,
L. T. FISHER,
W. H. WORKMAN,
Committee.

In Memoriam

Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County

James J. Ayres.....Died November 10, 1897.
Stephen C. Foster.....Died January 27, 1898.
Horace HillerDied May 23, 1898.
John Strother GriffinDied August 23, 1898.
Henry Clay Wiley.....Died October 25, 1898.
William Blackstone Abernethy.....Died November 1, 1898.
Stephen W. La DowDied January 6, 1899.
Herman Raphael.....Died April 19, 1899.
Francis BakerDied May 17, 1899.
Leonard John Rose.....Died May 17, 1899.
E. N. McDonald.....Died June 10, 1899.
James Craig Died December 30, 1899.
Palmer Milton Scott Died January 3, 1900.
Francisco Sabichl Died April 13, 1900.
Robert Miller Town Died April 24, 1900.
Fred W. Wood Died May 19, 1900.
Joseph Bayer Died July 27, 1900.
Augustus Ulyard Died August 5, 1900.
A. M. Hough Died August 28, 1900.
Henry F. Fleishman Died October 20, 1900.
Frank Lecouvreur Died January 17, 1901.
Daniel Shleck Died January 20, 1901.
Andrew Glassell Died January 28, 1901.
Thomas E. Rowan Died March 25, 1901.
Mary Ulyard Died April 5, 1901.
George Gephard Died April 12, 1901.
William Frederick Grosser Died April 13, 1901.
Samuel Calvert Foy Died April 24, 1901.
Joseph Stoltenberg Died June 25, 1901.
Charles Brode Died August 13, 1901.
Joseph W. Junkins Died August, 1901.
Laura Gibson Abernethy Died May 16, 1901.
Elizabeth Langley Ensign Died September 20, 1901.
Frank A. Gibson Died October 11, 1901.
Godfrey Hargitt Died November 14, 1901.
John C. Anderson Died January 25, 1902.
Elijah Moulton Died January 28, 1902.
John Charles Dotter Died March 3, 1902.
John Caleb Salisbury Died July 10, 1902.
H. K. W. Bent Died July 29, 1902.

Anderson Rose Died August 30, 1902.
 Caleb E. White Died September 2, 1902.
 Jerry Illich Died September 5, 1902.
 Daniel Desmond Died January 23, 1903.
 Edmund Cermey Glidden Died March 2, 1903.
 Samuel Meyer Died March 25, 1903.
 George Huntington Peck Died April 12, 1903.
 Carl Felix Heinzman Died April 29, 1903.
 Jean Sentous Died April, 1903.
 Micajah D. Johnson Died June 6, 1903.
 Morritz Morris Died June 10, 1903.
 Julius Brousseau Died October 15, 1903.
 Ivar A. Weid Died August 25, 1903.
 Alice W. B. Weyse Died November 6, 1903.
 Nicholas Klipp Died November, 1903.
 George Cummings Died December 6, 1903.
 Mrs. Martha Nadeau Died January 7, 1904.
 Mathew Teed Died March 31, 1904.
 Thomas D. Mott..... Died February 18, 1904.
 George E. Gard..... Died March 10, 1904.
 Charles R. Johnson..... Died March 26, 1904.
 A. A. Proctor..... Died May 2, 1904.
 Lewis H. Lyons..... Died May 29, 1904.
 Jonathan D. Dunlap..... Died June 26 1904.
 Cornelia R. Shaffer..... Died July 28, 1904.
 Omri Bullis..... Died August, 1904.
 Nathanel C. Carter..... Died September 4, 1904.
 M. M. Green..... Died September 10, 1904.
 C. E. Huber..... Died June 10, 1904.
 John Crimmins..... Died November 24, 1904.
 Isaac R. Dunkelberger..... Died December 5, 1904.
 Pascal Ballade..... Died December 4, 1904.
 David Mulrein..... Died December 13, 1904.
 Kilian Messer..... Died December 30, 1904.
 D. W. C. Cowan..... Died January 22, 1905.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

OF THE

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Anderson, L. M.	Pa.	Collector	July 4, '73	Los Angeles	1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	Ky.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '53	641 S. Grand av.	1852
Austin, Henry C.	Mass.	Attorney	Aug. 30, '69	3118 Figueroa	1869
Adams, Julia A. T.	Ark.	Housewife	July 14, '88	723 E. Eighteenth	1843
Barrows, Henry D.	Conn.	Retired	Dec. 12, '54	724 Beacon	1852
Barrows, James A.	Conn.	Retired	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	Ky.	Dressmaker	Jan. 14, '61	1009 E. Eighth	1861
Bixby, Jonathan	Maine	Capitalist	June, '66	Long Beach	1858
Bicknell, John D.	Vt.	Attorney	May, '72	1115 W. Seventh	1860
Bouton, Edward	N. Y.	Real Estate	Aug., '68	1314 Bond	1868
Brossmer, Sig.	Germ.	Builder	Nov. 28, '68	129 Wilmington	1867
Bush, Charles H.	Penn.	Jeweler	March, '70	318 N. Main	1870
Burns, James F.	N. Y.	Agent	Nov. 18, '53	152 W. Seventeenth	1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Penn.	Farmer	Aug., '69	Manhattan Beach	1868
Bell, Horace	Ind.	Lawyer	Oct., '52	1337 Figueroa	1850
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	Eng.	Housewife	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Biles, Albert	Eng.	Contractor	July, '73	141 N. Olive	1873
Bradshaw, T. T.	Eng.	Landlord	'76	634 S. Spring	1854
Breer, Louis	Germ.	Blacksmith	'58	215 San Pedro	1858
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	Germ.	Housewife	May 16, '68	1712 Brooklyn	1865
Brown, George T.	T. Y.	Fruit Grower	Feb. 26, '85	Irwindale	1862
Baldwin, Jeremiah	Ire.	Retired	April, '74	721 Darwin	1859
Barclay, Henry A.	Pa.	Attorney	Aug. 1, '74	1321 S. Main	1874
Binford, Joseph B.	Mo.	Bank Teller	July 16, '74	Ocean Park	1874
Barrows, Cornelia S.	Conn.	Housewife	May, '68	236 W. Jefferson	1868
Bragg, Ansel M.	Maine	Retired	Nov., '73	Garzanza	1867
Bright, Toney	Ohio	Liveryman	Sept., '74	218 Requena	1874
Ruffum, Wm. M.	Mass.	Storekeeper	July 4, '59	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Farham, Richard M.	Ill.	U. S. Gauger	Feb. 23, '74	1143 W. Seventh	1849
Braly, John A.	Mo.	Banker	Feb., '91	Van Nuys	1849
Bales, Leonidas	Ohio	Farmer	'66	1492 Lambie	1847
Blumve, J. A.	N. J.	Merchant	Dec. 28, '75	2101 Hoover	1874
Buffum, Rebecca E.	Pa.	Housewife	Sept. 19, '64	144 W. Twelfth	1850
Bell, Alexander T.	Pa.	Saddler	Dec. 20, '68	1059 S. Hill	1868
Baker, Edward L.	N. Y.	Miner	Dec., '66	101 S. Flower	1866
Baxter, William O.	Eng.	Broker	May, '47	Santa Monica	1847
Burke, Joseph H.	Tenn.	Farmer	April 23, '53	Rivera	1853
Booth, Edward	Ohio	Salesman	'75	740 W. Seventeenth	1875
Binford, Henry M.	Mo.	Agt. W.F. Co. Exp.	July 14, '74	310 N. Belmont Ave.	1874
Barton, John W.	Mich.	Farmer	'82	El Monte	1854
Bryant, Barney S.	Ga.	Constable	Nov. 12, '54	Azusa	1854
Beck, John R.	Ind.	Retired	'54	El Monte	1854
Cerelli, Sebastian	Italy	Restauranteur	Nov. 24, '74	Temple St.	1847
Caswell, Wm. M.	Cal.	Cashier	Aug. 3, '67	1093 E. Washington	1859
Conkelman, Bernard	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 3, '67	310 S. Los Angeles	1864
Cohn, Kaspare	Germ.	Merchant	Dec., '59	2601 S. Grand	1859
Crawford, J. S.	N. Y.	Dentist	'66	Downey Block	1858
Currier, A. T.	Maine	Farmer	July 1, '69	Spadra	1861
Clark, Frank B.	Conn.	Farmer	Feb. 23, '69	Hyde Park	1869
Conner, Mrs. Kate	Germ.	Housewife	June 22, '71	1054 S. Grand	—

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Chapman, A. B.	Ala.	Attorney	April, '57	San Gabriel	1855
Cunningham, Robt. G.	Ind.	Dentist	Nov. 15, '73	1301 W. Second	1873
Clarke, N. J.	N. H.	Retired	'49	317 S. Hill	1849
Carter, Julius M.	Vt.	Retired	March 4, '76	Pasadena	1875
Clarke, James A.	N. Y.	Lawyer	'83	113 W. Second	1853
Campbell, J. M.	Ire.	Clerk	'73	716 Bonnie Brae	1873
Cable, Jonathan T.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 10, '61	116 Wilhardt	1861
Culver, Francis F.	Vt.	Farmer	Nov., '76	Compton	1849
Crane, W. H.	N. Y.	Architect	1886	738 W. Seventh	1859
Cook, Alonzo G.	Maine	Physician	1874	Long Beach	1874
Coulter, Frank M.	Tenn.	Merchant	Sept. '77	1015 S. Figueroa	1877
Crowell, T. Caleb	Miss.	Lumber Dealer	June, '71	901 S. Union	1871
Cleminson, James	Mo.	Farmer	July 4, '57	El Monte	1852
Cleminson, Emma	Id.	Housewife	'72	El Monte	1872
Dalton, W. T.	Ohio	Fruit Grower	'51	1900 Central avenue	1851
Davis, A. E.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov., '65	Glendora	1857
Dooner, P. W.	Can.	Lawyer	May 1, '72	848 S. Broadway	1872
Dohs, Fred	Germ.	Capitalist	Sept., '69	614 E. First	1858
Desmond, C. C.	Mass.	Merchant	Sept., '70	724 Coronado	1870
Dryden, Wm	N. Y.	Farmer	May, '68	Los Angeles	1861
Durfee, Jas. D.	Ill.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '58	El Monte	1855
Davis, Emily W.	Ill.	Housewife	'65	Glendora	1856
Davis, John W.	Ind.	Publisher	Dec. 10, '72	618 S. Workman	1872
Davis, Virginia W.	Ark.	Housewife	Sept., '52	618 S. Workman	1852
Delano, Thos. A.	N. H.	Farmer	April, '50	Newhall	1850
Davis, Phoebe	N. Y.	Housewife	Dec. 15, '53	797 E. Seventeenth	1863
Davis, John	N. Y.	Carpenter	April, '72	University	1872
Dougherty, O. R.	Ind.	Retired	March 31, '77	South Pasadena	1877
De Turk, Jas G.	Pa.	Farmer	April 14, '75	2418 Edwin street	1875
Dilley, Louts	Germ.	Carpenter	Dec., '75	1055 S. Figueroa	1875
Dol, Victor	France	Retired	Oct. 11, '76	612 S. Broadway	1868
De Camp, Edgar A.	Ohio	Rancher	June '74	Sherman	1874
Decker, Henry	Ky.	Stage Carpenter	'75	204 N. Union	1855
Dunsmoor, John M.	Minn.	Physician	June 16, '72	233½ N. Grand ave	1872
Dusoe, Robt. M.	Mass.	Clerk	July 6, '75	617 S. Olive	1875
Durell, Josiah F.	Me.	Retired	Feb. '69	1127 Wall	
Durfee, Dianthia B.	Mo.	Housewife	'51	El Monte	1851
Dodson, Wm. R.	Ark.	Hotel-keeper	Sept. '68	El Monte	1868
Eaton, Benj. S.	Conn.	Hyd. Engineer	'51	433 Sherman	1850
Eberle, Chas. H.	Pa.	Editor	March, '80	Downey	1840
Ebinger, Louis	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 9, '71	755 Maple	1866
Edgerton, Salvin	Vt.	Lawyer	'85	Los Angeles	1861
Elliott, J. M.	S. C.	Banker	Nov., '70	914 W. Twenty-eighth	1852
Evarts, Myron E.	N. Y.	Painter	Oct. 26, '58	Los Angeles	
Edelman, A. W.	Pol.	Rabbi	June, '62	1343 Flower	1859
Edgar, Mrs. W. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April 18, '65	514 W. Washington	1865
Ellsworth, Daniel	N. Y.	Oil Producer	Sept., '75	629 S. Flower	1875
Eisen, Theodore A.	Ohio	Architect	March, '87	2626 S. Figueroa	1853
Eddleman, J. J.	Ill.	Harnessmaker	March 1, '92	El Monte	1863
Farwell, Wm.	Ire.	Plumber	Aug. 25, '67	540 S. Figueroa	1865
Foster, Geo. S.	Me.	Retired	Mar. 15, '75	738 S. Olive	1853
Furguson, Wm.	Ark.	Retired	April, '69	303 S. Hill	1850
Furrey, Wm. C.	N. Y.	Merchant	Aug., '72	1103 Ingraham	1865
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	Ky.	Seamstress	Jan. 1, '53	253 Avenue 22	1852
Fickett, Charles R.	Miss.	Farmer	July 5, '73	El Monte	1860
Fisher, L. T.	Ky.	Publisher	Mar. 24, '74	Los Angeles	1873
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Ind.	Housewife	Dec. 24, '50	Garvanza	1850
French, Chas. E.	Maine	Retired	April, '72	141½ N. Broadway	1869
Flood, Edward	N. Y.	Cement worker	April, '59	1315 Palmer avenue	1859
Fogle, Lawrence	Mass.	Farmer	Dec., '55	435 Avenue 22	1855
Foulks, Irving	Ohio	Farmer	Oct. 18, '70	404 Beaudry avenue	1852
Franck, Adolph	Germ.	Janitor	May, '67	428 Colyton	1852
Frankel, Samuel	Germ.	Farmer	'65	818 S. Hope	1865

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV 'N CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Felix, L. Dennis	Can.	Gardener	May, '75	116 S. Grand avenue	1875
Franklin, DeWitt C.	N. J.	Retired	Feb. 3, '64	253 N. Ave. 22	1864
Frost, Frank A.	Germ.	Farmer	April, '66	El Monte	1866
Gilmore, Fred J.	Mass.	Merchant	Oct. 5, '74	300 E. Twenty-fifth	1874
Garey, Thomas A.	Ohio	Nurseryman	Oct. 14, '52	2822 Maple avenue	1852
Garvey, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Dec., '58	San Gabriel	1858
Gage, Henry T.	N. Y.	Attorney	Aug., '74	1146 W. Twenty-eighth	1874
Gillette, J. W.	N. Y.	Inspector	May, '62	322 Temple	1858
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	Ill.	Housewife	Aug., '68	322 Temple	1864
Gould, Will D.	Vt.	Attorney	Feb. 28, '72	Beaudry avenue	1872
Griffith, Jas. R.	Mo.	Stockraiser	May, '81	Glendale	1845
Gollmer, Charles	Germ.	Merchant	'68	1520 Flower	1868
Griffith, J. M.	Md.	Retired	April, '61	Los Angeles	1852
Green, E. K.	N. Y.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Green, Floyd E.	Ill.	Manufacturer	May, '72	W. Ninth	1872
Gunn, James M.	Ohio	Author	Oct. 18, '69	5539 Monte Vista	1864
Goldsworthy, John	Eng.	Surveyor	Mar. 20, '69	107 N. Main	1852
Gilbert, Harlow	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	Nov. 1, '69	1288 W 22	1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Germ.	Farmer	Jan., '54	Glendale	1854
Garrett, Robert L.	Ark.	Undertaker	Nov. 5, '62	701 N. Grand avenue	1862
Grebe, Christian	Germ.	Restaurateur	Jan. 2, '74	811 San Fernando	1868
Greenbaum, Ephraim	Pol.	Merchant	'52	1817 Cherry	1851
Gower, George T.	H. I.	Farmer	Nov., '72	Colgrove	1868
Grosser, Eleanor	Germ.	Housewife	Jan., '74	662 S. Spring	1873
Golding, Thomas	Eng.	Contractor	'68	Los Angeles	1868
Glass, Henry	Germ.	Bookbinder	June 22, '75	W. Fourth street	
Gordon, John T.	D. C.	Farmer,	'68	Azusa	1868
Grow, G. T.	Vt.	Contractor	'71	718 S. Rampart	1862
Giese, Henry	Iowa	Merchant	'73	1944 Estrella	1873
Gosper, John J.	Ohio	Mining Broker	'76	103 E. Second	1876
Glover, Nellie	Mass.	Housewife	April 1, '79	W. Ave. 53	1879
Glynn, John	Nev.	Farmer	Aug., '67	San Gabriel	1867
Germain, Eugene	Switz.	Merchant	May 12, '67	953 S. Hope	1867
Guess, John	Ark.	Farmer	'52	El Monte	1852
Guess, Sarah C.	Ala.	Housewife	'70	El Monte	1870
Haines, Rufus R.	Maine	Telegrapher	June, '71	218 W. Twenty-seventh	1857
Harris, Emil	Prus.	Detective	April 9, '67	1026 W. Eighth	1857
Harper, C. F.	N. C.	Merchant	May, '68	Laurel	1863
Hazard, Geo. W.	Ill.	Clerk	Dec. 25, '54	1307 S. Alvarado	1854
Hazard, Henry T.	Ill.	Attorney	Dec. 25, '54	2826 S. Hope	1854
Hellman, Herman W.	Germ.	Banker	May 14, '59	954 Hill	1859
Hunter, Jane E.	N. Y.		Jan., '66	327 S. Broadway	
Hamilton, A. N.	Mich.	Miner	Jan. 24, '72	611 Temple	1872
Holbrook, J. F.	Ind.	Manufacturer	May 20, '73	155 Vine	1873
Heimann, Gustave	Aust.	Banker	July, '71	727 California	1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Ala.	Attorney	Aug. 5, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct., '69	147 W. Twenty-third	1869
Herwig, Henry J.	Prus.	Farmer	Dec. 25, '53	Florence	1853
Hosmer, Nathan H.	Mass.	Fruit Grower	Apr. 27, '78	Sierra Madre	1878
Haas, John B.	Germ.	Dep. Insp. Streets	May, '84	902 E. 14th	1854
Huffstutler, H. H.	Mo.	Farmer	'65	El Monte	1865
Hubbell, Stephen C.	N. Y.	Attorney	'69	1515 Pleasant avenue	1869
Hudson, J. W.	N. Y.	Farmer	'68	Puente	1868
Holt, Martha A.	Tenn.	Housewife	'56	San Gabriel	1856
Hays, Wade	Mo.	Miner	Sept., '53	Colgrove	1853
Hass, Serepta S.	N. Y.	Housewife	April 17, '56	1519 W. Eighth	1856
Hamilton, Ezra M.	Ill.	Miner	Sept. 20, '75	310 Avenue 23	1853
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	Ohio	Miner	Feb. 27, '73	337 S. Olive	1853
Houghton, Sherman O.	N. Y.	Lawyer	July 1, '86	Bullard Block	1847
Houghton, Eliza P.	Ill.	Housewife	July 1, '86	Los Angeles	1846
Haskell, John C.	Me.	Farmer	Oct., '70	Fernando	
Herwig, Emma E.	Australia	Housewife	Aug., '56	Florence	1856
Hunter, Jesse	Iowa	Farmer	'52	Rivera	1849
Hauch, Isaac	Germ.	Tailor	April 14, '65	524 Temple	1865
Hall, Thomas W.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '73	La Cañada	1873

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	Mass.	Farmer	Jan., '73	2913 W 12	1876
Hewitt, Leslie R.	Wash.	Attorney	March 21, '76	1212 S. Olive	1876
Hartnick, August	Germ.	Cooper	Aug., '72	748 Gladys avenue	1872
Herrick, John	Mass.	Hackman	Feb. 27, '59	621 Main	1859
Jacoby, Nathan	Prus.	Merchant	July, '61	739 Hope	1861
Jacoby, Morris	Prus.	Merchant	'65	Los Angeles	1865
James, Alfred	Ohio	Miner	April, '68	101 N. Bunker Hill ave	1853
Jenkins, Charles M.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 19, '51	1158 Santee	1851
Judson, A. H.	N. Y.	Attorney	May, '70	Pasadena avenue	1870
Jordon, Joseph	Aust.	Retired	June, '65	Los Angeles	1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilia	Germ.	Housewife	'74	Los Angeles	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Ohio	Miner	Mar. 10, '51	Newhall	1851
Jones, John J.	Germ.	Farmer	'75	Hollywood	1875
Johnson, Edward P.	Ind.	Pres. L. A. Furn. Co.	June, '76	947 S. Hope	1876
Jordan, Rose	Ky.	Housewife	'69	206½ S. Main	1854
Jacoby, Herman	Germ.	Real Estate	June 20, '63	156 W. Pico	1863
Keyes, Charles G.	Vt.	County Clerk	Nov. 25, '68	209 N. Workman	1852
Kremer, M.	France	Ins. agent	March, '52	952 Lake street	1850
Kremer, Mrs. Matilda	N. Y.	Sept., '54	952 Lake street	1853
Kuhrts, Jacob	Germ.	Merchant	May 10, '57	107 W. First	1848
Kurtz, Joseph	Germ.	Physician	Feb. 2, '68	301 Buena Vista	1867
Kysor, E. F.	N. Y.	Retired	April, '69	323 Bonnie Brae	1865
Kutz, Samuel	Pa.	Dept. Co. Clerk	Oct. 29, '74	217 S. Soto	1874
Kuhrts, Susan	Germ.	Housewife	May, '63	107 W. First	1862
King, Laura E.	Flor.	Housewife	Nov. 27, '49	412 N. Breed	1849
Klockenbrink, Wm.	Germ.	Bookkeeper	Oct., '70	Hewitt	1870
Knighten, Will A.	Ind.	Minister	Oct., '69	150 W. Thirty-first	1849
Kiefer, Peter P.	Germ.	Retired	Jan. 15, '82	240 N. Hope	1860
Kearney, John	Can.	Zanjero	Sept. 18, '71	728 E. Eighth	1871
Kurrlle, Frederick	Germ.	Retired	May 12, '77	133 Carr	1877
Lynch, Joseph D.	Pa.	Editor and Pub.	Dec., '74	311 New High	1872
Lamb, Chas. C.	Ill.	Real Estate agent	'74	Pasadena	1874
Lambourn, Fred	Eng.	Grocer	Dec., '59	840 Judson	1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Mo.	Capitalist	'72	950 S. Olive	1854
Lazard, Solomon	France	Retired	'51	607 Seventh	1851
Loeb, Leon	France	Merchant	Feb., '66	1521 Westlake avenue	1866
Leck, Henry Vander	Cal.	Merchant	Dec. 14, '59	2309 Flower	1859
Lembecke, Charles M.	Germ.	Pickle works	Mar. 20, '57	577 Los Angeles	1851
Levy, Michael	France	Merchant	Oct., '68	622 Kip	1851
Lechler, George W.	Pa.	Apiarist	Nov., '58	Newhall	1858
Livermore, P. P.	N. Y.	Clerk	Sept. 16, '76	491 N. Alvarado	1875
Low, Julia A.	Utah	Housewife	Oct. '87	El Monte	1859
Lamoreaux, C. L.	N. Y.	Retired	July 3, '78	577 Wall	1857
Loosmore, Isabella F.	Conn.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '77	112 Cypress avenue	1877
Lockwood, George H.	Mich.	Dep. Sheriff	Feb., '68	763 Merchant	1868
Lenz, Edmund	Germ.	Insurance	June 17, '74	2907 S. Hope	1873
Ling, Robert A.	Can.	Attorney	Sept., '73	1101 Downey avenue	1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	Ind.	Real Estate	May 1, '73	1929 Lovelace avenue	1872
Lockhart, Levi J.	Ind.	Coal merchant	May 1, '73	1814 S. Grand avenue	1873
Lockwood, James W.	N. Y.	Plasterer	April 1, '75	Water street	1856
Lechler, Abbie J.	Ill.	Housewife	Dec., '53	Rich street	1853
Loosmore, James	Eng.	Farmer	Jan. 16, '75	1121 Lafayette	1853
Loyhed, Mollie A.	Ill.	Housewife	'86	Winfield	1853
Lanning, Samuel W.	N. J.	Stair builder	Sept., '86	750 S. Olive	1859
Lewis, Wm. Robert	Ala.	Contractor	Sept., '71	Los Angeles	1871
Macy, Oscar	Ind.	Farmer	'50	Alhambra	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	N. Y.	Search. Rec.	Nov., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Mercadante, N.	Italy	Grocer	April 16, '69	429 San Pedro	1861
Mesmer, Joseph	Ohio	Merchant	Sept., '59	1706 Manitou avenue	1859
Mitchell, Newell H.	Ohio	Hotel keeper	Sept. 26, '68	Pasadena	1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Ill.	Retired	Nov., '69	Cal. Truck Co.	1869

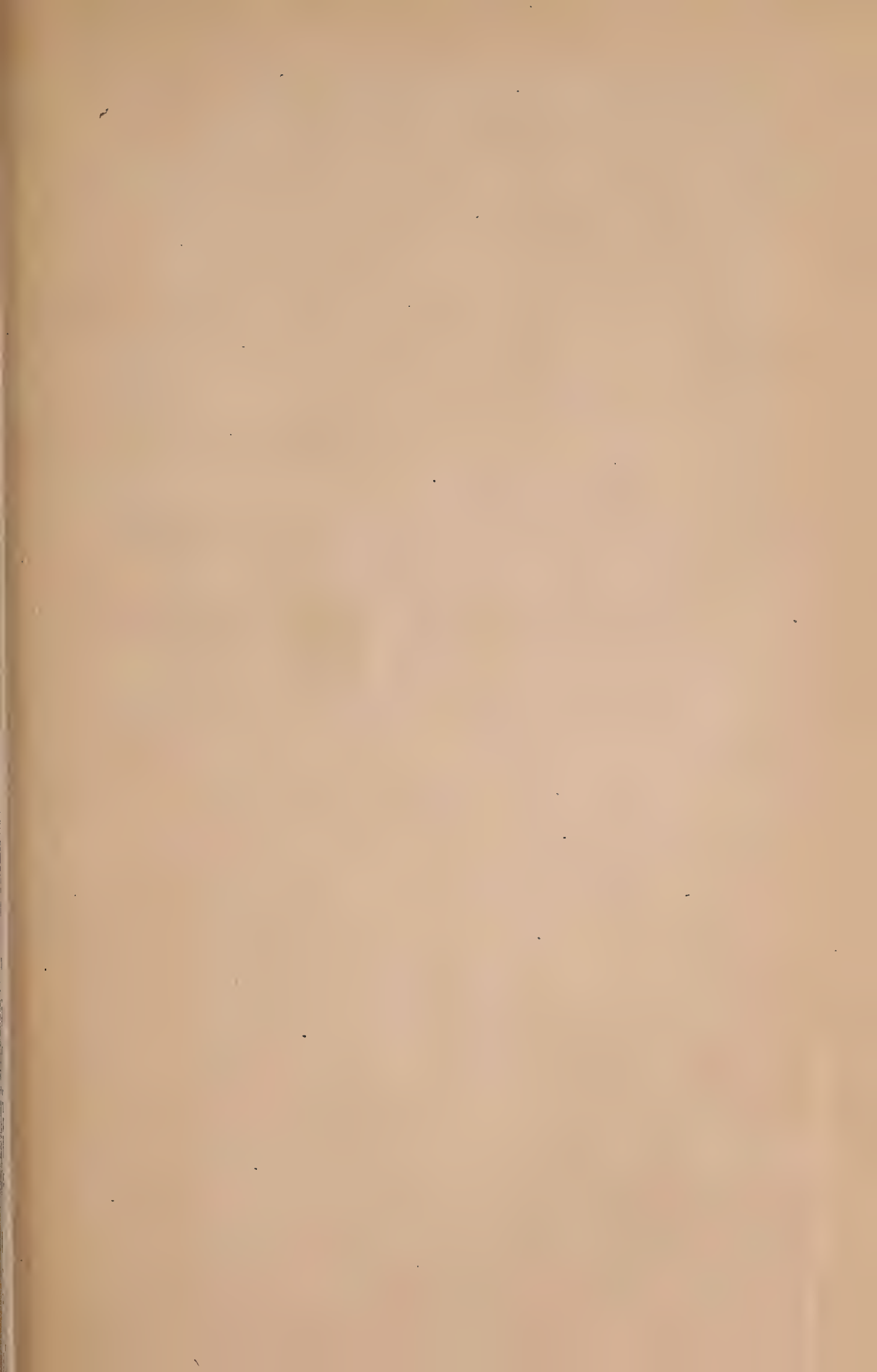
NAME.	BIRTH-PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AB. IN STATE.
Mullally, Joseph	Ohio	Retired	March 5, '54	417 College	1850
McLean, Wm.	Scotland	Contractor	'69	561 S. Hope	1869
McMullin, W. G.	Canada	Farmer	Jan., '70	Station D	1867
McComas, Jos. E.	Va.	Retired	Oct., '72	Pomona	1853
Miller, William	N. Y.	Carpenter	Nov. 22, '60	Santa Monica	—
Marxson, Dora	Germ.	Housewife	Nov. 14, '73	212 E. Seventeenth	1873
Meade, John	Ire.	Retired	Sept. 6, '69	203 W. Eighteenth	1869
Moran, Samuel	D. C.	Painter	May 15, '73	Colegrove	1873
Maier, Simon	Germ.	Butcher	'76	137 S. Grand	1876
Melvill, J. H.	Mass.	Sec. Fid. Ab. Co.	Aug., '75	465 N. Beaudry avenue	1874
Montague, Newell S.	Ill.	Farmer	Oct. 2, '56	122 E. Twenty-eghth	1856
McFarland, Silas R.	Pa.	Livery	Jan. 28, '75	1334 W. Twelfth	1853
Merz, Henry	Germ.	Retired	Aug., '74	106 Jewett	—
Moody, Alexander C.	N. S.	Carpenter	Jan. 9, '66	125 Avenue 25	—
Moore, Mary E.	N. Y.	'66		1467 E. Twentieth	—
Morgan, Octavius	Eng.	Architect	May, '74	1819 Westlake avenue	1874
Moore, Alfred	Eng.	Express	July 21, '74	708 S. Workman	1874
Morton, A. J.	Ire.	Machinist	'74	315 New High	—
Morton, John Jay	Mich.	Farmer	Aug., '67	Compton	1867
Marsh, Martin C.	Can.	Contractor	Jan. 10, '76	Iowa	1876
Magee Hugh	Ire.	Teamster	'59	Los Angeles	1859
Martin, Mm. T.	Tex.	Farmer	'53	Pomona	1853
Meserve, Alvin .R	Me.	Retired	'77	30, E. 45 ave	1877
Meserve, Elizabeth H.	Mo.	Housewife	'77	30 E. 54th ave.	1877
McArthur, John	Can.	Miner	'69	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McArthur, Catherine	N. Y.	Housewife	'72	1909 S. Figueroa	—
McGarvin, Robert	Can.	Real Estate agent	April 5, '75	220 1/2 S. Spring	1875
McDonald, James	Tenn.	Engineer	Oct., '57	1509 E. Twentieth	1853
McCreery, Mary B.	N. Y.	Housewife	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McCreery, Rufus K.	Md.	Retired	Nov. 3, '69	911 S. Hope	—
McIlmoil, John	N. Y.	Capitalist	May 20, '80	Hines	1862
McCoye, Frank	N. Y.	Broker	May, '76	128 S. Broadway	1876
McMahon, P. J.	Ire.	Retired	July, '81	2619 Manitou	1853
McDonald, Mrs. J. G.	Mo.	Housewife	Jan. 1, '59	Los Angeles	1859
McDonald, Luella M.	Pa.	—	March 8, '76	1429 Essex	1874
McAnany, Philip	Ire.	Farmer	'68	La Dow	1863
McMullen, Julia M.	Me.	Housewife	Aug. 1, '74	2631 Brighton ave.	1874
Norton, Isaac	Poland	Sec. Loan Assn.	Nov., '69	1364 Figueroa	1869
Newmark, Harris	Germ.	Merchant	Oct. 22, '53	1051 Grand avenue	1853
Newmark, M. J.	N. Y.	Merchant	Sept., '54	1047 Grand avenue	1853
Newell, J. G.	Can.	Laborer	July 14, '58	1417 W. Ninth	1850
Newton, J. C.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan. 29, '71	South Pasadena	1871
Nichols, Thomas E.	Cal.	County Auditor	'58	221 W. Thirty-first	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	Ind.	Housewife	June, '53	2417 W. Ninth	1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Can.	Farmer	'68	Florence	—
Newmark, Mrs. H.	N. Y.	—	Sept. 16, '54	1051 S. Grand	1854
Nittenger, Edward	Conn.	Real Estate broker	Dec., '74	Fifth street	1874
Orme, Henry S.	Go.	Physician	July 4, '68	Douglas Block	1868
Osborne, John	Eng.	Retired	Nov. 14, '68	322 W. Thirtieth	1854
Osborn, Wm. M.	N. Y.	Livery	March, '58	973 W. Twelfth	1855
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Ill.	Attorney	Nov., '68	Baker Block	1869
Owen, Edward H.	Ala.	Clerk U. S. Court	Oct., '70	Garvanza	1870
Orr, Benjamin F.	Pa.	Undertaker	May, '75	1812 Bush	1858
Parker, Robert	Pa.	Printer	April 10, '75	1338 W. Third	1875
Parker, Joel B.	N. Y.	Farmer	April 20, '70	512 E. Twelfth	1870
Peschke, William	Germ.	Retired	April 13, '65	538 Macy	1852
Pike, Geo. H.	Mass.	Retired	'67	Los Angeles	1858
Ponet, Victor	Belgium	Capitalist	Oct., '69	Sherman	1867
Pridham, Wm.	N. Y.	Supt. W. F. Co.	Aug. 28, '68	Baker Block	1854
Prager, Samuel	Prussia	Notary	Feb., '71	Los Angeles	1854

NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Pilkington, W. M.	Eng.	Gardener	'73	218 N. Cummings	1873
Proffit, Green L.	Mo.	Retired	Nov., '87	1512 W. Twelfth	1853
Perry, Harriet S.	Ohio	Housewife	May 15, '75	1723 Iowa	1875
Peschke, Emil	Germ.	Merchant	Nov. 30, '75	940 Summit avenue	1849
Pye, Thomas	Eng.	Farmer	'77	Pasadena	1876
Preston, John E.	Eng.	Merchant	July 7, '76	Waterloo	1869
Parker, Wm. S.	Or.	Farmer	'76	El Monte	1870
Place Geo. D.	N. H.	Journalist	'76	Los Angeles	1870
Pogson, Robt. M.	Eng.	Rancher	July '70	Hollywood	1870
Quinn, Richard	Ire.	Farmer	Jan., '61	El Monte	1861
Quinn, Michael F.	N. Y.	Farmer	March 3, '59	El Monte	1859
Raynes, Frank	Eng.	Lumberman	Aug., '71	Pomona	1871
Riley, James M.	Mo.	Manufacturer	Dec., '66	1105 S. Olive	1857
Richardson, E. W.	Ohio	Dairyman	Sept., '71	Tropico	1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	N. H.	Surveyor	'68	Tropico	1868
Roeder, Louis	Germ.	Retired	Nov. 28, '56	319 Boyd	1856
Robinson, W. W.	N. S.	Clerk	Sept., '68	117 S. Olive	1851
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Germ.	Horticulturist	April, '54	Fernando	1854
Rendall, Stephen A.	Eng.	Real Estate	May 1, '66	905 Alvarado	1861
Reavis, Walter S.	Mo.	Collector	June 8, '69	1407 Sunset Boulevard	1859
Rogers, Alex H.	Md.	Retired	Aug., '73	1152 Wall	1852
Ready, Russell W.	Mo.	Attorney	Dec. 18, '73	San Pedro street	1873
Ross, Erskine M.	Va.	U. S. Judge	June 19, '68	Los Angeles	1868
Russell, Wm. H.	N. Y.	Fruit Grower	April 9, '66	Whittier	1866
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Eng.	Surveyor	Sept., '73	128 N. Main	1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	Mo.	Liveryman	April 22, '73	1405 Scott	1873
Rolston, Wm	Ill.	Farmer	'72	El Monte	1868
Read, Jennie Sanderson	N. Y.	Vocal soloist	June 20, '76	1153 Lerdo	1868
Roques, A. C.	France	Clerk	Aug. 16, '70	City Hall	1869
Raphael, C.	Germ.	Retired	May 8, '69	Los Angeles	1869
Russell, R. B.	Mo.	Farmer	July '69	550 Los Angeles	1869
Rice, Geo.	Ohio	Publisher	Aug. 13, '79	5308 Pasadena ave	1879
Schmidt, Gottfried	Denmark	Farmer	Aug., '64	Los Angeles	1864
Schmidt, August	Germ.	Retired	May, '69	710 S. Olive	1869
Shaffer, John	Holland	Retired	March, '72	Long Beach	1849
Shorb, A. S.	Ohio	Physician	June, '71	652 Adams	1871
Stoll, Simon	Ky.	Merchant	Aug., '69	802 S. Broadway	1869
Stewart, J. M.	N. H.	Retired	May 14, '70	512 W. Thirtieth	1850
Stephens, Daniel G.	N. J.	Orchardist	April, '61	Sixth and Olive	1859
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Maine	—	'69	Sixth and Olive	1866
Smith, Isaac S.	N. Y.	Sec. Oil Co.	Nov., '71	210 N. Olive	1856
Smith, W. J. A.	Eng.	Draughtsman	April 12, '74	820 Linden	1874
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	Ill.	Housewife	July, '75	1134 El Molino	1852
Strong, Robert	N. Y.	Broker	March, '72	Pasadena	1872
Snyder, Z. T.	Ind.	Farmer	April, '72	Tropico	1872
Slaughter, John L.	La.	Retired	Jan. 10, '61	614 N. Bunker Hill	1856
Scott, Mrs. Amanda W.	Ohio	Housewife	Dec. 21, '59	589 Mission Road	1859
Stoll, H. W.	Germ.	Manufacturer	Oct. 1, '67	844 S. Hill	1867
Sumner, C. A.	Eng.	Broker	May 8, '73	1301 Orange	1873
Starr, Joseph L.	Texas	Dairyman	'71	Los Angeles	1863
Schmidt, Frederick	Germ.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Spence, Mrs. Annie	Ire.	Housewife	'70	445 S. Olive	1869
Smith, Simon B.	Conn.	Insurance	May 17, '76	132 N. Avenue 22	1876
Sharp, Robert L.	Eng.	Funeral Director	May, '76	Los Angeles	1869
Slaughter, Frank R.	N. Y.	Horticulturist	Nov., '74	Los Angeles	1859
Staub, George	N. Y.	Farmer	'73	Los Angeles	1873
Short, Cornelius R.	Del.	Farmer	Aug. 8, '69	1417 Mission Boulevard	1859
Staples, John F.	Md.	Drover	March, '59	St. Elmo Hotel	1849
Stewart, Melissa A.	N. Y.	Housewife	March, '71	512 W. Thirtieth	1865
Steere, Robert	N. Y.	Retired	March, '75	260 S. Olive	1859
Schroeder, Hugo	Ill.	Sign Painter	April, '75	1310 S. Figueroa	1875
Schroeder, Adelmo	Ill.	Sign Painter	Dec., '74	1257 Hoover	1874

MEMBERSHIP ROLL.

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NAME.	BIRTH- PLACE.	OCCUPATION.	ARRIV. IN CO.	RES.	AR. IN STATE.
Schutte, August	Germ.	Retired	Nov. '75	1010 W. Second st	1874
Slotterbeck, Sophia	Germ.	Housewife	Aug. '70	532 Buena Vista	1870
Spencer, Amanda H.	N.Y.	Housewife	July '68	Los Angeles	1868
Straus Ben. A.	Ky.	Clerk	Oct. 31, '75	1511 Silver st	1875
Switzer, C. P.	Va.	Carpenter	Feb. 13, '54	Georgia st	1854
Straus, Adolph	Tenn.	Miner	Oct. '75	233½ N. Grand	1875
Steele Wm. R.	West Va.	Farmer	Oct. '67	Compton	1860
Toberman, J. R.	Va.	Farmer	April, '63	615 S. Figueroa	1859
Thom, Cameron E.	Va.	Attorney	April, '54	118 E. Third	1849
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Mich.	Housewife	Dec. 25, '54	Hollywood	1854
Thomas, John M.	Ind.	Farmer	Dec. 7, '68	Monrovia	1859
Truman, Ben C.	R. I.	Author	Feb. 1, '72	1001 Twenty-third	1866
Turner, Wm. F.	Ohio	Grocer	May, '58	608 N. Griffin	1858
Thayer, John S.	N. Y.	Merchant	Oct. 25, '74	147 W. Twenty-fifth	1874
Tubbs, Geo. W.	Vt.	Retired	Oct., '71	1643 Central	1869
Thurman, R. M.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '52	Pomona	1852
Thurman, S. D.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 15, '52	El Monte	1852
Torr, Agnes	N. Y.	Housewife	Oct. '78	411 E. 29	1878
Tilly, Joseph	Eng.	Retired	'75	Los Angeles	1866
True, Cyrus S.	Me.	Dep. Col. Customs	'72	New Southern Hotel	1868
Thurman, John S.	Tenn.	Farmer	Sept. 3, '52	516 E. 5th st	1852
Thurman, A. L.	Tenn.	Farmer	'52	Burnett	1852
Vignolo, Ambrozio	Italy	Merchant	Sept. 26, '72	535 S. Main	1850
Venable, Joseph W.	Ky.	Farmer	July, '69	Downey	1849
Vogt, Henry	Germ.	Builder	Jan. 4, '69	Castelar	1854
Vawter, E. J.	Ind.	Florist	April 12, '75	Ocean Park	1875
Vawter, W. S.	Ind.	Farmer	July 10, '75	Santa Monica	1875
Van Valkensburg, Amelia	Ill.	Retired	Feb. 15, '68	1053 So. Main	1868
Workman, Wm. H.	Mo.	City Treasurer	'54	375 Boyle avenue	1854
Workman, E. H.	Mo.	Real Estate	'54	120 Boyle avenue	1854
Wise, Kenneth D.	Ind.	Physician	Sept., '72	1351 S. Grand avenue	1872
Wright, Charles M.	Vt.	Farmer	July, '59	Spadra	1859
Widney, Robert M	Ohio	Fruit Grower	March, '68	Los Angeles	1857
Wetzel, Martin	Ky.	Engineer	Aug. 27, '67	2114 Pasadena avenue	1867
Weston, Ben S.	Mass.	Farmer	'56	Redondo	1857
White, Charles H.	Mass.	S. P. Co.	Nov., '72	1137 Ingraham	1852
Wilson, C. N.	Ohio	Lawyer	Jan. 9, '71	Fernando	1870
Ward, James F.	N. Y.	Farmer	Jan., '72	1121 S. Grand	—
Workman, Alfred	Eng.	Broker	Nov. 28, '68	212 Boyle avenue	—
Woodhead, Chas. B.	Ohio	Dairyman	Feb. 21, '74	852 Buena Vista	1873
Wartenberg, Louis	Germ.	Com. Trav.	Nov., '58	1057 S. Grand avenue	1858
Whisler, Isaac	Ark.	Miner	Aug., '52	535 San Pedro street	1852
Wern, August W.	Germ.	Retired	'85	1345 W. Third	1859
Wright, Edward T.	Ill.	Surveyor	March, '75	226 S. Spring	1875
Wohlfarth, August	Germ.	Saddler	Sept., '74	1604 Pleasant avenue	1870
White, J. P.	Ky.	Well-borer	May, '70	989 E. Fifty-fifth	1870
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Tex.	Housewife	Sept., '52	4443 Trinity	1852
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Va.	Farmer	'49	4443 Trinity	1849
Wolf, George W.	Ind.	Farmer	Oct. 5, '73	4332 Vermont avenue	1873
Wolfskill, John	Mo.	Rancher	Dec. 12, '54	1419 S. Grand avenue	1854
Willard, Cyrus	Me.	Retired	March 1, '75	W. Washington	1853
Wadsworth, Jas. M.	Pa.	Mason	'77	El Monte	1874
Walker, Frank	Can.	Retired	Oct. '75	748 W. First	1864
Wilson, W. R.	Ind.	Carpenter	Mar. 20, '75	557 Wall	1875
Yarnell, Jesse	Ohio	Printer	April, '67	1808 W. First	1862
Young, John D.	Mo.	Farmer	Oct., '53	2607 Figueroa	1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	Wis.	Housewife	April, '66	1808 W. First	1856
Young, Robert A.	Ire.	Miner	'66	Los Angeles	1866



Organized November 1, 1883
PART III.

Incorporated February 12, 1891
VOL. VI.

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OF

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Historical Society

OF

Southern California

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA

1905

LOS ANGELES FIFTY YEARS AGO

Read before Historical Society, April 16, 1905

By H. D. Barrows

The first time that I ever heard that there was such a place as Los Angeles, was in the summer of 1854, at Benicia, where, in buying some fruit, which at that time, was both of indifferent quality and scarce, as well as dear, a friend told me that Los Angeles grapes would, later, be in the market and that they would be far superior to any other kind of fruit then to be had.

I arrived in Los Angeles December 12, 1854, and it has been my home ever since. I came from San Francisco on the steamer "Goliah," in company with the late William Wolfskill, the Pioneer, and his nephew John Wolfskill, the latter still a resident of this county. The fare on the steamer at that time was forty dollars. Arriving at the Port of San Pedro, we came ashore on a lighter, and from thence by stage to Los Angeles, where we arrived about noon.

There are many striking contrasts between both the city and county of that day, and the Los Angeles of today. Topographically, this then, was an imperial county, including, as it did, all of San Bernardino and Orange counties, and the greater part of the present county of Riverside. The immense valley

or series of valleys, lying between the great, grisly Sierra Madre or series of valleys, lying between the great grizzly Sierra Madre mountains and the ocean, and extending 80 or 90 miles from Simi Pass, to Mount San Bernardino, at that period was one vast, almost treeless region, over which roamed unnumbered cattle, horses and sheep. The planting since of the various species of the Australian Eucalypti, and of continuous orange, walnut and other orchards, throughout these valleys, has radically changed their appearance. To the new-comer of today, the landscape of these prairie-valleys of Southern California presents the appearance of a wooded country, similar to other sections of the United States.

The city of Los Angeles, when I first saw it, half a century ago, was a one-story, adobe town, of less than five thousand inhabitants, a large portion of whom were of Spanish descent, and among whom, of course Spanish customs and the use of the Spanish language prevailed. There were, I think, not to exceed three or four two-story buildings in the town.

Behold, what a magical change half a century has wrought! The population of the former Spanish Pueblo or Ciudad of 5,000 or less, has risen to nearly 200,000 souls. The quaint, flat-roofed white-washed, one-story houses, clustering around or near the Plaza, have given way to splendid, fire-proof, brick and steel blocks, of two, three, five and ten stories; and to picturesque, luxurious homes extending throughout and beyond the four square leagues of territory granted to the ancient Pueblo, by the King of Spain, under whose authority its foundations were laid by that wise Spanish Governor, Don Felipe de Neve, nearly a century and a quarter ago.

When I first came here, Los Angeles had but one Roman Catholic church edifice, that fronting the plaza; and not one Protestant or other church building. How many places of worship there are now, of the numerous religious sects of the city and county, I do not know. There were then but two public school houses in the city: one, on the site of the present Bryson Block, on Spring street; the other, was located on the east side of Bath street, north of the Plaza. Today there are, I know not how many, large, commodious school buildings scattered throughout the widely extended sections of the municipality, and new ones are constantly being built, to meet the pressing necessities of our rapidly increasing population. The number of pupils attending the two schools in '54, probably did not exceed 200. The number of children between the ages

of 5 and 17 years, who attended the public schools during the school year 1903-1904, as reported by Superintendent Foshay, was 29,072; and of those who attended private schools 2,322;—making the total number of both public and private school pupils, 31,394.

By the census of April, 1904, there were 35,411 children between the ages of 5 and 15; and 9,812 under five years; or altogether, 45,223 children of 17 years and under in Los Angeles one year ago. I think it a fair statement to say that at the present time there must be at least 50,000 children; and that the total population of the city must be not far from 200,000.

We had no High, Polytechnic, or Normal schools in those early years. Los Angeles was so isolated from all the rest of the world, and so difficult of access, that first-class teachers were not easily obtained; and when one was secured he or she was retained if possible by any reasonable increase of salary.

In the early '50s, I think we had but one District (Superior) court, presided over by Judge Benjamin Hayes, and later by Judge Pablo de la Guerra, of Santa Barbara, who in turn was succeeded by Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda, who is now connected with the United States Embassy at the City of Mexico. The former jurisdiction of this district included besides Los Angeles, the counties of San Diego and Santa Barbara. We had also a County Court, and court of Sessions which was also a Probate Court, over which Judge Wm. G. Dryden presided for many years.

We had besides a U. S. District Court in the fifties, of which I. S. K. Ogier was the presiding Judge. This Southern district included all the southern part of the State extending to a line just north of the city of Santa Cruz. Sessions of this court were held alternately at Monterey and Los Angeles. In those early days of the fifties, we had no horse or steam railroads or telegraphs. Electric roads, telephones, bicycles, automobiles and the like, so necessary to our recent modern life, were totally unknown anywhere.

We had no paved streets or sidewalks. We had no elevators, because, first, we had no use for them as our houses were of but one story; and second, because elevators were unknown. Type-writing machines and Linotype printing machines, and operators of the same, were unknown and unthought of. We had no gas, and electric-lighting had not been invented. We had, I think, but one book store, and, although modest attempt to establish a public library was made, it soon petered out. I know

I contributed a few books to it, but I remember that, having made a trip to the Atlantic States in '57, when I came back, I learned that the library had been abolished and that the books, including those I had donated, had been sold.

We had neither mercantile nor savings banks during the entire decade of the '50s, and but few money safes. All merchandise not produced here, was brought from San Francisco by steamer or sail-vessels, lightered at San Pedro, and brought up to town by big mule trains of "prairie schooners." Until vineyards and orchards were planted and came to bearing in the upper country, after the change of Government, the people of that part of the State, including the population of the mining regions, depended on the vineyards of Los Angeles for their fruit. I know that for several years large shipments of mission grapes, the only kind grown here then, were made by each steamer during the grape season. The "vignerones" here, realized all the way from one to two bits, (reales) a pound for their grapes. Other fruits besides the "mission grape" (which was originally brought from Spain, and which was one of the best raised there,) were scarce here also, as well as in the north, and generally of inferior quality, until improved varieties were introduced from the eastern states. Among the enterprising pioneers who first brought the best standard fruits and vegetables to Los Angeles, were Dr. Wm. B. Osborne, Los Angeles' first Postmaster, H. C. Cardwell, O. W. Childs, etc.

The Hollisters of Santa Barbara brought a flock of American improved sheep all the way from Ohio to Los Angeles, arriving here in the early part of 1854. Los Angeles was long known as one of the "Cow counties," as stock raising was extensively carried on throughout Southern California for some years under American rule, as it had been in mission times; and it was very profitable even in spite of occasional severe drouths, as these counties were natural grass countries: burr-clover, alfileria and wild oats being especially valuable indigenous grasses. Cattle did not need to be fed and housed in winter in our mild climate, as they are required to be fed in colder countries. Besides the best known breeds of horse, sheep and neat cattle stock were gradually introduced. But eventually, as the admirable adaptation of Southern California for the perfection in growth of citrus fruits was demonstrated, and the splendid seedless navel orange was discovered the immense cattle ranges were gradually converted into orange and lemon orchards. The English Walnut crop has been found to be profitable here also, and thus, as we now see, our orch-

ards have taken the place of what were formerly extensive cattle ranges.

In '55, the "Star," established in '51 by McElroy and Lewis, and the "Southern California," published by Wheeler and Butts, both weekly, were the only local newspapers Los Angeles could boast of. We heard from the outside world by steamer from San Francisco, twice a month.

When Johnny Temple built a theatre in '58, on the site of the present Bullard Block, our list of entertainments was somewhat enlarged. Instead of high-toned "Horse Shows" like that just held in Pasadena, we sometimes had in those primitive times, Bear and Bull fights, cock fights and frequent horse, mule and donkey races, and occasionally a Spanish circus, or "maroma," and at Christmas times we were regaled with the quaint, beautiful characteristically-Spanish "Pastorela," which was very effectively and charmingly presented by a thoroughly trained company under the direction of Don Antonio Coronel. So that despite our isolation, we had many and varied amusements.

Of the adult people of Los Angeles who were living here when I came here, and with whom I gradually became more or less acquainted very very few are now alive, although many of their children have grown up, and have become heads of families.

I cannot suppress a feeling of sadness as I recall the past and review the changes that have occurred, in persons, and scenes that now, as I look back seem but dreams, but which then were indeed so real. And the thought arises, if such great changes have occurred during the past fifty years, who can tell or even imagine what Los Angeles will be fifty years hence, or what is in store for our children and grandchildren? Of the present citizens of Los Angeles except the younger portion, very few indeed will then be alive. And although we may strain our eyes to peer into the future,

"And strive to see what things shall be;"—

* * * * *

"Events and deeds for us exist,
As figures moving in a mist;
And what approaches—bliss or woe—
We cannot tell, we may not know—
Not yet, not yet!"—

HOW NEW ZEALAND GOT ITS HONEY BEES.

By Mary M. Bowman.

Most people whose faces time has turned toward the setting sun would feel gratified could they be assured that when the light of earth fades from the vision some one had been happier because they had lived; that some little spot of earth had been made better and brighter that they had labored in it. To few men has it been given to create a great industry to add to the wealth of a country and the welfare of its inhabitants by one unselfish, unpretentious service.

This opportunity came to my friend, Mr. Noah Levering, the founder of this society and how well he improved it, is the purpose of this paper to set forth. Mr. Levering's interest and enthusiasm in local history has been the inspiration of much useful and permanent work being done, in the preservation of landmarks and valuable records of the past, not only here but much more extensively in other localities in which he has lived.

When he related the story of how New Zealand procured its Ligurnian or honey bees, which transformed it from an annual importer of red clover seed into an extensive exporter of that important factor of the dairy products of the country, as though it were an everyday affair, I was intensely interested. It was history interwoven with the industrial progress of two continents and worthy of record in the annals of this society, more permanent than the columns of ephemeral newspapers. At my earnest solicitation Mr. Levering was induced to furnish the notes from which this brief account is written, of his very successful experiment in sending the little captains of industry across the equator and eight thousand miles over seas to a foreign country.

For several years previous to 1880, when this shipment was sent, numerous trials had been made by the best apiarists of Europe and America in exporting the Ligurnian bee to the island of New Zealand, but in every instance it had resulted in failure; when the hives reached their destination the occupants were dead. The success of the project was considered so essential to the welfare of the country, the Commissioner of Colonial Industries urged the appropriation of \$2500 to send a

man to Europe on this especial errand. But, while the matter was under consideration private enterprise was at work striving to bring about its accomplishment. S. C. Farr, secretary of the Canterbury Acclimation society, had communicated with R. J. Creighton of the San Francisco Post, the official representative of New Zealand in that city. Mr. Creighton wrote to Mr. Levering, a pioneer bee keeper in Los Angeles county, then conducting a department of apiaculture in the Los Angeles Herald, requesting his assistance, which was readily given.

Mr. Creighton ordered two colonies of bees sent to San Francisco early in July in time for the steamer Australia, which was to sail for Aukland, under command of Captain Cargill. All the details were left to Mr. Levering's well known knowledge and experience in bee culture. He had hives constructed after his own plan, similar to those used in his apiary, except that special provision was made for ventilation in crossing the equator. An orifice was left in the side of the hive in front, covered with wire cloth. A small V-shaped box was placed over the opening on the outside with a sliding cover on top. The box was filled with sponge to be moistened occasionally with fresh water, which the bees could inhale through the wire cloth and which also cooled the atmosphere of their prison. A similar opening was left in the top of the hive, covered with wire and provided with a sliding lid for protection against possible cold. Several three-quarter inch augur holes in the floor permitted a circulation of air. The alighting board and the top board, each extended out about four inches and the space between being securely covered with wire cloth formed an air chamber through which the honey-makers could circulate at will, or at the promptings of instinct, as the case may be. A sufficient amount of honey in old comb well sealed over, was provided for food, a frame or two of brood comb, empty frames and frames of empty comb, kept in place by wooden slats, filled the remaining space and supplied the working implements for the ever-busy and industrious inmates. About one-half the colony with a queen was put in each hive and the tops firmly screwed down; the object of dividing the colony being to obviate the heat that the whole would engender in crossing the equator, which would have melted the comb and caused the bees to perish in their own sweetness. In Mr. Levering's opinion the failures of other shippers were due to their putting an entire colony in a hive, which, with the honey and the comb necessary, could not withstand the heat of the equator; an important factor in the success of the undertaking which had been over-

looked. After the bees were placed aboard the steamer a gentleman considered an authority on bee culture, assured Captain Cargill that they could not survive the voyage, owing to the faulty construction of the hives.

In October following, the Herald of Auckland announced the safe arrival of the Los Angeles county bees; a public demonstration of rejoicing was held and more orders for bees followed. In the course of a few months Mr. Levering shipped a number of colonies without the loss of a single bee, and the increase soon supplied New Zealand. Mr. Levering, having been so successful with Italian bees, was asked to send bumble bees, but after a long and fruitless search for them in Southern California, he was forced to abandon the project, as they are not natives of this part of the world.

Red clover had previously been raised in New Zealand, but produced no seed, there being no insect there to pollinize the blossom, consequently seed for each crop had to be imported from other countries. In 1889 the newspapers of Auckland stated that the island was then exporting clover seed of home raising. New Zealand is unquestionably deeply indebted to California and to Mr. Levering for the growth of its resources in apiculture and a very valuable and appetizing food product, but aside from newspaper glory, the mere price of the colonies of bees and the satisfaction of a deed well done there has been no substantial acknowledgement of the debt.

PIONEER COURTS AND LAWYERS OF LOS ANGELES

By Walter R. Bacon

The first Constitution of California provided a judicial system that was installed under the acts of the legislature of 1850, and was continued practically unchanged until the adoption and going into force of the Constitution of 1879. Under this system transition was made from the Spanish to the American method of procedure in law courts. Under the first Constitution the judiciary comprised: the Court of Sessions, the County Court, the District Court and the Supreme Court.

The Legislature on April 11, 1850, adopted Chapter 86 of the laws of that year which established the Court of Sessions. The court as constituted consisted of three judges. The County Judge being *ex-officio*, one member, the other two being justices of the peace from the body of the County, the law providing that after the first election all the justices of the peace of the county should meet in the court room of the County Court and select two of their number to serve as members of the County Court for a given term, at the end of which two successors should be elected in the same manner.

This court had jurisdiction of all cases of assault, assault and battery, breaches of the peace, affrays, petit larceny, and all misdemeanors punishable by fine of no more than \$500, or imprisonment of not more than three months, or both.

Its ministerial and executive functions embraced the entire care of all County property. It ordered expenditure of money for county purposes, fixed the roads, audited the expenses of all departments of the County Government, ordered them paid and levied taxes. Thus in addition to its manifold and important duties as a court it performed all the duties now devolving on the Supervisors.

COUNTY COURT

On the 14th day of April, 1850, the legislature passed an act to put into effect the provision in the Constitution for a County Court. Each County elected a County Judge, who was president

at County Court. The court had exclusive probate jurisdiction, heard appeals from Justices' Courts and had original jurisdiction in the issuance of writs of extraordinary remedies, such as habeas corpus, mandamus, injunction and attachments.

DISTRICT COURTS

The District Courts had jurisdiction much similar to our Superior Courts. The notable difference being that all probate matters were then cognizable by the County Court, whilst now the Superior Court has this jurisdiction. One fruitful source of pride for Anglo Saxons is the apparent excellence of its judicial system under the old common law, in which reason and justice are given large play. The English point with pride to the fact that the Dreyfus incident could never have occurred in England, which is doubtless true, but we Americans believe that we have taken all that is good of the common law and by appropriate machinery adapted its rules and principles to our peculiar political exigencies and social conditions, in such a manner that no where in the world is life or liberty under the law less subject to caprice in judges, or prejudice of juries than here. So that from the beginning of a legal assault on either of these, the defendant if guilty, knows that the law will but proceed against him in an orderly manner and without the spirit of vengeance, and if innocent, that although circumstances may point to his guilt he will have the presumption of innocence in his favor under the law, and all the machinery of the law to procure the evidence of the innocence of apparently guilty circumstances, and then if convicted an appeal to a court of ample power, whose judges are good men and nearly always good lawyers, who have but recently submitted their qualifications to the people at an election, are close enough to the soil to have retained what sacred writ terms "the bowels of compassion," and an intimate sympathy with the short-comings and needs of the people, yet, by our system are enough removed from local influences not to be swayed by popular prejudices; then in case of ultimate failure in the courts, intelligent executive clemency may be appealed to, so that we are quite certain that the Graves incident in England could never have occurred in America.

There is inherent respect for law and its exponents in all civilized peoples. And the ease of transition from life under one system of jurisprudence to a system radically different with as little friction as attended the change from the regime of crude

Spanish law to the American system in California is a pleasant commentary upon the law-abiding character of Californians and of the beneficence of American laws. The leaders of the old naturally became leaders under the new.

FIRST COUNTY JUDGE

Agustin Olvera was elected the first county Judge of this county. He seems to have been a fair lawyer and was a polished gentleman with a good education. He was prominent as a Californian prior to the Mexican war and was one of the signatories of the Cahuenga treaty, and was otherwise a man of prominence. For a long time he resided in his house which is still standing on the north side of the Plaza at the corner of Olivera and Marchessault streets. Olivera street was named for him, although some cartographer has changed the spelling, the maps having it "Olivera," while his old county Court records in his own fine hand, spell it without the "i". On May 31, 1850, Judge Olvera opened County Court and made a provisional order dividing the county into four towns or townships, naming them Los Angeles, San Gabriel, San Bernardino and San Juan Capistrano.

The county then comprised all the territory now in Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside and San Bernardino counties, and a portion of Ventura. On the 22nd of August, 1850, the Court of Sessions created the new town of Santa Ana out of portions of the towns of San Bernardino and San Juan Capistrano.

This was done according to law upon petition of Leonardo Cota and 52 others, the Justice for that town to reside at San Antonio. These towns stood as the legal subdivisions of the county for a number of years, and each town elected a Justice of the peace. Immediately after the first election in 1850, the County Judge, Agustin Olvera, convened the township justices and they selected Jonathan R. Scott and Louis Roubidoux, two of their members, as members of the County Court. The county was districted into towns on May 31. An election of justices was held in this wide and sparsely settled territory. The justices elected thereat met and selected two of their number as members of the Court of Sessions, and the Court of Sessions, then duly constituted, met for business on the 24th day of June, 1850.

The County Judge presiding and Jonathan R. Scott, Associate Justice, were the only two Judges present at the first few

meetings of the court. Judges Scott and Olvera lived at Los Angeles. Judge Roubidoux lived on the Santa Ana River on the present site of Riverside. He lived so far away that he was elected justice of the peace for San Bernardino Township and afterwards was chosen a member of the Court of Sessions before he had ever heard that there was to be an election. After this example of celerity who will say that early California was slow.

At the first meeting of the Court of Sessions on June 24th, there were present: Wm. C. Ferrill, District Attorney; G. T. Burrill, Sheriff; Benjamin D. Wilson, Clerk; besides the two Judges.

Albert H. Clark was sworn in as Deputy County Clerk to look after the business of the Court of Sessions. The first business transacted was the action taken on the report of the District Attorney that Antonio F. Coronel, County Assessor elect, and Charles R. Cullen, Coroner elect, had not qualified; and a citation was issued requiring them "to appear tomorrow morning and give bond according to law." Whereupon the court adjourned "until 10 o'clock tomorrow morning." On the 25th, "Tomorrow morning," Senor Coronel appeared and gave bond and was sworn in as County Assessor, but Mr. Cullen declined to serve as County Coroner. What visions of long processions of aspiring and perspiring office seekers flock the vistas of imagination and crowd the chambers of the memory, as we view the acts of this first coroner of Los Angeles county. Who can say 55 years afterward what controlled him? He may have been deterred from entering the duties of his office by fear of unpleasant scenes at inquests that might be frequent in a county then on the frontier and the goal of countless adventurers, or it may be, that for the benefit of those coming after he desired to serve as an example of the citizen who prefers to serve his fellows by his orderly private life rather than by striving, or even holding on to the pomp and show of office. If the latter impulse controlled him his idea fell on stony ground; since then scores of officers have been elected in this county, but Charles R. Cullen is the only person who refused to serve.

The record is silent as to his reason for declining, but if intended as a patriotic sacrifice the lesson was absolutely wasted.

Much business of a routine character was transacted at this second session of the court. The Sheriff was ordered to report

on the condition of the County Jail. The District Attorney to inquire into the title to it, etc.

Samuel Whiting was appointed Jailor at a salary of \$7.00 per day, out of which he was to provide himself with an assistant. Fifty cents a day was allowed the sheriff for feeding prisoners, one-fourth to be spent for bread or rice, and the balance for meat. Meat then cost less than one-third as much as it does now, and still our sheriff is supposed to make quite a sum in feeding prisoners at 11 cents per day.

On the same day in the afternoon, A. P. Hodges, M. D., was appointed physician to the County Jail and then Coroner to fill the vacancy occasioned by failure of Mr. Cullen to qualify.

It is amusing and instructive if viewed in proper light, to note into what few hands was concentrated the administration of justice at that time.

The minutes of the District Court inform us that G. T. Burrill was Sheriff, and on the same day G. Thompson Burrill was appointed interpreter for the courts of the county at a salary of \$50 per month. This differentiation of names was doubtless by design, as during all the time that he appears in the records of either court or the reports made by the coroner the name selected for each official position is never changed.

In July 1850, the Court of Sessions was active in looking after the County property and by proper citation called upon Abel Stearns, formerly Alcalde at Los Angeles, to turn over to the Sheriff, as an officer of the court, the muskets and their ammunition that were in his hands for the defense of the people. Abel Stearns for sometime made no reply, but in the fall reported that he did not believe the guns belonged to the County; that there was no mention of them in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, under which the political dominion of Mexico was abolished, and that there was nothing in the Constitution of the new state to compel their surrender. That in fact, under the constitution he could not be compelled to give them up. This was the first constitutional question raised in the courts of this County. But as is always the habit of courts they avoided deciding the issue on the constitutional question, and afterwards such of the guns as had not been sold by Stearns while in his possession, under his constitutional right thereto, were returned to the County.

Judge Olvera must have been a man of much executive

ability. On July 8, 1850, the first criminal docket was called in a court in this County.

Casildo Aguilar was tried on a plea of guilty of assault and battery and fined one dollar and costs.

Juan Jose Villeros charged with an affray with Juan Amborsis pleaded guilty and was fined one dollar and costs.

Refugio Guaternos charged with an affray and resisting an officer was fined one dollar and costs.

Pedro Dominguez, charged with battery upon the person of Nasario Dominguez, pleaded not guilty, and a jury of six was impanelled to try him, composed of the following citizens:

Lewis Granger, W. Jones, G. W. Robinson, A. J. Courtney, Charles Burrows and Louis Llamareux. The jury found defendant guilty and fixed his fine at \$5.00 and costs, and judgment was entered accordingly.

Nasario Dominguez then under the bonds to keep the peace was then tried by the same jury and was ordered to give bond in the sum of \$1000 to keep the peace for six months toward the people of the state and particularly toward Manuel Dominguez, and finally Comenio Mejio pleaded not guilty to a charge of petit larceny, was tried by the same jury, found not guilty and prisoner was discharged.

There were three trials to a jury with verdict and judgment following in each case, besides pleas of guilty and judgment in three other cases, all in one day, at the very first day's session of a criminal court in the County, and still people nowadays after witnessing a two or three or four days' jury trial of a petty offender in our police courts patronizingly refer to the old Californians as slow.

On the 9th and 10th, several more such cases were tried, resulting in verdicts of guilty with fines fixed by the jury at from \$1.00 to \$20, but on the afternoon of the 10th the case of the people vs. Henry Hines for assault on the person of Lewis Granger was tried to the same jury as were all the preceeding cases, except that Mr. Granger, now the complaining witness, was relieved of jury duty and W. B. Osburn took his place. The trial consumed only the usual short time and resulted in a verdict of guilty, the jury fixing the punishment at six months' hard labor and judgment of the court went accordingly and the prisoner was remanded.

The minutes of this trial are dispassionate, and disclose nothing more than do the minutes of the other trials, so that

inquiry as to the real reason for this great disparity of punishment for crimes of the same name, is but speculation, unless we consider that the jury felt outraged that a member of their august body should be assaulted by a common citizen, and deeming it a heinous offense, "made the penalty fit the crime," but in their zeal they "overlooked a bet." Three months' imprisonment was the extent of the jurisdiction of that court, but as to whether Hines ever availed himself of this fact the records are silent.

On July 12, 1850, the Court of Sessions appointed Abel Stearns, Francisco Figueroa and B. D. Wilson to recommend a site for a county jail and the Mayor and Council of Los Angeles were requested to confer with the court on the subject of a site at the next session.

On the 16th of July the court met and adjourned to the Mayor's office, the committee reported verbally, recommending that the city donate for a jail site Lots 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, and 9 of Square 34 of Ord's Survey, and the court ordered that the city be requested to donate the site and loan the County \$2000 with which to build a jail, the city to have free use of it for its prisoners until the loan was repaid.

On July 22, 1850 Judge Roubidoux sat as one of the justices of the court of sessions. The court had been in existence for about a month, had transacted much business in an apparently intelligent manner and was now in full swing. On this day the County Treasurer filed a report showing that he had sold the effects of Doctor Francisco Fallon, deceased, for \$505.06. An inquest had been held by the coroner and a jury, upon the remains of the deceased Doctor and on this day the coroner, the sheriff and the interpreter and the jurors filed bills for services at the inquest and the disposition of his effects as follows:

Dr. Hodges, Coroner.....	\$80.00
Sheriff Geo. T. Burrill.....	32.00
Interpreter G. Thompson Burrill.	50.00

And other claimants for sums from \$20 to \$91.15 each to bring the total to \$351.15. The next day the court allowed to each of six jurors \$26.00—\$156.00 and \$27.50 each to three witnesses, \$82.50 and all but the \$50.00 for interpreter—a total of \$539.65 was ordered paid out of the proceeds of the deceased's estate. We sometimes object to the delays in settlement of estates by our public administrator and think that his fee of 7½ per cent

for himself and the same amount for his attorney in small estates, is too much, but here was no delay. The doctor shuffles off on the 20th day of July. An inquest is held, his effects are sold for \$505.06 July 22, and on the 23rd this money is reported on hand by the treasurer and on the same day the entire estate and \$34.59 more is ordered distributed in fees and expenses, and the incident and estate are closed, and still we sometimes hear people sighing for the return of the good old days.

This incident shows conclusively that though unused to forms, their genius of self-government—that is, the art of taking care of themselves, was of high order and though possibly latent, needed only opportunity to spring full flowered into existence.

The County Court had little business during the first few months of its existence. The district court for this County convened in Los Angeles for the first time on June 5, 1850, with District Judge O. S. Witherby, presiding. And the court being advised that William F. Ferrill had been elected District Attorney, George T. Burrill, Sheriff, and Benjamin D. Wilson, Clerk, that all had qualified and all were present, declared the court organized. William F. Ferrill, Al H. Clark, Jonathan R. Scott and Benjamin Hays, attorneys of Los Angeles, were duly admitted to practice. There being no other business, court adjourned to the next term. On October 7, 1850, the fall term convened and the first case heard was the suit of Abel Stearns against Jose Antonio Carillo, in which plaintiff had judgment for amount prayed for and costs. Abel Stearns was the most prominent litigant in all the courts for years thereafter.

Antonio F. Coronel was also frequently mentioned in court proceedings of the time. It will be remembered that he was sworn in as Assessor in June 1850. On October 8th of that year he was also drawn on and served as a member of the Grand Jury. And Abel Stearns was drawn and served on the first petit jury in the District Court.

The first criminal case filed in the District Court was entitled, "The People vs. Manuel Duarte," and on the same day, October 15th, 1850, the Grand Jury indicted Vicente Alisado for manslaughter and his case was set for trial on the 18th. There is no further mention of the case in the records of the District Court, but on the 18th the case of "the People vs Jose Salvador" "for manslaughter" was tried. This case had not been mentioned previously. The defendant was an Indian and only two Indian witnesses, "Darius" and "Pasqual" were examined. The

jury found the defendant not guilty "for want of sufficient evidence that the crime was committed in the county."

It is fairly inferable that when the defendant was called for trial he gave a name, as his true name, different from the one under which he was indicted.

On this day the Grand Jury brought in an indictment which was entitled, "The People of the State of California vs. the County Jail." The indictment is lost, but the minutes of the court say respecting it, "Court refers so much of it as relates to the condition of the jail, the building being at San Pedro, which obstructs the public highway and the Indian Village as being a nuisance, to the Court of Sessions. And so much as relates to the filthy condition of the City to the Common Council of this City."

Such a state of the record simply stimulates the imagination in an endeavor to realize what the local conditions really were at that time with the jail at San Pedro, and the Pueblo in such condition that a Grand Jury of that day composed almost entirely of native Californians, called it "filthy."

On the 19th of October, 1850, the Court admitted to practice J. R. Woolridge, Louis Granger and J. L. Brent.

The first murder trial in the District Court that attracted much attention to the lawyers then practicing, was that of Wm. B. Lee, who was tried in December, 1854. Benjamin Hays, who was admitted to practice at the first session of the court in 1850, was now Judge of the District Court, and Jonathan Scott, who was one of the first Justices of the Court of Sessions, was one of the attorneys for the defendant. Scott and Hays had been partners prior to the elevation of Hays to the bench.

Lee had killed a man named Frederick Leatherman in a dispute over a boundary fence. On the 5th of December when the case was called for trial, Scott and J. L. Brent for the defendant, moved for a change of venue, and filed in support of their motion affidavits charging prejudice in the Judge. The motion was denied and case tried. All the testimony including the examination of jurors was reduced to writing as the case proceeded and the defendant finally found guilty by the jury.

C. E. Thom and I. Hartman assisted the District Attorney to prosecute. On the 16th day of December 1854, Lee was sentenced to be hanged at the County Jail on February 12, 1855. Just before sentencing the defendant the court called Messrs.

Scott and Brent to the bar and informed them that they were in contempt of court by reason of the affidavits they had filed in support of their motion for change of venue. That the affidavits were false and defamatory in the highest degree and that they knew they were lies at the time they were penned, that the court held them beneath his contempt, that he could find no way under the law to punish them for it, but would order the offending affidavits stricken from the files. The Court used language that reeked with invective adjectives and to the extent that their record takes a whole page of a large minute book.

John G. Downey was admitted to citizenship in the District Court, as appears by the records of that Court for June 21, 1851, and on the same day, one James R. Holman executed a peculiar indenture which was by the Court ordered copied into the minutes and there appears at length, a reminder of conditions we have all heard about, but the real purport of which we have forgotten. This document goes on to say that Holman had removed from Crawford county, Arkansas, to California in 1850, and brought with him as his slave a negro woman named Clarissa about 29 years old. That by bringing her into a free state she became free, but that she had two boys, three and six years old respectively, that had been left behind under a chattel mortgage to Whitfield Brown. Holman in this remarkable instrument agreed that if Clarissa would serve him two years more she should be free and that he would pay the mortgage on the boys and set them free when they became 21 years of age, and he fixes the date of this event for one of the boys at October 15, 1865, and the other January 15th, 1866. A higher power than Holman set the boys free before the time fixed by this agreement. Just why such a paper should be found in the minutes of the District Court is not clear, as there is no mention of any proceeding thereon, or statement that Holman was even in court, but there it stands at pages 110 and 111 of the first minute book of our District Court, as notice to the student that man has not always been free and lest we be careful we may at any time fall into bondage.

In the courts at this time pleadings were allowed to be filed in either the Spanish or English language and were translated by an officer of the court.

I have spent much of your time with recitals of the doings of the Court of Sessions, a court of inferior jurisdiction, but this was with design. To appraise an edifice we always inspect its

foundation. If this is unsafe we value the superstructure lightly, because when the foundation gives way there is no saving the building, but if the foundation is broadly laid and solid, the building can be repaired with profit at any time it is out of order. The common people are the people—the country—and their institutions—their courts, that is the courts that they administer and in which most of their litigation occurs, are the criterions of the liberties of all the people. Appellate Courts decide abstract questions of law, they are impersonal. The judges of the Court of Sessions shook hands with trouble and looked crime directly in the face. Justice was dispensed at short arms length, hence such a court reflected directly the genius of the people. With this view of their functions and import, the early courts of this county as disclosed by their records and traditions show that the orderly process of courts in the administration of justice in the spirit of American laws, was as well appreciated by the early settlers of this country as it is now by their descendants and the immigrants that have followed them.

Some incidents peculiar to frontier courts occurred in early times in our courts. W. G. Dryden was for a long time a prominent man in the affairs of the courts of this County. He was a member of the first Grand Jury impaneled in this County in 1850. Was afterward admitted to the bar and was for many years County Judge of the County. He died about 36 years ago, to be exact on the 11th day of September, 1869.

During the stormy period which embraced the years of the Civil War he was County Judge and proved himself a faithful official and just judge. The etiquette of courts and particularly that of the inferior courts was not strict at that time. In fact it may be said that the intercourse between Court and bar was informal, indeed very informal. Judge Dryden while realizing that in deciding each case aright he was doing his full duty by litigants, also felt that too much levity in court was unseemly and tended to bring the courts into contempt with the masses. So that on a certain day in 1867 he caused to be entered a minute order reciting the fact, that, "the Court, having due regard to the rights of attorneys practicing herein and realizing by experience that a lawyer is but human and subject to the temptation of looseness of habits that are always engendered in a warm climate, has after due consideration of the matter concluded that the proceedings of this court are not conducted in that dignified and orderly manner to which their importance entitles

them. That the personal habits of many members of the bar are not suited to lend dignity to the court in which they practice, and in view of these facts, it is ordered that hereafter attorneys while in attendance upon court will be required to wear a coat of some kind and will not be allowed to rest their feet on the tops of tables, or whittle or spit tobacco juice on the floor or stove. And the Court sincerely hopes that all attorneys will observe this rule to the end that decent order and decorum may be had without trouble."

I had intended to relate some of the incidents of the more important trials of early days and give you some short biographical sketches of the early judges and prominent lawyers. It is a rich field and I have been able to collect much authentic data that is very entertaining. Many of the early lawyers were men of great natural ability and high attainments, with splendid social qualities, and the part they played in getting the machinery of state started is well worth study. I hope soon to have ready a paper of more popular interest than this, but time will not permit reciting any of it here.

HOW CALIFORNIA ESCAPED STATE DIVISION

By J. M. Guinn

The antagonism between Northern and Southern California, which still to a limited extent exists and which in times past has culminated in attempts to divide the state and from the parts form new commonwealths, ante-dates the American occupation many years.

Away back in the first quarter of the last century Echandia, who was governor of Las Californias, made San Diego his official residence. The politicians of Monterey were greatly offended. They demanded that the governor should reside at Monterey, the capital; but Echandia who was somewhat of an invalid preferred the gentle sea breezes and the genial sunshine of San Diego to the fogs and north winds of Monterey. When Victoria, the successor of Echandia, was overthrown at the battle of Lomitas by the soldiers of San Diego and Los Angeles and compelled to abdicate, Echandia again became governor.

He established the seat of his government at San Diego. The rebellious arribanos (uppers) of the north induced Agustin V. Zamorano, Victoria's Secretary of State, to raise the standard of revolt and make Monterey his capital. Each governor marshaled his adherents in battle array, but finally compromised by dividing California into two territories. The northern limit of Echandia's dominions was San Gabriel Mission, and the southern boundary of Zamorano's jurisdiction was the Mission of San Fernando. Between the borders was a strip of neutral ground—a no man's land—across which the respective armies of the frontier could defy their opponents and threaten to do things to them if they dared to cross the line. There is no record that the defies were heeded. No David and Goliath championing the respective sides settled the contest with sling shots.

Governor Figueroa united the divided territory, made Monterey his official residence, and for a time peace reigned, but the end of the controversy was not yet—the politicians of the south were placid, but they were plotting.

In 1835, Jose Antonio Carrillo, the Machievalli of California history, secured the passing of a decree by the Mexican Con-

gress raising Los Angeles to the dignity of a city and making it the capital of the two Californias. The denizens of Angeles sent a demand to Monterey for the archives and a request that the governor remove to the capital. The politicians of the old capital were complaisant. They would obey the orders of the supreme government, but first Los Angeles must provide a suitable "palacio" for the government and they sent committees down to find one. Search as they might, never a suitable house could they find. Then to add insult to injury, they exasperated the dwellers in the Angel City by invidious comparisons—taunted them with lack of polish, twitted them on their provincialisms and sneered at their poverty.

Then came the Revolution of 1836, when Alvarado and Castro drove out the Mexican-born Governor Gutierrez and set up a government with the taking title—El Estado Libre de Alta California—The Free State of Alta California—a state that was to be independent of the supreme government and whose affairs should be administered by the hijos del pais—the native sons.

In the attempt to make California independent the people of Angeles discerned a scheme to defraud them of the capital. They promptly rebelled. San Diego joined them and once more the North and the South were arrayed against each other. Each raised an army and prepared for hostilities. Alvarado and Castro marched down the coast with a superior force and the Southerners surrendered. Then Jose Antonio Carrillo turned Warwick-kingmaker and with the assistance of President Bustamente, made not a king, but a governor, Carlos Carrillo, Jose's brother was made governor of California.

The people of Los Angeles invited Carlos to make their city the seat of his government. He accepted and was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies. Never before was the old Pueblo the scene of such festivities and rejoicing. Never before or since was it so supremely happy. Then Alvarado determined to punish the recalcitrant Surenos (Southerners). He gathered together an army of two hundred men and moved down the coast. He met the Southern army at San Buenaventura or rather he found it safely sheltered in the Old Mission building. For two days the battle raged. The walls of the old mission were mortally wounded in many places, Castenada's mustangs were captured and the Southern army was compelled to surrender. Alvarado and Castro moved down upon the Southern capital, which surrendered without opposition. Carlos Carrillo with the remnants

of his grand army, which had escaped capture, fled to San Diego, where, being reinforced, his troops, under a Gen. Tobar, of Mexico, moved northward to confront Alvarado. The armies met at Campo de Las Flores and a bloodless battle ensued. Carlos Carrillo was defeated and captured. His soldiers were sent to their homes and ordered to stay there and behave themselves. El Estado Libre—the free state—was united under one governor and Monterey was the capital.

With the overthrow of Micheltorena, the last of the Mexican governors, at the battle of Cahuenga, Pio Pico became governor and Los Angeles was the capital. For twenty years the internecine strife between the North and the South had existed. Three times the territory had been rent assunder by the warring factions. For ten years Los Angeles had struggled to become the capital. It had won, but the victory was dearly bought, and it was but half a victory at best. The archives remained at Monterey. The standing army of the territory, if it could be called an army, was stationed there and there Castro, the military commandante, resided.

Castro, was accused of plotting to set up a government in the old capital in opposition to Pico. The last act in the drama of Mexican domination in California was an attempt of Pico's with his little army of Southerners to suppress Castro and the plotting politicians of Monterey. He had advanced northward as far as San Luis Obispo when a courier met him with the sad tidings, that Commodore Sloat had raised the American flag at Monterey and taken possession of California in the name of the United States. Pico and his Southern adherents retreated to Los Angeles and Castro with the fragment of his army followed after. The war of factions that for two decades past had distracted California, was ended. The feud between the arribenos and the abajenos—between the Uppers of Monterey and the Lowers of Angeles—was forgotten in the presence of an enemy that threatened their political extinction. But repentance came too late. California was lost to the sons of the soil, to the hijos del pais.

Under its new master California became the bone of contention between the North and the South. It was not the old territorial contest of Uppers and Lowers for supremacy, but a faction fight in Congress to determine which should gain the new state—the slaveholders of the South or the freemen of the North. The balance of power then was nicely adjusted,

There were fifteen slave states and fifteen free. Into whichever scale the new state was thrown the balance would be destroyed. The tidal wave of immigration that swept over California after the news of the discovery of gold spread abroad, made her a free state. When she knocked at the doors of Congress asking admission into the union of states the slave oligarchs of the South denied her request. In the Constitutional Convention of 1849 the Southern faction led by Gwin made the eastern boundary of the inchoate state the crest of the Rocky Mountains. Gwin's plan was to make the area of the state so large that Congress would refuse to admit it as one state, and would divide it into two states on the line of the Missouri Compromise 36 degrees 30 minutes. The Northern men in the convention discovered Gwin's scheme and defeated it by a reconsideration of the boundary section at the very close of the Convention. A majority of two votes changed the boundary from the crest of the Rockies to the crest of the Sierra Nevadas. After a long and bitter contest between the two factions in Congress, California was admitted into the Union as a free state, but its admission as a free state did not in the opinion of the pro slavery men of the state preclude the possibility of securing a portion of its territory for the peculiar institution of the South—slavery.

For a decade after it became a state, its division and the creation of a new state or states from its area came up in some form at nearly every session of the State Legislature. The pro slavery men in the state reasoned that if a new state could be cut off from the southern portion it could be made slave territory. Many pro slavery men had settled in that section and although slave labor might not be profitable, the accession of two pro slavery senators would help to maintain the balance of power to the South in the Senate. In the Legislature of 1854-55 Jefferson Hunt, Assemblyman from San Bernardino County, introduced a bill to create and establish out of the territory embraced within the limits of the state of California a new state to be called the State of Columbia. The territory embraced within the Counties of Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, Calaveras, Amador, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, Mariposa, Tulare, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego with the islands on the coast was to constitute the new state.

“The people residing within the above mentioned terri-

tory shall be and they are hereby authorized so soon as the consent of the Congress of the United States shall be obtained thereto to proceed to organize a state government under such rules as are prescribed by the Constitution of the United States."

The Bill, which was Assembly Bill No. 262, was referred to a select committee of thirteen members representing different sections of the state. This committee reported as a substitute, "An Act to create three states out of the territory of California;" and also drafted an address to the people of California, advocating the passage of the bill.

The line as proposed by this section, says the committee's report, "Alters the boundary line of California on the east, so as to embrace every portion of the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which borders the present state of California, which can be brought under profitable cultivation. The eastern line will run through the center of the Great American Desert."

The eastern line as stated in the section was to be the 119 degree of longitude west of Greenwich. This line passes through Nevada considerably west of the center of that State. These legislators seem to have been somewhat hazy in regard to the location of the Great American Desert.

Section 2, of the Act creates a new state to be called Colorado containing the portion of the territory now known as the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Merced, Tulare, Buena Vista and part of Mariposa. Buena Vista was a mythical country that for five or six years put in a spectral appearance in the legislative records, but never was officially created. It would have included the territory now embraced in Kern County, had it been organized. The northern boundary of the State of Colorado began at the mouth of the Pajara river, running up that river to the summit of the Coast range; thence in a straight line to the mouth of the Merced river, then up that river to the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, and thence due east to the newly established state line.

Section 3 creates a new state called Shasta. The southern boundary commences at the mouth of Maron's River; thence easterly along the boundary line between Yuba and Butte and the line between Sierra and Plumas, to the summit of the Sierra Nevada and thence to the newly established state line.

Maron's River was a mythical river. The committee found

the name on Eddy's map of California, but no one to my knowledge ever found the stream. The state of Shasta included the counties of Klamath (now Modoc), Siskiyou, Humbolt, Shasta, Trinity, Plumas and part each of the following; Butte, Colusa and Mendocino.

The territory not embraced in the states of Colorado and Shasta was to constitute the State of California.

The committee in its address to the people proceeds to show that the revenue derived from taxes and other sources would be ample to support the state governments of the proposed states. The taxable property of Shasta for the previous year, 1854, amounted to \$7,000,000, an amount less than one-third of the assessed value of the city of Pasadena. The revenue from all sources was estimated at \$100,000 a year, a sum barely sufficient to pay the present salaries of the teachers of Los Angeles City for five weeks. The taxable property of the new State of California for 1854 amounted to \$97,661,000 about one-half of the present assessed value of Los Angeles City. The yearly revenue, it was estimated, would amount to \$970,000, a sum about equal to the amount Los Angeles City now expends on its schools alone.

The value of the taxable property in the proposed State of Colorado for the year of 1854 amounted to \$9,764,000. Its total revenue from all sources was estimated at \$186,000, a sum that would pay the present expense of our police department for about three months. The committee states that in its opinion, "each of the states will be amply able to support the expense of a separate government." Evidently it did not require a large revenue to run a state government in the olden, golden days of fifty years ago.

The relative size of the three states as described is as follows, viz.: "Colorado will be the second in its dimensions in the rank of the states now in the union—California, the third and Shasta the ninth. The committee in its long address to the people of California set forth the evils experienced from our now extensive territory.

"The difficulties of intercommunication between the inhabitants of an overgrown territory are so great also, that it is next to impossible to find that unanimity of sentiment or to create that identity of interest which renders popular action consistent and efficacious. The center reaps all the benefits,

enjoys all the advantages of government favor, while the extremities are compelled to bear a large proportion of the burden of taxation. * * * "As the matter now stands, even the poor privilege of supplying officers of the state is not allowed them; the populous center outnumbering the extremities in votes controls all official patronage. California as now bounded contains 188,981 square miles; 23,315 square miles more than the area of ten states on the Atlantic seaboard. These states have twenty Senators in the United States Senate, while California has but two. Division of the state would give the Pacific Coast six (Oregon had not then become a state). After all, it was "them offices", as Nasby used to say, that was the chief incentive to state division.

The bill met with very little opposition. It passed the Assembly, but the legislative session came to an end before it reached the Senate. It was confidently predicted that it would pass both houses of the next legislature and state division would be effected; and so undoubtedly it would have been, but for one of those political cataclysms that occasionally overwhelm the schemes of politicians. California had been solidly democratic since its admission into the Union. The pro slavery wing of that party ruled in state affairs, represented the state in Congress and controlled the federal patronage of the state. If the state was divided the party's power would be increased in Congress, and would give the South six votes instead of two. At the fall election in 1855 the Know Nothing or American party carried the State, elected a governor and state officers, the legislature and the congressmen. This political cyclone swept away the hopes of the State divisionists. The question did not come up in the legislature of 1856. The bitter feud between Gwin, the leader of the pro slavery or chivalry cohorts, of the democratic party and Broderick the leader of the liberal element, still further disconcerted and delayed the schemes of the divisionists.

The Legislature of 1858-59 was strongly democratic with the chivalry wing in the ascendancy and State division again came to the front. In January, 1859, Daniel Rogers introduced a bill in the Assembly to set off the six southern counties and form a separate territorial government for them; it passed both the Assembly and the Senate and was approved by the governor April 19, 1859.

The boundaries of the proposed state were as follows: "All

that portion of the present territory of this state lying all south of a line drawn eastward from the west boundary of the state along the sixth standard parallel south of the Mount Diablo meridian east to the summit of the Coast range; thence southerly following said summit to the seventh standard parallel; thence due east on said standard, parallel to its intersection with the northwest boundary of Los Angeles County; thence northeast along said boundary to the eastern boundary of the state, including the counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino and a part of Buena Vista shall be segregated from the remaining portion of the state for the purpose of the formation by Congress with the concurrent action of said portion (the consent for the segregation of which is hereby granted) of a territorial or other government under the name of the 'Territory of Colorado' or such name as may be deemed meet and proper."

Section 2, provided for the submitting of the question of "For a Territory or against a Territory" to the vote of the people living in the portion sought to be segregated at the next general election; and in case two-thirds of the whole number of voters voting thereon shall vote for a change of government, the consent hereby given shall be deemed consummated. In case the vote was favorable the Secretary of State was to send a certified copy of the result of the election and a copy of the act to the President of the United States and to the senators and representatives in Congress.

In the list of counties to be segregated again appears the county of Buena Vista. For five years this county had haunted the legislators and yet it had no official existence. The territory that would have been included in it was still part of Tulare. Later it became part of Kern county, when that county was created. At the general election in September, 1859, the question of dismemberment of the State was submitted to a vote of the people of the southern counties, with the following result:

Los Angeles Co.....	For, 1,407	Against, 441
San Bernardino Co.....	For, 441	Against, 29
San Luis Obispo Co.....	For, 10	Against, 283
San Diego.....	For, 207	Against, 24
Santa Barbara.....	For, 395	Against, 51
Tulare	For, 17	Against, 0

Total for, 2,477; against 828. The returns of the election showed considerably more than two-thirds in favor of a new

state. The results of the vote and the act were sent to the president and congress. And although Milton Latham a northern man with southern principles and a pronounced divisionist represented California in the U. S. Senate, no notice seems to have been taken of the request of the inchoate state of Colorado. The Southern senators and congressmen were preparing for secession. A sparsely settled state on the Pacific coast, 2,000 miles away from the prospective Confederacy was not worth considering, and the secessionists of Southern California were left to work out their scheme alone.

The question of division slumbered for twenty years. In 1881 an effort was made to resurrect the scheme. Feb. 1, 1881 a citizens' mass meeting was held in Los Angeles to discuss the subject of how to improve Wilmington harbor and incidentally the question of State division. A committee was appointed to take the question under advisement. This committee selected a legal committee of nine attorneys to which was submitted the questions whether the Act of 1859 was still in force and if so what steps were necessary to complete the division and establish the new state of Southern California. The legal committee decided the Act of 1859 was still in force and it only remained for Congress to admit the new state. A mass convention was called to meet in Los Angeles, Sept. 8, 1881, to take further action in the matter. The convention met, but there was not a very large mass of it. Los Angeles County was in evidence, but the other counties of the prospective State of Southern California were not largely represented. Los Angeles City wanted to be the capital of the new state, wanted to monopolize the offices, wanted to be "it." The other counties were not enthusiastic. They could not see clearly how they were to be benefitted; so the question of division fell into a state of innocuous desuetude.

In 1888 Gen. Vandever of Ventura Co., member of Congress from the sixth California district, introduced a bill to divide the state and create the State of Southern California. The bill is still slumbering on the files. There let it sleep. Nearly two decades have passed since the last attempt was made to divide the state. The necessity for division if it ever existed exists no longer. The south, with its rapid increase in population and wealth, will soon hold the balance of power or if not, it will be able to hold its own with the north. Its astute politicians will always see to it that it gets its full share of "them offices."

While the men who in the past championed dismemberment

of the state were no doubt sincere in their belief that such action would be beneficial to the people of the various sections, we should be thankful that their schemes failed—that our magnificent state escaped division.

TWO PIONEER DOCTORS OF LOS ANGELES.

By H. D. Barrows.

In turning over to the Historical Society the accompanying brief historical document (which I lately received from Ex-Sheriff Wm. R. Rowland), containing the signatures of four early physicians of Los Angeles, I have thought that some account of two of the signers whom I knew quite well, would be of interest to the members of our Society.

The document referred to, which Ex-Sheriff Rowland found among old papers of the Sheriff's office, was a public notice, or "Aviso," of the scale of charges (in Spanish), by the doctors of that period (January, 1850), for their professional services, as follows:

Aviso.

A la junta de la Facultad de Medicos de Los Angeles, Enero 14, 1850, la siguiente lista de precios era adoptado:

Art. 1.	Por una prescription en la officina.....	\$5.00
Art. 2.	Por una visita en la ciudad de dia.....	5.00
Art. 3.	Por una vista en la ciudad de noche.....	10.00
Art. 4.	Por una visita en el campo par cada legua..	5.00
Art. 5.	Por una Sangria.....	5.00
Art. 6.	Por cada aplicacion de Ventoses.....	10.00

Firmamos nuestros nombres al antecedente:

[Firnados.]

CHAS. R. CULLEN,
A. I. BLACKBURN,
J. W. DODGE,
GUILLERMO B. OSBOURN.

(Translation.)

Notice.

At a meeting of the Medical Faculty of Los Angeles, January 14, 1850, the following list of prices was adopted:

Art. 1.	For an office prescription.....	\$5.00
Art. 2.	For a day visit within the city.....	5.00
Art. 3.	For a night visit within the city.....	10.00
Art. 4.	For a visit in the country, for each league..	5.00

Art. 5. For bleeding	5.00
Art. 6. For cupping	10.00

We subscribe our names to the foregoing:

[Signers.]

CHAS. R. CULLEN,

A. I. BLACKBURN,

J. W. DODGE,

WM. B. OSBOURN.

Dr. Guillermo B. Osbourn, one of the signers, who was a native of New York, came to California in 1847 in Col. Stephenson's regiment. He established the first drug store in Los Angeles in 1850, which was succeeded in '51 by that of McFarland and Downey. Daguerreotypes were first taken in Los Angeles by Dr. Osbourn and Moses Searles, on August 9, 1851. In fact Dr. Osbourn's versatility was something remarkable. It is not easy to recount all the official positions he filled, or the numerous important public functions he performed. In those early days immediately after the change of Government, by means of his keen intellectual ability, together with his knowledge of the Spanish language, he made himself a very useful citizen in various capacities. When, as often happened in that period, an acquaintance with Spanish was a necessity, he often acted as Deputy Sheriff. In 1853 he was appointed Postmaster of this city by President Pierce. In 1855 he projected the first artesian well in Southern California, at the foot of the hills not very far from the present junction of First street and Broadway. It reached a depth of 800 feet in June, 1856, being still in blue clay, when it was abandoned for want of funds.

In 1852 fruit grafts of improved varieties had been introduced by Mayor J. G. Nichols. In 1855 Dr. Osbourn imported from Rochester, a grand collection of roses and other choice shrubbery, as well as many varieties of the best American fruit trees, which up to that time were almost unknown here. He was the first, too, in October, 1854, to ship East, fresh Los Angeles grapes, which were exhibited and commanded admiration at a meeting of the business committee of the New York Agricultural Society at Albany. And it is worthy of mention in this connection, that as late as November, 1856, when Matthew Keller sent a like specimen, it was almost doubted at the U. S. Patent Office, "if such products were common in California."

Henry Osbourn, a son of the doctor by his first wife, was for years and until recently, an interpreter in our local courts. He lost his life through an accident not very long ago.

Dr. Osbourn's second wife, who was a native Californian, is I believe, still living in this city.

Dr. Osbourn, with all his versatility, was not always over-scrupulous as to the means he sometimes employed in carrying out his schemes. He once recounted to me, without a semblance of self reproach, but on the contrary with a palpable chuckle because of his success, how he took an active part on a certain occasion in a political contest. Sometime in the early '50s, when an election was on for a State senator, and San Bernardino was a part of Los Angeles county, he was exceedingly anxious to carry the precinct of Agua Mansa, which was mostly settled by Mexicans, who knew very little or no English. So he went to the Padre who had more influence in his parish than any other person, and used his most suave methods of electioneering with the Dominie in behalf of his candidate; and then to clinch the matter, he asked the Padre to pray for the repose of the soul of his mother—who was then alive and well in New York State. And on the next feast day the wily doctor was on hand at the church and on his knees,, joining the Padre and his flock, in praying for the repose of his mother's soul. He added with just a shade of exultation, that his candidate was elected.

Drs. Blackburn and Dodge, two other signers of the accompanying document, I was not acquainted with.

Dr. Charles R. Cullen I knew intimately, as he was my room-mate for a considerable portion of the time, from my arrival in Los Angeles in 1854, till he left for his home in Virginia in the latter part of '56.

Dr. Cullen was a native of Virginia, and a graduate of Brown University. He and his brother John came to California soon after the discovery of the mines. The doctor was a cultured and genial gentleman whom all who made his acquaintance, could not help liking. The Spanish-speaking portion of our community of that period were especially attached to him, both as a sympathetic friend and as a physician; and for years after he went away, I remember that if his name was mentioned in the presence of those native Californians who had made his acquaintance, they would invariably manifest pleasure at the recall of his memory, and would exclaim: "Ay Don Carlos! donde esta el?" or, "Que buen hombre era!" or similar expressions of kindly feelings towards him.

When the San Francisco Bulletin was established, Mr. C. O. Gerberding (father of several persons of that name in California,

and also I believe of Mrs. Senator Bard), was the business manager, and James King, of William, was the brave and accomplished editor. Mr. Gerberding and Dr. Cullen had been old friends in Richmond, before they came to California; and as the management of the paper desired to have a permanent resident correspondent at Los Angeles, they entered into an engagement with Dr. Cullen to fill that position, paying him at the rate of ten dollars a column. Late in November, '56, Dr. Cullen concluded to return East, and stopping on his way at San Francisco, it appears recommended me, without my knowledge, as his successor as correspondent of the Bulletin; and accordingly he wrote at their request, asking me to keep up the correspondence, on the same terms, etc., which I did for several years thereafter, writing generally by each semi-monthly steamer, giving a general resume of current events in Southern California. The doctor's letters, as were mine, were headed in the columns of the Bulletin—in small capitals: "Letter from Los Angeles"—"From Our Own Correspondent," and were signed "Observer." This signature, however, I soon dropped. My first letter was dated December 6, 1856. I would like to add that in all my dealings with Mr. Gerberding, the business manager, I found him to be a thorough gentleman and a good friend.

Before I had any connection with the paper, the assassination of James King of William had given the paper much prominence, and it had already become and it long remained the leading journal of the Pacific Coast. It was very ably edited ostensibly by a brother of James King of William, but in reality by James Nisbet, a Scotchman, one of the most industrious and the finest literary journalists whom I ever had any acquaintance with. Afterwards, Dr. Tuthill was associated with Mr. Nisbet and they made a very strong editorial team.

In 1857 I made a trip East, and I went to Richmond to visit Dr. Cullen. I found his mother and sisters and also his uncle, the widely known and venerable Dr. Patrick Cullen, by whom I was cordially welcomed. Dr. Charley Cullen was then located and practising his profession near Hanover Court House, a very few years afterwards the locality of some terrific fighting in the great Civil War.

In after years I kept up more or less intermittent correspondence with the doctor, till his death several years ago.

Dr. Cullen was a thoroughly conscientious man and a religious man—co-operating with Parson Bland, Revs. Mr. Brier and Mr.

Woods, as they came and made brief stays—in all sincerity, in which he differed widely from Dr. Osbourn, whose only church affiliation, so far as I knew, was that serio-comic episode at “Agua Mansa.”

When the late Dr. J .C. Fletcher first came to Los Angeles, Dr. Cullen wrote me asking me to hunt him up, which I did, and I found him to be a very cultured and widely traveled gentleman. He told me that he had resided for a lengthy period at Rio de Janiero, Brazil, where he had made the personal acquaintance of Dom Pedro, the venerable emperor of Brazil, and also that he had lived at Naples, Italy, 18 years.

Dr. Cullen and Dr. Fletcher were classmates and graduates of Brown University.

J. LANCASTER BRENT.

By H. D. Barrows.

A very few of our older citizens, both Americans and native Californians, who resided here in the fifties, and who are still living, remember well Joseph Lancaster Brent who was a man of prominence and great influence in Los Angeles during the years of that decade. His recent death at Baltimore awakens many memories of events which occurred here in the olden times, in which Mr. Brent was an actor, or in which he made his influence felt in potent fashion. As a matter of fact, he was one of the most brilliant figures of our early history after California became a State of the American Union.

Mr. Brent was a native of Maryland. He came to Los Angeles in 1850 and immediately acquired the reputation of being a very able lawyer and a very astute politician. He was employed by many rancheros to present and prosecute their Spanish and Mexican land titles before the Land Commission and before the Courts to final confirmation. The Spanish rancheros especially, who felt themselves so helpless before an American Court, came to have unbounded confidence in his ability, and in his fidelity to their interests.

In 1856 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and although a democrat, all parties had confidence in him, and took pride, because of his ability, in sending him to assist in the councils of the State, at Sacramento.

At one time Mr. Brent owned the San Pasqual rancho which included the site of the present city of Pasadena.

Mr. Brent was active in organizing the Democratic party of the State. Although seldom holding official position himself, he was a very astute political manager, and he not only acquired wide political influence among Americans, but he was able to enlist many native Californians as partisans of democracy. It was said, and I believe truly that he influenced the venerable patriarch, Don Julio Verdugo, owner and original grantee of San Rafael rancho, to vote, with his twelve sons, the straight democratic ticket, which, according to tradition, they continued to do, without a bolt, during the remainder of the life of the venerable Don.

During the year 1859, a notable convention of the democratic party of Los Angeles County, was held. At that period, the democracy had everything their own way hereabouts,—their numerical strength as compared with that of the republicans being as two or three or five to one. In fact, they were so strong that they sometimes got into fights amongst themselves.

In the convention to which I refer, Mr. Brent was the leader and manager of one—the stronger—faction, and Mr. Downey was the *Deus ex machina* of the other faction, though both, for the most part, remained invisible during the progress of the convention.

As I wrote an account of the doings of this Convention at that time, for the *San Francisco Bulletin*, of which I was then the regular Los Angeles correspondent, and as Mr. Brent was the silent manager and adviser of one faction, I am tempted to append here, my description of the affair. My letter to the *Bulletin* was dated June 14, 1859. After referring briefly to the fight in the ranks of the harmonious Democracy as continuing with unabated fury, I said:

“The county convention held in this city on the 8th instant, hopelessly split into two factions. * * * Upon the organization of that volcanic body, it appears that one portion found itself in the minority—always a sad predicament, to be sure; but by shrewdness it had secured the chair and committee on credentials almost exclusively on its side, (the side led by Downey). So two precincts—San Jose and La Ballona—were attempted to be excluded, because in one the primary election was held not on the 1st, but on the 6th, and in the other the polls were closed half an hour or an hour before the usual time. At the same time, both are legal precincts and both elections were legally called by the Central Committee, and all that. By quibbles in voting, as to who had a right to vote, etc., and the Chair on call, voting twice, etc., the four votes from these precincts, out of forty in the Convention, were excluded—and that, it is averred, wholly on frivolous pretexts.

Thus, only 36 members were left. Here the Convention split: 19 delegates finding their will checkmated by the gerrymandering disgusted, as they say, with the way things were going on, organized on their own hook—appointed Mr. Parrish, (still resident of this county,) Chairman, admitted the Ballona and San Jose delegates—making their number 23—and went through with their business “according to Hoyle,” and adjourned. The “shadowy 17” also proceeded to business on their own account, and as their opponents wickedly assert, first achieved the absur-

dity of admitting 5 persons as delegates from localities wherein there was neither a legal precinct nor an election ordered; and this, after having adopted in joint convention, a resolution declaring that no delegate should be received who was not chosen in a legal precinct at an election called by the Committee. That their foolishness might not be so apparent, the report containing this resolution was suppressed.

This present correspondent is not much of a politician, and he has no 'ax to grind'—not even a small hatchet—but according to his unsophisticated notions, the case seems a plain one: On a basis of representation to which all agreed, the Parrish Convention was in the majority any way; rejecting all doubtful precincts, and it had 19 members to the other 17; admitting all precincts, and localities not precincts, and it had 23 to the other 22. Of the 13 legal precincts of the county the Parrish Convention had 10—and 23 out of 40 members of the Convention—while their opponents had but 3 precincts and 17 members, who after the break received into church fellowship the 5 unapostolic and unorthodox delegates elected outside of the true and legal fold. So this latter body, composed of various materials, went through lugubrious incubation and hatched out a complete set of chicklets including by 'understanding,' J. G. Downey for Lieut.-Governor."

The foregoing contemporaneous account of that convention, held in this city nearly forty-seven years ago, would be lacking in completeness, unless supplemented by a record of some of the sequels that grew out of it.

As a specimen of successful sharp practice by a minority faction of a political convention, it was, I think, *sui generis*. For that the faction engineered by Downey, of which Charley Ross acted as Chairman, was clearly in the minority, was made manifest at the subsequent general election in the county when most of the local nominees of the Parrish convention were elected.

Notwithstanding the fact that the delegates of the Downey faction of the State Convention from Los Angeles county, only represented a minority clique of the local Democracy, nevertheless they were admitted to the State convention, and Milton S. Latham and John G. Downey were nominated and elected as Governor and Lieut.-Governor, respectively; and as on the second day after the meeting of the Legislature in January, 1860, Latham was elected U. S. Senator, Downey thereby by constitutional provision, became Governor.

And as a further sequel to this result, the constitution of the

State was later amended by the people, prohibiting the election of a Governor as a U. S. senator.

Of the personnel of that county convention when Democracy "was in flower" in Los Angeles county, only E. C. Parrish, I believe, is still living. Charlie Ross was killed in a land quarrel in San Francisco, years ago. And now, Mr. Brent, who, though not a member, was its dominating organizer, has recently passed away.

When the Civil War broke out, in 1861, Mr. Brent, being an ardent sympathizer with the South, went east and joined the Confederacy, and in '64 became a brigadier general. After the war, he settled in Louisiana, where he married, and where, because of his intellectual abilities, he became a prominent and influential citizen. As a member of the Legislature, he did effective work in fighting the Louisiana lottery.

He left a widow and a son and daughter.

Perhaps I should mention one other, though rather unimportant outgrowth of that convention or of the campaign which followed it. A dispute arose between Downey and one of his henchmen, Jose Rubio, a native Californian, in which Rubio accused Downey of not having paid him an "electioneering" debt. In the wrangle, Rubio gave Downey the lie, whereupon Downey knocked Rubio down with his cane, giving him a terrible black eye. Rubio challenged Downey, which the latter refused, as he did not consider the former his equal, etc. The bearer of the belligerent document, Gen. Andres Pico, thereupon, as required by the code duello, challenged the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor. The latter accepted the challenge, and for a time, a fight seemed inevitable; but, by the intervention of friends, matters were amicably adjusted. And so both the Senator, and a Lieutenant-Governor in prospect, (and eventually, as it turned out, a Governor), were saved to the Commonwealth.

And now, after all these years, the hot contestants of that far-distant time, save alone Mr. Parrish, rest within their widely-scattered graves, in everlasting peace.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LOS ANGELES ARCHIVES

Compiled by H. J. Lelande, City Clerk

(Note)—Mr. H. J. Lelande, City Clerk in whose keeping are the archives of Los Angeles City, in preparing an address which he delivered before the Friday Morning Club collated from the different volumes of the city archives a large amount of interesting data. He gave the editors of the Annual Publication of the Historical Society of Southern California, a copy of his extracts. From these we have selected those that illustrate different phases of life in the Mexican and early American periods of the city's history. The earliest records of our city which have been preserved bear date of October, 1827. This is a record of a trial. Some years since the archives of the Mexican period comprised in three volumes and of the first three years of the American rule which were also written in Spanish, were by order of the City Council translated into English.

The explanations interpolated in this articles are inserted by one of the editors (J. M. Guinn). Much of interest in Mr. L's collection had to be omitted for lack of space. The thanks of the society are tendered to Mr. Lelande for the use of his valuable manuscript.

EL MUY ILUSTRE AYUNTAMIENTO.

The municipality of Los Angeles under Spanish and Mexican domination was governed by a town council called an Ayuntamiento. It was usually spoken of as the Muy Ilustre Ayuntamiento—(most illustrious council). The term was used in the same sense as we speak now of the honorable city council..

The early records of the proceedings of the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles—if any were kept—have been lost. The first record of its proceedings preserved in the City Archives bears date of January 14, 1832. At that time the Ayuntamiento consisted of five members, called "regidores." The first alcalde was the presiding officer and in his absence the second took his place. The secretary who was appointed from outside its membership, was an important personage and the only salaried

official of the town government. Besides his duties as secretary of the town council, he was clerk of the Alcalde's Court and keeper of the archives. His salary in 1832 was \$30 a month.

The proceedings began (in Spanish) with *El Pueblo Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles.*" (The town of our Lady of the Angels).

The jurisdiction of the Ayuntamiento, after the secularization of the missions extended from San Juan Capistrano on the south to and including San Fernando on the north; and eastward to the San Bernardino Mountains. It extended over an area now comprised in four counties and covering territory as large as three New England States. Its authority was as extensive as its jurisdiction. It granted town lots and indorsed application for grants of ranchos from the public domain. The grants were made by the governor. In addition to its legislative duties, its members sometimes acted as executive officers to enforce its laws. It acted as a board of health, a board of education, a police commission and a street department.

The Ayuntamiento to a certain extent regulated the social functions of the pueblo and also provided for the spiritual needs of the inhabitants. It was local government epitomized. The Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles was abolished in 1840 by a decree of the Mexican Congress which provided that cities with less than 4,000 inhabitants should be governed by a prefecto and the enactments of the department assembly. The Ayuntamiento was restored in 1844 and continued to be the local governing power until July 3rd, 1850, when it was superseded by the City Council.

J. M. Guinn, Editor.

SESSION OF THE 14th, DAY OF JANUARY

In the town of our Lady of the Angels in the Territory of Upper California on the fourteenth day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred, thirty-two, the Ayuntamiento of the place convened in their hall, the meeting being presided over by its Alcalde Citizen, Manuel Dominguez, who immediately manifested an official document he had received, dated the 9th inst. From the regular member of the Excelentissima Deputation, Citizen Pio Pico, and then proceeded to take the oath required by law, from the second member of the same Deputation, Citizen Tomas Yorba.

After the above, the said deputies took the seats occupied by

the Illustrious Ayuntamiento concluding the session and signing the present instrument on the same day, month and year.

Manuel Dominguez (rubric) Juan Nepomuseno Albarado (rubric)

Jose Manl. Cota (rubric) Felipe Lugo (rubric)

Juan Ballesteros (rubric) Ygnacio Ma. Albarado (rubric)

Vicente de la Ossa, Secretary (rubric)

(The rubric was a series of flourishes made by the pen and took the place of the seal in legal documents. Each man had a rubric of his own).

SESSION OF THE 19th DAY OF JANUARY

In the town of Our Lady of the Angels in the Territory of Upper California, on the 19th day of January in the year One thousand eight hundred, thirty-two, the Illustrious Ayuntamiento, dwelt on the lack of improvement shown by the Public School of this town and on the necessity of civilizing and morally training the children. It was thought wise to place Citizen Vicente Moraga in charge of said school from this date, recognizing in him, the necessary qualifications for the discharge of said duties, allowing him fifteen dollars monthly, the same that was paid the retiring citizen Luciano Valdez,

Signed as an act on the same day, month and year.

(Here follow the signatures of the regidores the same as the above.)

The following extract illustrates the method of designating election precincts under the rule of Mexico, three-quarters of a century ago. The blocks here named were not city blocks and the houses designated were often miles apart. Block 3, comprising the ranchos of the Nietos and that of the Yorbas included all of the territory from the San Gabriel river to San Juan Capistrano.

The Berdugos and Felis Ranchos added to Block 2, included all the country east of the City to Pasadena and north to Burbank.

SESSION OF THE 19th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1832.

At to-day's session, in consequence of the law of June 12th of 1830 the following has been determined: Notice to the Public:- Being that a primary election is to be held on the first Sunday of December for the election of the Ayuntamiento of this town according to the law of June 12th, 1830, the said corporation in observance of articles 6, 7 and 8 determined to divide this town into

four blocks, and name the commissioners that are to act under the terms of the above cited law, and in consequence of which the following articles were framed.

1st. The first block shall comprise the houses from that of citizens Tibursio Tapia to that of citizen Jose Anto, Romero, naming as its commissioner, citizen Tibursio Tapia.

2nd. The second block shall comprise from citizen Jose Anto. Romero house to that of citizen Cayetano Barelás and to Romero house to that of citizen Gil. Ybarra.

3rd. The voting place for these 2 blocks shall be held in Gil. Ybarra's yard, where the commissioners shall meet as a board of election on the first Sunday of next December.

4th. The third block shall comprise the houses from that of citizen Tibursio Tapia to that of citizen Maccino Alanis, citizen Tomas Yofoa acting as its commissioner.

5th. The rancho of the Nietos and that of the Yorba's shall comprise the third block.

6th. The fourth block shall comprise from citizen Maccino Alanis' house to that of Nemesio Dominguez and the commissioner shall be citizen Francisco Javier Albarado.

7th. The commissioners as a board of election shall meet to hold the said election in citizen Francisco Javier Albarado's yard.

8th. The Berdugos and Felis ranches shall be added to block number 2.

9th. The Ayuntamiento supposes that the commissioner named to act for the different blocks will not need any instruction through their lack of a knowledge of the law.

They may however apply for such instruction to this body, in order that the laudable intentions for which they were appointed will not suffer to any extent. Let it be known to the public that the reason for proceeding after the time determined by law is merely the result of some inadvertence.

Town of our Lady of the Angels Nov. 19th, 1832, Manl. Dominguez, (Rub) Juan Nepomuseno Albarado (Rub) Jose Manuel Cota (Rub) Felipe Lugo (Rub) Juan Ballesteros (Rub) Vincente de la Ossa.

The election was not held at the time appointed, the first Sunday in December. Nearly all the commissioners appointed plead sickness, or some other disability. There was no pay for serving and no honor either.

SESSION OF THE 18th DAY OF DECEMBER.

In the town of Our Lady of the Angels, in the territory of Upper California on the 18th day of December, in the year One Thousand eight hundred and thirty-two. The Illustrious Ayuntamiento met for the purpose of repairing the delay suffered by the elections for the renewal of this Ayuntamiento according to the law of June 12th, 1830.

The Ayuntamiento having considered whether the causes leading to this delay were or were not sufficient to justify it, took into consideration the physical inability of the majority of the commissioners and that of most of the people including the Alcalde; and occasioned by a past experience in this town at the time the law prescribes this election should take place acting under such circumstances, the commissioners having recovered their health by this time, except the one named for block 3, who remains ill, this corporation has seen fit to name in his stead citizen Anto. Machado and orders that the primary election be held on the 22nd inst. in the same manner heretofore made known; leaving the same commissioners and informing them when to fulfill their commission. The present step has been taken for the information and satisfaction of the people that the action of this corporation may appear justifiable and no responsibility attached to them. Passed and signed as an act of said body on this same day, month and year.

Manl. Dominguez (Rub) Felipe Lugo (Rub) Vicente de la Ossa Ygnacio Ma. Albarado (Rub) Juan Ballesteros (Rub)

SESSION OF THE 19th DAY OF DECEMBER

In the town of Our Lady of the Angels in the Territory of the Upper California, on the 19th day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred thirty-two, the Illustrious Ayuntamiento meeting in the regular session, acted on a communication of this date from citizen Anto. Machado, setting forth his physical inability to fulfill the duties as commissioner of block 3 of this town. Acting on the above and so as to occasion no further delay in the election for members of this Ayuntamiento Citizen Victo. Moraga was appointed, who was immediately officially notified of the same and asked to consult this body on the law of June 12th, 1830, that he might act intelligently.

Manl. Dominguez, Felipe Lugo (Rub) Juan Ballesteros (Rub)
Ygnacio Ma. Albarado (Rub) Vincent de la Ossa, Ses. (Rub)

SESSION OF THE 21st DAY OF DECEMBER.

In the town of our Lady of the Angels, in the Territory of Upper California, on the 21st day of December in the year, one thousand eight hundred thirty-two. The constitutional Alcalde citizen Manl. Dominguez manifested a communication from citizen Victo. Moraga, the commissioner appointed for block 3 of this town on the 19th inst, where he sets forth his inability to accept said commission, not being possessed of the necessary qualifications. After some discussion on the matter and not finding any other citizen in the above mentioned block 3, who could be commissioned according to the law of June 12th, 1830, reappointed said Moraga for the reason above stated.

Passed and signed as an act in this town this same day, month and year.

Manuel. Dominguez (Rub) Felipe Lugo (Rub) Juan Balles-
teros (Rub) Ygnacio Ma. Albarado (Rub) Vincent de la Ossa
(Srio) (Secretary)

From the following extract it is evident that enough of the commissioners recovered their health to hold an election.

SESSION OF THE 3rd DAY OF JANUARY.

In the town of our Lady of the Angels, in the Territory of Upper California, on the 3rd day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three. The Illustrious Ayuntamiento met in their hall at the call of the Alcalde, its president. At the outset there was presented an official circular dated December 31st, last past directed to this corporation by the most Excellent Territorial deputation through its president.

The contents of said communication are reduced to the following:

1st. Giving notice to the Ayuntamiento of the dissolution of said corporation the term of the majority of its members having expired.

2nd. Seeking answers to several communications sent to this corporation last year, the first dated January 27th and the second March 25th.

3rd. Exhorting them to comply with the law of June 12th, 1830 so as to begin the elections corresponding to the nominations of deputies to the general territorial sovereign congress that the new Jefe (governor) may find all in readiness upon his

arrival. After sufficiently discussing the matter it was agreed to answer the most excellent deputation congratulating them upon the good sentiments expressed.

In reference to the answers claimed, the two regidores of the last Ayuntamiento confessed having received those communications but that the then Alcalde, citizen Manl. Dominguez, notwithstanding their requests, could not be induced to answer the same, for said reason it was decided that he should be asked for such communications thought to be in his possession that they may be answered as prayed.

With reference to the election it was resolved to invite the people of the territory, through this Ayuntamiento so that each one for himself in compliance with the law for June 12th, 1830, should verify the primaries being that this municipality has the right of intervention. That in case the Jefe should be absent from the country and his delay be so excessive after verifying the above the Ayuntamiento of the Capital take the proper legal steps to carry out the general elections, so that the territory will not suffer through the lack of representation, by means of which towns are made happy and remedy their wants. With this understanding the session adjourned, Regidor Jose Sepulveda being absent attending to official duties.

Jose Anto. Carrillo (Rub), Felipe Lugo (Rub), Antonio Machado (Rub), Tiburcio Tapia (Rub), Ygnacio Ma. Albarado (Rub) Vicente de la Ossa (Srio) (Rub).

SESSION OF JANUARY 22nd.

Immediately after, the said president alluded to the great necessity of having a priest in this town to minister to the wants of the spiritual flock and asked if the corporation thought it wise to procure the services of Rev. Alejo. Buchelot, by consent of the Prelate. It was the opinion of the corporation that this matter be considered at the coming session when the question of his maintainance as well as other subjects might be discussed and decided. The meeting then adjourned, there being present the same members as at its last session.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The question of the maintenance of a priest for this town was discussed and unanimously decided by the corporation that the entire town be summoned and informed of the matter on the first holiday, so they may stipulate the amount of their contribution to said maintenance. This brought the affair to an end, whereupon the

meeting adjourned, the same members being present as at its last meeting.

Jose Anto. Carrillo (Rub), Felipe Lugo (Rub), Antonio Machado (Rub), Tiburcio Tapia (Rub), Ygnacio Ma. Albarado (Rub) Vicente. de la Ossa.

Indian Raids were quite common in those days. The savages preferred horses to cattle because horses traveling more rapidly the thieves could more easily make their escape with their booty.

SESSION OF 27th DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1833.

The minutes of the last session were read and approved. The Alcalde, president of the meeting, made known that citizen Pedro Feliz, owner of the San Jose Rancho, informed him that on the 24th inst. there had been stolen from his lands, the greatest number of his gentle horses, and according to the tracks on the ground, they were being conducted toward the "Tulares," and for other reasons given, he sought permission to go in pursuit of them, accompanied by four citizens whom he would take at his own expense.

The corporation opined he should go on this errand only to the Rancho San Francisco, on account of the evident dangers existing beyond that place.

Meeting then adjourned, all members being present.

Jose Antonio Carillo (Rub), Felipe Lugo (Rub), Jose Sepulveda, Antonio Machado (Rub), Tiburcio Tapia (Rub), Vicente Moraga.

THE AMERICAN PERIOD.

Vol. 4, page 548. An auction was held in the year 1849, at which 91 lots in the district bounded by Main, Hill, Third and Fourth Streets sold for \$6648.00. This property is now worth from one to five thousand dollars per front foot.

MAY 30, 1849.

Vol. 4, page 572. The Council convened in special session to consider a communication from Tomas Talamantes, which stated that the Squata Indians of the Sierra SanVicente, Santa Monica Mountains, are damaging his ranch, committing barefaced depredations, such as coming up to his house and stealing three horses that had been securely staked, and driving away some of his cattle from the adjoining pasture.

The Council instructed Messrs. Jose Lopez and Francisco Ruiz

to solicit from among our citizens, arms and ammunition with which to aid Talamantes, with this understanding however, that he should return all borrowed arms, and as much ammunition as had not been used in the pursuit of the marauders.

June 9, 1849.

ORD'S SURVEY.

Vol. 4, page 575. "In view of a note received from the superior territorial Government, ordering the making of a city map to serve as a basis for granting vacant city lots out of the unappropriated lands belonging to the municipality, Council resolved:

"1st. That the said Superior Government be assured of the committee's desire to give prompt and due compliance to its order, and to inform the same that there is no city map in existence whereby concessions of land may be made, and, furthermore that there is no surveyor in this town who could get up such a map.

"2nd. That this Honorable body desiring to have this done, requests the territorial government to send down a surveyor to do this work, for which he will receive pay out of the municipal funds, and should they not suffice, by reason of other demands having to be met, then he can be paid with unappropriated lands should the government give its consent."

* * * * *

"Your committee charged by your Honorable body with the duty of conferring with Lieutenant Ord, the surveyor who is to get out a map of this city, has had a conference with that gentleman and he offers to make a map of the city, demarking thereon in a clear and exact manner, the boundary lines and points of the municipal lands, for which work he demands a compensation of fifteen hundred dollars in coin, ten lots selected from among those demarked in the map and vacant lands to the extent of one thousand varas, in sections of 200 varas each, and whersoever he may choose to select the same, or in case this proposition is refused, then he wants to be paid the sum of three thousand dollars in cash. Your committee finds the first proposition very disadvantageous to the city, because conceding to the surveyor the right to select not only the said ten lots, but also the thousand varas of vacant land, the city would deprive itself of the most desirable lands and lots which some future day may bring more than three thousand dollars.

The City funds cannot now defray this expense, but should your Honorable body deem it indispensable a loan of that amount may be negotiated, pledging the credit of the City Council and paying an interest of one per cent a month; this loan could be repaid with the proceeds of the sale of the first lots disposed of."

The same day the president was authorized to negotiate a loan of three thousand dollars and provision was made for the sale of lots from the proceeds of which the loan was to be paid.

On the 19th day of September the syndic Juan Temple submitted to the Council the "Finished city map, as well as a receipt showing that he had paid the surveyor the sum of three thousand dollars, this amount being a loan made by him to the city, to enable it to pay for said map."

The following December, 41 lots in the survey were sold out of a total of 60 offered, from which the Council realized \$2490.00, which was paid to Juan Temple on account, leaving a balance of \$510.00 in his favor, which the Council pledged itself to pay out of the proceeds of the first lots sold in the future.

WATER BONDS, 1862.

Act of Legislature.

Section 1. The Mayor and Common Council of the City of Los Angeles are hereby authorized to borrow money for the purpose of municipal improvements, either for irrigation or for furnishing water for domestic purposes, to the amount and in the manner hereinafter set forth.

Sec. 2. The amount borrowed under the provisions of this act, shall not exceed \$25,000.00; the rate of interest shall not exceed ten per cent.

ACT OF INCORPORATION.

Vol. 7 of Archives, page 299.

An Act to incorporate the City of Los Angeles.

The people of the State of California represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. All that tract of land included within the limits of the Pueblo de Los Angeles, as heretofore known and acknowledged, shall henceforth be known as the City of Los Angeles; and the said City is hereby declared to be incorporated according to the provisions of the act, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation of cities," approved March 18th, 1850:

Provided, however, that if such limits include more than four square miles, the Council shall within three months after they are elected and qualified, fix by ordinance the limits of the city, not to include more than said quantity of land, and the boundaries so determined shall henceforth be the boundaries of the city.

Sec. 2. The number of Councilmen shall be seven. The first election of city officers shall be on the second Monday of May next.

Sec. 3. The corporation created by this act, shall succeed to all the rights, claims and powers of the Pueblo de Los Angeles, in regard to property and shall be subject to all the liabilities incurred and obligations created by the Ayuntamiento of said Pueblo.

JOHN BIGLER,

Speaker of House of Assembly.

E. KIRBY CHAMBERLAIN,

President pro tem of the Senate.

Approved April 4th, 1850.

PETER H. BURNETT,

Governor.

THE OLD HIGHWAYS OF LOS ANGELES

By J. M. Guinn.

Of the old highways that lead out from the Pueblo of Los Angeles sixty years ago little remains. The march of improvement, the spirit of progress or some other iconoclast has transformed, transposed or obliterated them, so that but little is left to us beyond the direction in which they ran. Even the land marks that in the olden time guided the traveler on his way where the trail was faint, have disappeared or have been changed beyond recognition. These old caminos were not like the

“ road from Winchester town

A good broad highway leading down”

instead they were narrow trails on which the nimble footed mustang easily found his way but over which wheeled vehicles seldom ventured.

Along these roads there were no milestones to tell the distance; no guide boards to direct the way; no bridges across the rivers; no cuts through hills or fills of the gulches. If a mud hole impeded, it was easier to go around it than to fill it. If the winter rains cut a deeper channel in the arroyo leaving steeper banks on the sides it was more convenient to go up stream or down to find a crossing than to grade an incline to the former one. Even in the narrow canons where travel must follow in the same beaten track three-quarters of a century's use had not cut down a deep road bed like the sunken road of Ohain that was the undoing of Napoleon at Waterloo.

Under the rule of Spain and Mexico in California there seems to have been no road laws enacted. When a ranchero applied to the government for a grant he was requested to file a map of the tract of the land asked for. If there was a road crossing the proposed grant, it was marked on the diagram but as the maps usually were not drawn to any scale the road might vary miles from where it was delineated.

After the Americans possessed themselves of California, the old roads for some time remained in the same condition that they had been under the domination of Spain and Mexico. The country was too extensive and population too sparse to improve the

highways. For several decades the names were not changed. There was the Camino Real para San Gabriel y San Bernardino the highway to San Gabriel and San Bernardino. The Camino para La Jaboneria appeared on the county maps until quite a recent date. It was the lower road to San Juan Capistrano and San Diego. The upper road was via La Habra and Santa Ana (upper) to San Juan. On some of the maps it was called El Camino Viejo (the old road).

Leading out from the old pueblo to San Pedro were two historic roads, one by the Punta de La Laguna (point of the lagoon), and the other by the Rancho Los Cuervos. Over these in the olden time passed the commerce of Los Angeles and the contiguous country. The exports were hides and tallow transported on wooden wheeled ox-carts. The imports were family supplies, dress goods and Yankee notions that had come from Boston around Cape Horn in hide droghers.

Over the Camino by the Punta de La Laguna sixty years ago, came the advance guard of the Saxon invaders — Stockton's sailors and marines. Along its dusty length, mounted on wooden wheeled carretas drawn by oxen, they hauled their cannon. By no stretch of the imagination could Stockton's light ox-battery be transformed into flying artillery. Louder than the tramp, tramp, of the boys a marching rose the shriekings and creakings of the ungreased wooden axles of the carretas.

On the Camino by the way of the Rancho de Los Cuervos, Mervine and his men suffered defeat in the battle of Dominguez Rancho; and weary and worn, bearing their wounded and dead they retreated to their ship. They buried their dead on the Isla de Los Muertos, Isle of the Dead (now Deadman's Island).

Commerce long since deserted these old channels of trade; and travel found means of easier access to the City of the Angels. These historic old roads have been in part abandoned and in part changed. Steam first, electricity next; and lastly the real estate promoter with his subdivisions, his streets and avenues, has so transformed the landscape that the oldest inhabitant could not now locate with certainty a mile of the former road bed of these old caminos.

As population increased and the cattle industry decreased the subdivision of the great ranchos began and the existence of the old roads and the old system of free and easy road making ended. The roads were fenced in and the traveler was no longer allowed to make a trail where he pleased. Cut-offs were made in the

roads by bridging streams and by filling gulches that greatly reduced the distance between towns and settlements.

Some forty years ago the Stearns' Ranchos a great body of land in the southeastern part of the county containing nearly 200,000 acres was subdivided into sections and fractional parts of sections. Following the custom in many western states reservations were made along section lines for roads. As the land was sold and settlers improved their holdings the old caminos were wiped out of existence and new roads made on section lines. There is perhaps not five consecutive miles of the old highways of the Spanish and Mexican eras to day in use between the Los Angeles and the Santa Ana river and the same is true to a greater or less extent throughout the state.

Under the rule of Spain and Mexico, as I have said, there seems to have been no laws or no ordinances passed locating roads in California. Use established the right of way. After the Anglo-Saxon gained possession, with his proclivity for organization, it was not long till roads were officially located and laws and ordinances enacted for their government.

In the archives of Los Angeles County there is a decree of the Court of Sessions made May 19, 1851, establishing Caminos Publicos or Caminos Reales (public highways) in the County of Los Angeles which then included all the territory now embraced in the counties of San Bernardino and Orange, and also parts of Kern and Riverside counties. This decree officially establishes certain roads between the missions as public highways and where no subsequent ordinance has changed the road the old road is still a camino real and needs no legislation to establish it. I give the decree in full:

State of California, County of Los Angeles in the Court of Sessions, May term A. D. 1851 (May 19). Ordered that the following are declared to be public highways within this county as heretofore ordered by this court, to-wit:

Santa Barbara Road. (Camino para Santa Barbara)—From Los Angeles to Cahuenga, from Cahuenga to Encino, from Encino to Las Virgenes, from Las Virgenes to Triunfo.

Tulare Road to the Mines by the Tulares and to Santa Barbara (Camino para Las Minas por Los Tulares y para Santa Barbara.) By Cahuenga or Verdugo to San Fernando; from San Fernando to the Rancho of San Francisco; from San Francisco to the Canada of Alamos; from the Canada of Alamos to Rabbit Lake; from Rabbit Lake to Tejon.

Roads from Los Angeles to San Diego:

First, from Los Angeles to the Rancho of Curmurgu by the Abra to Santa Ana (upper) or Santa Ana of Theodosio Yorba, from Santa Ana (upper) to the Aliso, thence to the San Juan Capistrano Mission, thence by San Mateo to San Diego.

Second, by Las Laguanas to the Jaboneria, thence by the rancho of the Nietos, by the Tequisquite (land of the coyotes) to Santa Ana (middle) or the rancho of Don Jose Antonio Yorba, thence to the Aliso; thence to San Juan Capistrano and San Mateo.

San Bernardino and Sonora road. Los Angeles to San Gabriel and below Azusa between San Antonio and San Jose by the plain below the rancho of Cuca Monga, thence to the hill of Aguajeta by the Old Pueblo of the New Mexicans, known as the Land of Apolitan, by Jurupa and San Bernardino to Yucaipa and San Gorgonio.

Road to New Mexico:

Following the above to San Bernardino until arriving at Cuca Monga and from thence to the Cajon.

Colorado Road—Camino para el rio Colorado: From Los Angeles to the Mission San Gabriel, thence to the rancho of Puente, thence to the rancho of Ybarras, thence to the Sierra and Temescal and thence to the Laguna and Tamacold.

San Pedro Road: First by the plain called "Punta de La Laguna" and Palos Verdes to San Pedro. Second to the rancho of Los Cuervos, the rancho of Los Dominguez, Palos Verdes to San Pedro.

It is further declared that the roads between the Missions of San Fernando, San Gabriel and San Juan Capistrano, as they have been anciently established and used, shall be deemed public highways; and the roads in this order heretofore described are understood to be the roads existing as they have been long established and used.

I, B. D. Wilson, Clerk of the Court of Sessions, Los Angeles County, State of California, hereby certify that the above is a true copy of an order of said Court given under my hand and seal, May 24, 1851.

BENJ. D. WILSON, Clerk.

by Wilson Jones, Deputy.

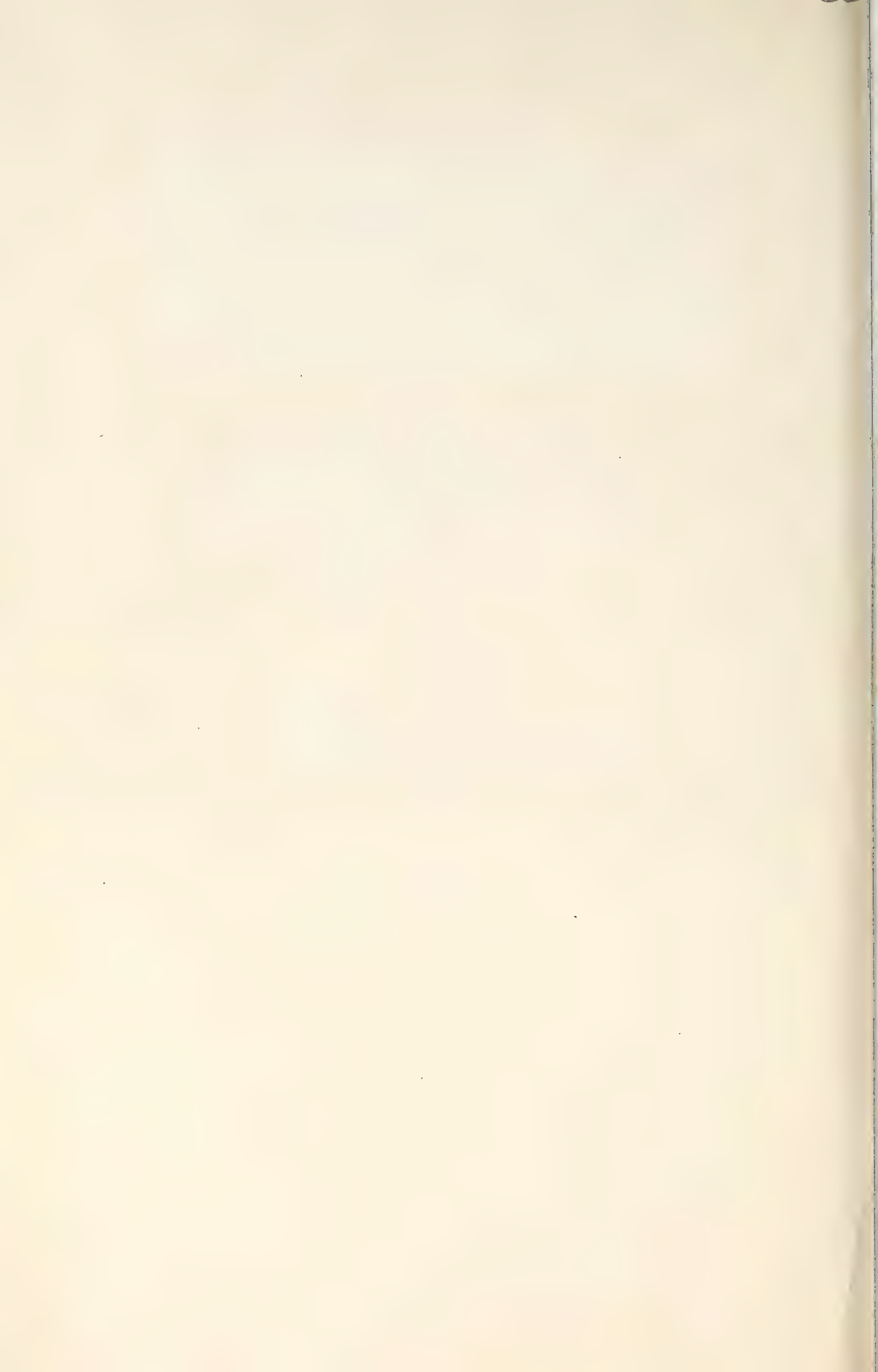
Note that in the above order the judges of the Court of Sessions say, "the roads between the Missions," had there been one road, they would have used the singular number. There is no hint in this order of a royal road, evidently the men who com-

posed the Court of Sessions (the county judge and two justices of the peace) had never heard of the so-called King's highway, yet they had been in the country before the secularization of the missions, and some of them were born while Mexico was under the rule of a king.

The San Bernardino and Sonora Road named in the decree was also known as El Camino Real de San Gabriel y San Bernardino—the road to San Gabriel and San Bernardino. It is traced on the old maps of the ranchos through which it passed. It forms the south boundary of the Azusa rancho, passes through the San Jose and marks the boundary line between the ranchos Cucumongo and del Chino and on to San Bernardino and Sonora.

This old Camino Real that leads out from the pueblo of Angeles to the Mission of San Gabriel to the hill of spouting water, to Agua Manza, to the Land of Apolitan, through the Pass of San Gorgonia, across the desert of Colorado and on to Tubac in Sonora is the only one that has any claim to be called a King's Highway. Thirty thousand dollars were appropriated from the royal treasury to pay the expenses of Captain Anza's exploring expedition when in 1774 he opened up this route for travel. Over it, in 1775, Anza led the first immigrants who came to California—a band of 240 men, women and children bringing with them more than a thousand domestic animals. These pobladores were the advance guard of civilization. They built the presidio of San Francisco and founded San Jose the first colony in California. (A portion of this road stretching from Yuma to San Domingo on the border of Sonora was named by the Spanish Pioneers Camino del Diablo and today retains its evil name Devil's Highway. There is hardly a mile of its two hundred that is not marked by one or more cross-shaped stone heaps raised over the grave of victims who died of desert thirst.)

Over this Camino Real came citizen, soldier and priest. Across its desert stretches went Rivera and his fated band to their death, when the fierce Yumas sacked the missions on the Colorado. Along its dreary length rode Amador, Santa Ana's flying courier, with a message that saved the mission from the clutches of Hajar and Padres. Through its mountain passes and over its desert sands fled Castro and his adherents from the American invaders who had dispossessed them of the land of their birth. Over it came the vanguard of the Argonauts—the evangelists of a strenuous life—the harbingers of a new era for California, the most romantic, the most poetic, the grandest and most glorious in her history.



Date Due

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